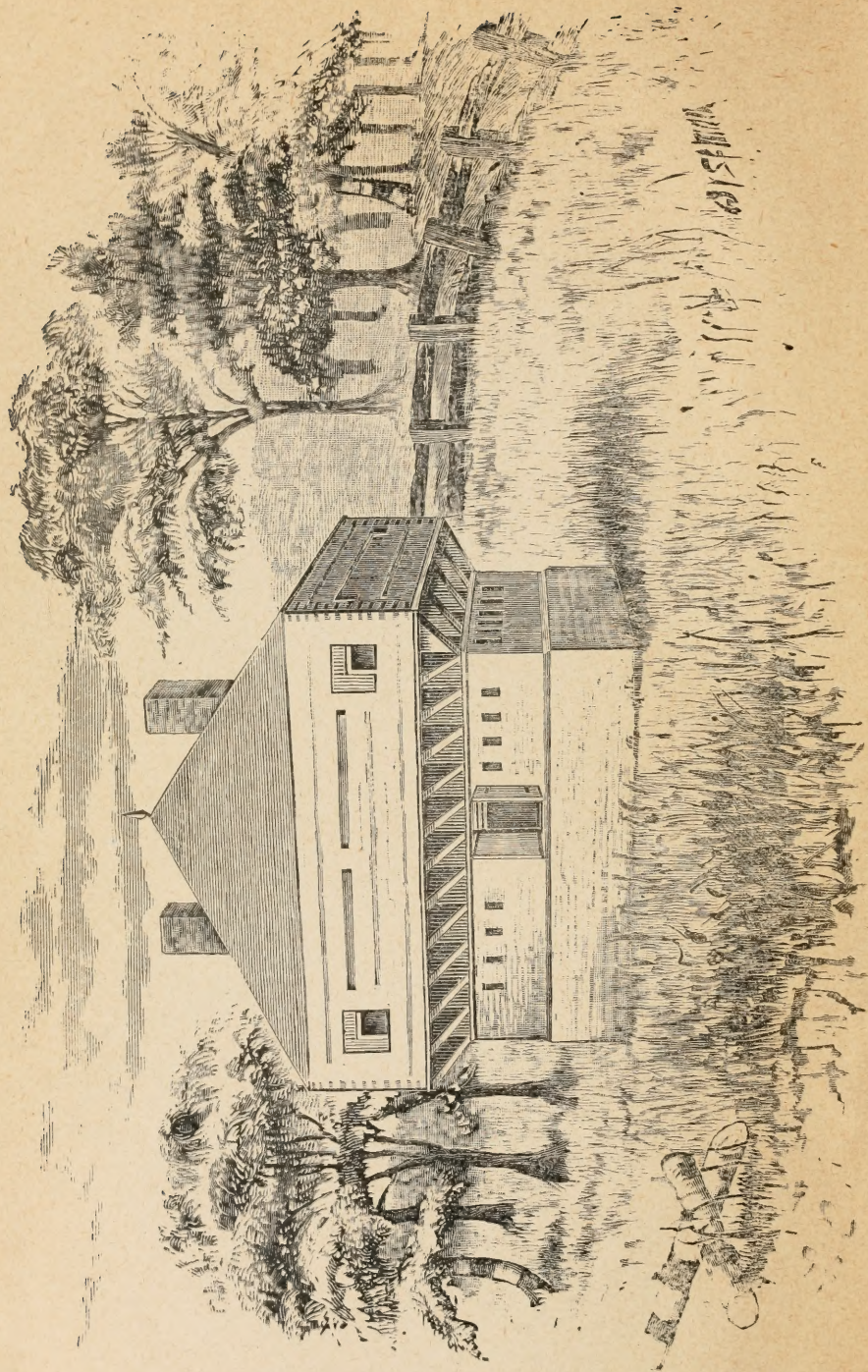


1900

Miss Monroe.





The Chateauguay Blockhouse

A Tale of the War of 1812

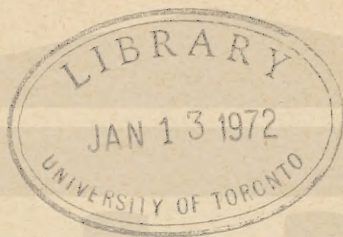
HEMLOCK

BY ROBERT SELLAR

THE GLEANER BOOKROOM,
HUNTINGDON, P. Q.

1918

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HEMLOCK

CHAPTER I.

THE SPY

The rain of the forenoon had been followed by an outburst of heat and the sun beat fiercely on the square of the barrack-yard of Montreal. There was a milkiness in the atmosphere which, conjoined with a distant bank of clouds over the St. Lawrence, indicated a renewal of the downpour. The yard was deserted. Dinner was over and the soldiers lounged and snoozed indoors until the sun abated his fervor, always excepting the sentry, who stood in the shade of the gateway, his gaze alternately wandering from the refreshing ripples of the blue waters of St. Mary's current to the cluster of log houses, interspersed by a few edifices with high tin roofs, which formed the Montreal of 1813. Presently the sound of hoofs was heard, and there came galloping to the gate an orderly from the general's headquarters. Passing the sentry, he pulled up at the door of that part of the barracks where the officer of the day was quartered, and who, in another minute, was reading the despatch he had brought. It was an order for a small detachment to report without delay at headquarters. Instantly the voice

of a sergeant was heard shouting to those who had to turn out and the barracks became a bustling scene of soldiers rubbing their accoutrements and packing their kits. In half an hour they had fallen into rank and marched to the general's headquarters. The lieutenant in charge went in to report and found General deWatteville writing.

"You ready for the route? Ah, yes; very good; your name? Morton. I will write you one order. You will escort an ammunition train from Lachine to camp La Fourche and there go under command of Major Stovin."

"I hope, General, there is a prospect of our helping to use the cartridges when we get there?"

"I cannot say. Yankee very cautious; put his nose one, two, three time across the frontier and then run back like a rat to his hole. Maybe Hampton come; we must be ready. Here is your order. You will find the train at King's Posts and use all expedition."

Saluting the General, Morton withdrew and, rejoining his men, they marched down the narrow and crooked maze of St. Paul street, attracting little attention, for the sight of soldiers had become familiar even to the habitant wives who were jogging homeward in their market-carts. By the time the town was cleared, and the Lachine road gained, the sun was inclining to the west, and his rays, being more endurable, the men stepped out briskly, bandying coarse jests, while the officer, some paces behind, eyed with surprised delight the foaming rapids, which he saw for the first time. The afternoon was calm, which made the spectacle of a wide expanse of water tossed into huge billows without apparent cause, all the more singular. "Why," said Morton to himself, "all the streams of the Unit-

ed Kingdom, with their falls and cataracts, if added to this vast river, would not add either to its volume or its tumult.”

At the head of the Lachine rapids, where the St. Lawrence expands into the lake named St. Louis, stood the King's Posts, an extensive collection of buildings, with wharves in front, at which were moored a large number of boats. King's Posts was the depot of supplies for the country west of Montreal, and therefore a place of bustle in time of war, long trains of carts conveying to its storehouses the supplies brought by ships from England to Montreal, to be in turn forwarded to the garrisons along the upper St. Lawrence and lakes Ontario and Erie, while the troops, then being hurried to the front, here embarked. Reporting his arrival, Morton was informed the boat with the supplies he was to guard would not be ready to sail until late in the evening, and quarters were assigned to his men. To himself an invitation was given to join the mess-dinner. Thus relieved, he strolled to the water's edge and watching the shouting boatmen and the swearing soldiers as they loaded the flotilla that was getting ready to sail. He was fortunate enough to see a bateau arrive from Montreal, poled against the current by part of its crew while the others tugged at a tow-rope, reinforced by yokes of oxen. Then he watched the sun, which, as it neared the horizon, dyed the waters of the majestic river with many hues. Slowly it neared the thick battalion of pines behind which it would disappear, and as Morton noted the crimson pathway stretched across the placid lake as a temptation to follow it into its chamber of glory, he thought he never beheld anything more imposing. Slowly the throbbing orb descended and was lost to sight, and, as if evoked by

angel spell, cloudlets became revealed and were transformed into plumage of scarlet and gold. The train of Morton's reverie was snapped by the tread of soldiers behind him. Turning, he saw a file escorting a manacled man. When they neared the head of the wharf, the order to halt was given. Morton knew what it meant. The tall thin man in his shirt sleeves was a spy and he was going to be shot. It was supper-time and boats and wharves were no longer the scene of activity, but the grimy bateau men paused in their repast, to watch the tragedy about to be enacted. Two soldiers lifted from their shoulders the rough box that was to be his coffin, and the doomed man stood beside it. Behind him was the St. Lawrence, a lake of molten glass; in front the soldiers who were to shoot him. There was no hurry or confusion, everything being done in a calm, methodical way. The prisoner stood undauntedly before his executioners; a man with a sinister countenance, in which low cunning was mixed with imperturable self-possession. He waved the bugler away when he approached to tie a handkerchief over his eyes. "Guess I want ter hev the use o' my eyes as long as I ken; but say, kurnel, moughtn't you loose my arms? It's the last wish of a dyin' man." The officer gave a sign with his hand and the rope was untied. "Prisoner, are you ready?"

"Yes, kurnel."

Turning to the firing party, the officer gave the successive orders—make ready,—present,—fire! Hardly had the last word been uttered, than the prisoner, with surprising agility, gave a backward leap into the river, the volley swept over where he had stood, the bullets ricochetting on the surface of the river behind. "The Yankee scoundrel! Has he

escaped. Ten pounds for him alive or dead-" shouted the officer. There was a rush to the edge of the wharf, and the soldiers fired at random amid its posts, but the American was not to be seen. "It is impossible for him to escape," the captain said to Morton, who had come to aid in the search. "He would have been hung had we a gallows handy, and if he has escaped the bullet it is only to be drowned for the river runs like a mill-race and will carry him into the rapids." The soldiers scanned wharf and shore, and, seeing no trace, concluded that from his backward leap he had been unable to recover himself and did not rise to the surface. Satisfied the man was drowned, the soldiers were ordered back to the guard-room. Supper over, the stir and hurry in getting the flotilla ready again began.

Soon afterwards Morton was seated at the mess-table, which was crowded, for there were detachments of two regiments on their way from Quebec, where transports had landed them the week before, to Upper Canada. The company was a jovial one, composed of veteran campaigners who had learned to make the most of life's pleasures, when they could be snatched, and joke and story kept the table in a roar for over an hour, when the colonel's servant whispered something in his ear. "Comrades," he said, rising, "I am informed the boats are ready. The best of friends must part when duty calls, and the hour we have spent this evening is a pleasant oasis in our long and toilsome journey through the wilderness. We do not know what difficulties we may have to encounter, but we, who braved the sun of India, and stormed the Pyrenees, will not falter before the obstacles Canadian flood and forest may present, and will carry the flag of our country to victory, as has been our wont un-

der our glorious chief, Wellington. We come to cross swords not for conquest but to repel those invaders, who seek to bolster the falling cause of the tyrant of Europe by endeavoring to create a diversion in his favor on this western continent. We shall drive the boasters back, or else leave our bones to be bleached by Canadian snows. Shall we not do more? Shall we not vindicate the independence of this vast country against the ingrates who smite, in the hour of her trial, the mother that reared them, and so preserve Canada to be the home of untold millions who will perpetuate on the banks of her great rivers and lakes the institutions that have made the name of Britain renowned. Comrades, let us quit ourselves in this novel field of conflict as befits our colors, and I propose, as our parting toast, Success to the defenders of Canada and confusion to the King's enemies."

With clank of sword and sabre each officer sprang to his feet and the toast was drunk with shout and outstretched arm. Amid the outburst of enthusiasm, a broad-shouldered captain started the chorus:

"Why, soldiers, why, should we be melancholy boys?"

Why, soldiers, why, whose business 'tis to die?"

It was taken up with vigor until the roar was deafening, and then the colonel gave the signal to dismiss. From the heated room, Morton stepped out and drew his breath at the spectacle presented. The moon, full orb, hung over the woods of Laprarie and poured a flood of light upon the rapids, transforming them where shallow into long lanes of glittering network, and where the huge billows tossed in endless tumult, sable and silver alternated. Westward, the waters of lake St. Louis slumbered in the soft light, unconscious of the ordeal towards which

they were drifting and scarcely ruffled by the light east breeze that had sprung up. Directly in front were the loaded boats, each having its complement of soldiers. The officers took their places, when the boats in turn cast off their mooring line until nigh 40 were engaged in stemming the current with aid of sail and oar. Passing between Caughnawaga and Lachine, indicated by their shimmering spires, the leading boats awaited on the bosom of the lake those that had still to overcome the river's drift. When the last laggard had arrived, the flotilla was marshalled, by the naval officers who had control, into three columns, some sixty yards apart, and, oars being shipped, and sails hoisted, steered majestically for the head of the lake. "Surely," thought Morton, as he eyed the far-spreading lake embosomed by the towering forest, "this country is worth fighting for."

The air was balmy, the motion of the boats pleasant, the moonlight scene inspiring. The men forgot their fatigue, and burst into song, and chorus after chorus, joined in by the entire flotilla, relieved the silence. A piper, on his way to join his regiment, broke in at intervals and the Colonel ordered the fife and drum corps to take part. The boat in which Morton sat brought up the rear, and softened by distance and that inexpressible quality which a calm stretch of water gives to music, he thought he had never heard anything finer and could not decide whether the singing of the men, the weird strains of the pibroch, or the martial music of fifes and drums was to be preferred. Less than an hour had been spent thus, when the captain of his boat shouted to shift the sail, and putting up the helm, the little barque fell out of line and headed for an eminence on the southshore, so sharp and smooth

in outline that Morton took it to be a fortification. When their leaving was noted, the men in the long lines of boats struck up Auld Lang Syne, the fifes and drums accompanying, and when they finished the piper succeeded. Morton listened to the strain as it came faintly from the fast receding flotilla, it was that of Lochaber no More.

As the shore was neared the boat was brought closer to the wind and, lying over somewhat deeply, the helmsman told those on the lee side to change seats. In the movement a man rubbed against Morton. He felt his clothes were wet. Looking sharply at him, he saw he was passing himself as one of the boat's crew. His resemblance to the spy he had seen escape the bullets of the firing-party struck him. The more he looked the more convinced he grew that he was correct, and, improbable as it seemed, within an arm's length of him sat the man he saw plunge into the river, and whom he, with everybody else, believed to have been swept into the deadly rapids. With all a soldier's detestation of a spy, he resolved he should not escape, yet to attempt to seize him in the heavily laden boat would be to imperil all in it, for that the fellow would make a desperate struggle Morton knew. Resolving to make no move until the boat neared its moorings, he slipped his hand into his breast-pocket and grasped the stock of one of his pistols.

As the boat approached the shore the sharply-cut eminence, which Morton had taken to be a fortification, resolved itself into a greasy knoll, destitute of glacis or rampart, and round its eastern extremity they glided into a narrow channel whose margin was fretted by the shadows cast by the trees which leant over from its banks. The sail now flapped and the order was given to get out the oars.

The suspected spy rose with the other boatmen to get them into place and stood on a cross-bench as he lifted a heavy oar to its lock. It was a mere pretence. In a moment his foot was on the gunwale and he made a sudden spring towards the bank. There was the sound of a plunge, of a few brief strokes by a strong swimmer, a movement among the bushes, and then silence. Morton was intensely excited, he drew his pistol, rose and fired at random. Turning to the captain of the boat he shouted in fury, "You villain; you have assisted in the escape of a King's prisoner." With stolid countenance the captain shifted the helm to suit the windings of the channel, and answered, "Me no spik Ingleese." Feeling he was powerless, Morton resumed his seat and in a few minutes a row of whitewashed huts came in view and the boat drew alongside the landing-stage in front of them. Several soldiers were standing on it to receive the boat, and on asking where he would find the commissariat officer, Morton was directed to one of the houses, in front of which paced a sentry. Entering he perceived it consisted of two rooms, divided by a board partition. In the larger end was a woman, surrounded by several children, cooking at an open fire, and in the other, the door and windows of which were open, for the evening was sultry, were four officers in their shirt sleeves seated round a rickety table playing cards. A pewter-measure stood in the middle of it. One of them rose on seeing the stranger, while the others turned carelessly to examine him. Assuring himself he was addressing an officer of the commissariat, Morton explained his business. "Oh, that's all right; the kegs must remain in the boat and in the morning I will get carts to forward them to the camp. There's an empty box, Lieutenant Morton;

draw it to the table and join us." On Morton's doing so, he was handed the pewter-measure. It contained rum grog, of which a mouthful sufficed Morton. Not so the others, who, in listening to what he had to tell of the news of Montreal and of the movements of the troops, emptied it, and shouted to the woman to refill it, and, at the same time, to serve supper, which consisted of fried fish and onions. That disposed of the cards were reproduced and the four were evidently bent on making a night of it. On returning from seeing how his men were quartered, Morton found that the grog and the excitement of the card-playing were telling on his companions, who were noisy and disputatious. Asking where he should sleep, the woman pointed to a ladder that reached to an opening in the ceiling, which he quietly ascended. It was merely a loft, with a small window in either gable and a few buffalo robes and blankets laid on its loose flooring. The place was so stifflingly hot that Morton knew sleep was out of the question even if there had been no noise beneath, so he threw himself down by the side of the window, through which the wind came in puffs. The sky was now partially clouded and the growl of distant thunder was heard. Fatigue told on the young soldier and he slept. A crash of thunder awoke him. Startled he rose, much astonished to find himself in utter darkness, save for the rays that came through the chinks of the flooring from the candle beneath, where the officers were still carousing. He leaned out of the window and saw that the moon had been blotted out by thick clouds. While gazing, there was a flash of lightning, revealing to him a man crouched beside the window below. In the brief instant of intense light, Morton recognized the spy, and guessed he was list-

ening to the officers, hoping to pick up information, in their drunken talk, of use to his employers. "He cheated the provost-marshal, he cheated me, but he shall not escape again," muttered Morton, who drew his pistols, got them ready, and, grasping one in each hand, leant out of the window to await the next flash that he might take aim. It came and instantly Morton fired. The unsuspecting spy yelled, jumped to his feet, and rushed to the cover of the woods. Then all was darkness. A peal of thunder, the sweep of the coming hurricane and the pelting of the rain drops made apparent the futility of attempting to follow. "I hope I've done for him," said Morton to himself, "and that like a stricken fox he will die in cover."

The pistol-shots together with the crash of the elements had put a stop to the carousal downstairs, and Morton heard them disputing as to who should go up and see what had happened. "I will not go," said one with the deliberation of a stupidly drunk man. "I am an officer of the Royal Engineers and have nothing to do with personal encounters. If you want a line of circumvallation laid down, or the plan of a mine I am ready, but my commission says nothing about fighting with swords or pistols. I know my office and how to maintain its dignity."

"Yes, Hughes, and the integrity of your skin. I'd go myself (here he rose and tried to steady himself by holding on to the table) but I'll be jiggered if I can go up such a stair-case as that. It would take a son of a sea cook," and with these words, losing his grip, the speaker toppled over and fell on the floor. The third officer, a mere lad, was asleep in his chair in a drunken stupor. The commissariat officer staggered to the foot of the ladder, and, after vainly attempting to steady himself sufficiently to

ascend, shouted, "I say you there; what's all the shooting for? Are you such a greenhorn as to be firing at mosquitoes or bull-frogs? By George, when in company of gentlemen you should behave yourself. I will report you to your shuperior officer," and so he maundered on for a while, receiving no answer from Morton. Finally the woman of the house helped him to a corner, where he lay down and snored away the fumes of the liquor that had overcome him. Meanwhile the storm raged, and when it had rolled away, and the moon again calmly shone forth, and the frogs again raised their chorus, Morton was too sleepy to think of going to search for the body of the spy. Making as comfortable a bed as he could, he lay down and rested until morning.

CHAPTER II.

THE SKIRMISH

On descending from his rude chamber, Morton found the woman preparing breakfast, and, looking into the adjoining room, saw that three of its inmates were still sleeping amid the litter of their night's carousal. Stepping out of the door he was surprised by the beauty of the sylvan scene. The air had the freshness and the sky the tender-blue that follows a thunder storm. The sunshine glittered on the glassy surface of the river that, in all its windings, was overhung by lofty trees, except where small clearings had been made, from which peeped white-washed shanties. The eminence which had excited his curiosity the night before, he perceived to be an island, with a largish house at its base, flanked by a wind-mill. At the landing was the boat in which he had come, with a group of men. Approaching them, he found the commissariat officer, whose bloodshot eyes alone indicated his excess of the preceding night. "Ah, Morton," he exclaimed, "you were the only wise man among us; you have your wits about you this morning. For me, I had a few hours' pleasure I now loathe to think of, and a racking headache. Come, let us have a swim and then to breakfast."

Following him to the nook he sought, Morton told of his shot at the spy. The officer listened attentively to the story. "I hope you winged him," he said, "but he will escape. The settlers, except the few Old Countrymen, are in sympathy with the Yankees, and will shelter and help him to get away. We cannot make a move that word is not sent to the enemy. I will warn the Indians to look out for him. Had it not been for the rain, they could trace him to his lair."

On returning to the house, they found their comrades trying to make themselves presentable and sat down to a breakfast of fried pork and bread, flavored by the leaven with which it had been baked, to which Morton alone did justice. The commissariat officer told him he could not start for some time, as carts were few and the rain had filled the holes in the mud track called a road. He could have forwarded him more quickly by canoes, but there was a risk of wetting the cartridges at the rapids. It was noon before sufficient carts arrived to enable Morton to start, when a laborious journey ensued, the soldiers having often to help the undaunted ponies to drag the cartwheels out of the holes in which they got mired. When they had gone a few miles the carts halted and the kegs were placed in boats, which conveyed them to their destination. Camp La Fourche was found to consist of a few temporary buildings, or rather sheds, which, with the barns and shanties of the natives near by, housed several companies, of whom a few were regulars. Morton's orders were to stay there. Time passed heavily, the only excitement being when a scout came in with reports of the movements of the American army on the frontier, which were indefinite and exaggerated.

The camp had been purposely placed at the forks of the English and Chateauguay rivers, to afford a base of operations against the invader, should he approach either by way of Champlain or of Four Corners. Morton relieved the tedium of waiting by hunting and fishing, for his proper duties were slight. At first he did not venture into the woods without a guide, but experience quickly taught one so active and keen of observation sufficient bush-lore to venture alone with his pocket-compass. The fishing, at that late season, was only tolerable, and while he enjoyed to the full the delight of skimming the stretches of both rivers in a birch canoe, he preferred the more active motion and greater variety of traversing the pathless woods with his gun. He had been in camp a fortnight when he started for an afternoon's exploring of the woods. In his tramp he struck the track of what he believed to be a bear. Following it was such pleasant exercise of his ingenuity that he took no note of time, and he had traversed miles of swamp and ridge before prudence cried halt. The sun hung so low that to retrace his steps was out of the question. He resolved to strike north, which he knew would take him to the Chateauguay, where he would be sure to find shelter for the night.. The flush of sunset was fading when he emerged from the woods on the bank of the river he sought, which flowed dark and silent between the endless array of trees which sentinelled it on either side. Threading his way down stream he in time came upon a clearing—a gap in the bush filled with ripening grain and tasselled corn. The shanty, a humble one, stood at the top of the bank, the river at its feet. Grati-fied at the prospect of rest, he paused before

swinging himself over the rude fence, for there rose in the evening air the sound of singing; it was a psalmtune. The family were at worship. Reverently the soldier uncovered his head and listened. The psalm ended, he could hear the tones of supplication, though not the words. As Morton approached the house he saw a heavily-built man coming to meet him.

"Gude e'en, freen; ye're oot late. I see ye're ane of the military and your wark ca's ye at a' oors. Is there ony news o' the Yankee army?"

Morton explained he was not on duty but had got belated in hunting, and craved the boon of shelter until morning, for which he would pay.

"Pay! say ye? A dog wearing the King's colors wad be welcome to my best. You maun be new to this country to think the poorest settler in it wad grudge to share his bit wi' ony passerby. Come your ways; we are richt glad to see you."

Entering the shanty Morton was astounded at the contrast between the homelike tidiness of the interior and the rudeness of the exterior, everything being neatly arranged and of spotless cleanliness. "Truly," he thought, "it is not abundance that makes comfort, but the taste and ingenuity to make the best of what we have." The glow of the log-fire in the open chimney was supplemented by the faint light afforded by the candle made from deer fat, which showed him a tall young woman, who came forward to shake hands without the slightest embarrassment. An elderly woman, evidently the mother, kept her seat by the fire, explaining she "wasna very weel," and two stout young men.

"Sit in, Captain, ye say you're no a captain, aweel, ye'll be ane yet; there is a snell touch in the

evening air that maks a fire no unpleasant, and Maggie will get ye something to eat. An hae ye nae news frae the lines? Does it no beat a' that the Yankees, wha mak such pretensions to be the only folk i' the warld wha understan' what liberty is, should fail in practice? What hae we done that they should come in tae disturb us? Hae we nae right to live doucely and quietly under our appointed ruler, that they should come into our country to harry and maybe kill us? Oh, they are a bonny lot! In the name o' freedom drawing the sword to help the oppressor of Europe and the slaughter of thousands of God's children by creation, if no by adoption."

"We have the comfort," replied Morton, "that they have not got Canada yet."

"An' never will," replied the settler. "There's no an Auld Countryman on the Chateauguay wha wad na sooner tint life an' a' than gie up his independence. My sons an' myself are enrolled in Captain Ogilvie's company, and mair Yankees than we count will hansel its ground afore they win oor puir biggins."

"Dinna speak sae, gudeman," said his wife; "tho' the Lord may chastise us he will not deliver us to the oppressor, but, as with the Assyrian, will cause him gin he come doon on us to hear a rumor that shall make him to return to his own land. We are but a feeble folk here by the riverside, but He winna fail them wha trust Him."

Maggie here beckoned the young officer to the table, and the bread and milk tasted all the sweeter that they had been spread by so winsome a damsel. After supper Morton was glad to fall in with the family's custom of going early to bed, and accom-

panying the lads, whom he found to be frank, hearty fellows, to the barn, slept comfortably alongside them on top of the fragrant fodder. At daylight they were astir, when their guest joined them in their labors, until a shout from Maggie told breakfast was ready. Seen by daylight the favorable impression made upon Morton the previous evening was deepened, and he did not know which most to admire, her tact, which never placed at her a disadvantage, or the deftness with which she discharged her household duties. Reluctantly he left, accepting readily the invitation to come again. In a couple of hours he was in camp and reported himself to Major Stovin.

The acquaintance thus accidentally formed was cultivated by Morton, and few evenings passed that his canoe did not end its journey at the foot of the bank whence the settler's shanty overlooked the Chateauguay. The more he knew of the family the more he was attracted, and before long he was on familiar terms with all its members. Curious to know how they had come to drift to so out-of-the-way a section, the father told how he had been a tenant of the Duke of Hamilton in Clydesdale, and on the expiry of his lease such an advance in rent was demanded that he had to give up the farm, which had been in his family for four generations. A letter from a relative in Montreal induced him to sail for Canada, but the farm near that city which his friend had secured for him, he rejected on learning he would have to pay rent to the priests. "It was a well situated farm," said Forsyth, "and the rent small, but I couldn't bring myself to be under obligation to the black nebs." An offer of a free lot from a namesake, a wholesale merchant of Mon-

treal, had finally taken him to the Chateauguay.

"You must have endured much before you made the land yield you a living," interjected Morton.

"That is true, but I can tell you, that any man who has had to put up with the pride and greed of Scotland's aristocracy would sooner strive and starve here than be under them. There is a prospect of being comfortable here, and the land we work is our own. The thought that we are our ain masters cheers us to put up with drawbacks."

The farmer went on to tell the soldier that the war, instead of an injury to the settlers, was a great benefit. "For whatever man or horse can eat and we can supply there is a big price ready in gold. Then we are paid for conveying supplies, and my sons and myself are drawing pay as militiamen. That is one side. The other, is that the Yankees may swoop down upon us any day and destroy in half an hour what it has taken us years to gather."

"Of that I see no prospect," remarked Morton.

"May be no," rejoined the farmer, "but it is a mischance that may overtake us. War breaks all the commandments and is the enemy of thrift and industry."

Owing to his acquaintance with the settler's family, the inaction of camp life in the backwoods ceased to be wearisome and there was a glow and a joyousness in Morton's days which he had never before known. So it came that when, one day at noon, the orderly sergeant notified him the officer in command desired to see him, the prospect of being sent away caused him a pang of vexation. His orders were to be ready to start at daylight for the frontier with a despatch for the officer of the Indian

guard and to collect what information he could with regard to the American army encamped at Four Corners. "I trust to your discretion," said the Major "as to what means you will use to get it, but we want to know the extent of the force and the prospect of their moving. I will give you an Indian as a guide, and one who speaks English."

Morton withdrew, pleased that the order was not one of recall to his regiment at Montreal. He spent the afternoon with the Forsyths. The news of his departure, on an errand that involved some danger, even though it would last only a few days, dampened the innocent mirth of the household, and the soldier was vain enough to think Maggie gave his hand a warmer pressure than usual when he left. He rose with the first streak of daylight and had finished his breakfast when he was told his guide was waiting. Hastily strapping his cloak on his back and snatching his musket, he went out to find an Indian standing stolidly on the road. Morton noted that he was taller than the average of his race, and, despite his grizzled hair, gave every sign of unabated vigor. He was dressed in native fashion, his face hideous with war-paint. Without uttering a word, he led the way and they were soon buried in the woods. The Indian's pace, considering the nature of the ground, and the obstacles met, was marvellously rapid and seemed to induce no fatigue. Morton vigorously exerted himself to keep up with him and, as he did so, admired the deftness with which the Indian evaded obstructions which he laboriously overcame. The ease and smoothness with which the red man silently slipped through thickets and passed fallen trees, he compared to the motion of a fish, and his own awkwardness to

that of a blindfolded man, who stumbled at every obstacle. They had travelled two hours when suddenly the Indian halted, peered carefully forward, and then signed to Morton to stand still. Falling on his knees the guide crept, or rather glided, forward. Disregarding his sign, Morton followed until the object of the Indian's quest came in sight. Three deer were grazing on a natural meadow by the side of a creek. Slowly the Indian raised his gun and its report was the first intimation the timid creatures had that an enemy was near. The youngest and plumpest had fallen; the others bounded into the bush. Standing over the graceful creature whose sides still palpitated, the Indian said, "Lift." It was the first word he had uttered. Morton drew the four hoofs together and did so. "Put on your back," added the guide. Morton laughed and set the animal down; he could lift it, but to carry it was out of the question. Without moving a feature, the Indian grasped the deer by its legs, swung it round his neck, and stepped out as if the load were no burden, until the swamp was passed and a ridge was reached, when he tied the hoofs together with a withe and hung the carcass from as lofty a branch as he could reach. Half an hour afterwards he pointed to a slight disturbance in the litter of the forest. "Indian passed here this morning."

"How do you know it was an Indian?"

"By mark of moccasin."

"But some white men wear moccasins."

"Yes, but a white man steps differently. The wild duck flies no more like the barn duck than the Indian walks like the pale face."

Following the trail thus struck, they were soon hailed by a scout and were shortly in the midst of

the camp of the frontier guard they sought. Morton counted seventeen Indians lounging or sleeping about the fire, and was told there were as many more lurking in the bush, watching the enemy, who had of late, been sending across strong parties to make petty raids upon the few settlers who lived on the Canadian side of the boundary-line. As the captain was absent and would not be back until the afternoon, Morton had to wait his return, and the rest was welcome, for the rapid journey had tired him and he was interested in watching the Indians, this being his first experience with them apart from white men. They paid much deference to his guide, whose name he now learned was Hemlock. The Indian of whom he made enquiry told him in broken English the reason, that he was the son of a great sachem in a tribe now destroyed, and was "a big medicine." Hemlock accepted their tributes to his superiority with unmoved countenance and as a matter of course. After a long pow-wow, he stretched himself on the ground, face downwards, and went to sleep. Associating the Indians with gloomy moroseness, and a stolidity insensible alike to pain or mirth, Morton was surprised to see how, when left to themselves, they chattered like children, laughed, and played boyish tricks upon one another, and regretted he could not understand what they were saying. If he had, he would have found their talk was the shallowest of banter.

Late in the afternoon the captain returned and warmly welcomed Morton. Although dressed like an Indian, his only distinguishing feature being a captain's scarlet sash, Captain Perrigo was a white man and English in speech, his familiarity with the Indians and their language having been acquired

during his stay at Caughnawaga. He was thoroughly conversant with all that was passing in the American camp, and expressed his belief that only the timidity of General Hampton prevented a move on Canada. His force was so strong and well-equipped that he believed it could not be checked until the island of Montreal was reached. "How can so large an army move through these woods?" asked Morton; "why, even your handful of Indians could cut up a regiment in half an hour."

"You forget," replied Perrigo, "that a large part of these American soldiers have been reared on farms and are familiar with the bush. They are as much at home with the axe, and have scouts as well trained to bush fighting as our own. More than that, many of the American settlers who left the Chateauguay and other Huntingdon settlements at the declaration of war are with them as guides. They have, besides, a good many St. Regis Indians."

"I should like to see the American army," said Morton.

"That is easy; we reconnoitre their camp this evening, and you may go with us."

By this time dinner was ready and it was more appetising than Morton looked for. Hemlock, on his arrival had told where he had left the carcass of the deer, which two of the Indians went for and returned with it slung between them on a pole. This they had cooked along with pieces of fat pork. The venison, for a wonder, proved to be tender and succulent, and was eaten with biscuit, of which there was an abundance. When the time came to move, Perrigo gave the word and twenty-eight fell into line, Hemlock and Morton accompanying them. They moved in silence in single file, the fleetest run-

ner of their number leading about five hundred yards ahead to see that the way was clear. No word was spoken except when, on gaining the summit of a stony knoll, Perrigo whispered to Morton that they had crossed the boundary and were in the United States. They now moved more slowly showing they were nearing the enemy, and twice their scout signalled to them to halt while he reconnoitred. The second time Perrigo went forward and they waited while he scanned the enemy's position. On returning, they moved westward, until the accustomed sound of the tramp of a numerous body of troops met the trained ear of Morton, followed by the commands of the adjutant. Motioning to Morton to follow him, Perrigo cautiously crept on all fours to a clump of undergrowth, and peering through it the American camp was seen. To the right stood the cluster of buildings which formed the village of Four Corners, and on the fields that sloped from it southwards, shone peacefully in the setting sun long rows of white tents. On a large clearance between the camp and the village two regiments were being drilled; at one corner was a body of mounted officers watching them. The brush wood, in which our party lay concealed, was so close to the thin row of buildings that formed the village that the parade ground was not over four hundred yards distant.

Morton scanned the troops as they went through their evolutions and marked, with some complacency, that although tall, wiry men, they were slouchy in their movements, and marched like dock-laborers. "Could we not give those fellows a fright?" he whispered to Perrigo.

"If we were sure their patrols are not out we

could. If they are they might flank us," he replied.

"No danger," interposed Hemlock, "see!" and he pointed to the guard-house, where the men detailed for the night's patrols were sitting smoking their pipes.

"All right," answered Perrigo; "I will send two or three to creep round to the bush on the left to cause a diversion."

"Stay," said Morton, "I want to get a closer view, and Hemlock will go with me." Perrigo nodded assent. While they were picking their way to the west. Perrigo busied himself in extending his little force along the edge of the woods so as to make their numbers appear formidable. The most dangerous part of Morton's movement was crossing two roads, but Hemlock, who knew the ground thoroughly, selected parts where there were bends so that they could not be seen by travellers approaching either way. When Hemlock dropped on all fours and crept he was followed by Morton, who found he was at the edge of the field on which the drill was in progress. The troops had gone through the routine movements and were drawn up in line, awaiting the inspection of the general officer, who, with his escort, was riding slowly from the lower part of the field. A stout grey-haired man rode in advance on a splendid black horse. Hemlock whispered it was General Hampton. As they drew nearer Morton started in amaze, for among his staff, despite his gaudy uniform, he recognised the countenance of the spy he had twice shot at. His astonishment was checked by a gurgling sound of anger from his companion. Turning he saw that Hemlock had partly risen, grasping his musket as if about to fire, his face so swollen with rage that the cords of

his neck stood out, his eyes blazing with excitement.

"Stop," said Morton, as he clutched his buckskin jacket, "if you fire now while they are in rank we are lost; wait until they are dismissed and in disorder."

"I care not; thrice have I missed him; now he dies and Hemlock is revenged." He pulled the trigger, but the flint snapped harmlessly, for the priming had been lost. The disappointment restored his self-possession and he drew back with a scowl that made Morton's flesh creep. On the cavalcade of officers came, chatting unconcernedly and wheeled within fifty yards of where Morton knelt. He had a good view of the spy's face, and he thought he had never seen one where cunning and selfishness were so strongly indicated. "A man who would kill his mother if she stood in his way," whispered Morton. "And for his passing pleasure tear out the heart of a father," added Hemlock in a bitter tone. They noticed how haughtily Gen. Hampton bore himself and how superciliously he glanced at the men as he passed along their ranks. When he had finished, he put spurs to his horse and galloped towards the house in the village where his headquarters were established, followed by his escort. The troops were then dismissed and as each company filed away in the early twilight towards its respective camp, Morton whispered, "Now is our time."

Hemlock rose, drew himself to his full height, seemed for a few seconds to be gathering strength, and then let out a yell, so piercing and terrific that Morton, who had not before heard the war-whoop, would not have believed a human being could make such a sound. It was the signal agreed on to Perri-

go's men, and they answered from different parts of the bush in similar fashion. The American soldiers, many about entering their tents, halted in amaze, while from new and unexpected quarters rose the blood-curdling yell, giving the impression that they were surrounded north and east by a horde of Indians, a foe of whom they were in mortal dread. Taken by surprise, those still in company formation broke and ran towards the camp, and Morton could see the inmates of the tents, swarming out to learn the cause of alarm. Hemlock and Morton were now loading and firing as quickly as they could, the former never intermitting his ear-piercing shrieks, while the edge of the bush to their left was dotted with puffs of smoke from the muskets of Perrigo's band. "O for five hundred more!" shouted Morton in his excitement "and we would rout this army of cowards." The confusion and clamor in the camp increased and the contradictory orders of officers were paid no heed to by men whose instinct for the moment was to know where they could fly to escape the detested Indians. Amid the excitement rang out a bugle, and turning whence the sound came, Morton saw it was from the General's headquarters and that, to its summons, horsemen were urging their way. "Huh!" exclaimed Hemlock, "these are scouts; some of them Indians. We must go, for they will hold the roads." With a final yell he plunged into the bush and Morton followed. They had not gone far when Hemlock turned and grasped his shoulder. The hoofs of advancing horses were heard. The sound came nearer and Morton guessed they were riding along the east and west road in front of where they stood and which they had been about to cross. The troop swept past

and then the order "Halt!" was shouted. "Louis, take five men and scour the bush from here until you meet the party who are searching the bush from above. The screeching devils who hide here cannot escape between you. We will patrol the road and shoot any who do." The motion of the men ordered to dismount was heard.

"Quick," whispered Hemlock, "or they will be on us," and facing westward he led to the brink of what seemed to be a precipice, from the foot of which rose the sound of rushing water. Hemlock slipped his gun into his belt in front of him and did the same with Morton's, then, before he knew what was meant, Morton was grasped in his iron clutch, unable to move, his head tucked into his breast, and, with a wild fling over the edge of the bank, they went rolling and crashing downwards, through the bushes and shrubs that faced it. On they rolled until a final bounce threw them into a pool of the river. Without a moment's delay, Hemlock caught Morton's right arm and dragged him down the narrow and shallow stream, then waded out to behind a clump of bushes. Breathless and excited by the rapid motion, Morton sank prone on the turf, while Hemlock, laying aside the guns, which the water had rendered useless, drew his tomahawk, which he held ready for use, while he bent forward listening intently. In a short time Morton became conscious of men stealthily approaching, and devoutly thanked God when he perceived they were on the other side of the river from where they were concealed. On they came, searching every place of possible concealment, with a rapidity that only children of the woods can attain. Soon they were directly opposite and passed on. Hemlock relaxed his strained atti-

tude, drew a long breath, and sat down beside Morton. "They did not think we had time to cross the river, but when they find we have they will come back on this side."

"What shall we do next?" asked Morton.

"Wait till it is dark enough to creep across the road at the bridge."

"And if they come back before then?"

"Fight them," abruptly answered Hemlock.

In the narrow gorge where they lay the gloom quickly gathered, and it soon grew so dark that Morton's fears as to the searching-party returning were relieved. When the last gleam of daylight had faded, Hemlock led the way, and they crept as quickly as the nature of the ground would allow down the river, whose noisy brawl blotted out any sound they made.

Coming out at a pond, where the water had been dammed to drive a small mill, Hemlock stopped and listened. The road, with its bridge too low set for them to creep under, was directly in front, and it was likely guards were there posted. As they watched, the door of a house opened, and a man came out with a lantern. It was the miller going to the mill. As he swung the light its beams shone along the road, failing to reveal a sentinel. When he passed into the mill, Hemlock led the way under the shade of the trees that fringed the mill pond, crossed the road and down into the rocky bed of the stream on the other side. Pausing to let Morton gain his breath after the run, he said in his ear, "We are safe now and can wait for the moon."

"Can't we join Perrigo?" asked Morton.

"No; scouts in woods over there; hide to-night and go back to-morrow."

The strain of excitement over, Morton stretched himself on the ferns that abounded and quickly fell asleep.

When Morton opened his eyes he found the dell, or rather gorge, for the sides were precipices though clad with vegetation, was lit up by the moon. Hemlock was by his side, sitting Indian fashion clasping his knees. Without a word, on seeing the young officer was awake, he picked up his gun to move on. Morton obeyed the mute sign and they began to descend the bed of the stream. It was a task of difficulty, for it abounded in boulders and often there was no foothold at the sides, the water laving the cliffs that formed the banks. Had it not been that the season was unusually dry, leaving the river bed largely bare, Morton could not have kept up with his companion. Chilled by his wet garments, the exercise was grateful to him as he exerted himself to overcome the obstacles in his path. As they went on, the banks grew higher and the gorge more narrow, until, turning a bend, Morton perceived that the river dashed down a channel cleft out of solid rock, which rose a pillared wall on one side and on the other had been rendered concave by the washing away of the debris of ages. High above shafts of moonlight struggled through the foliage, and brought into ghastly relief the nakedness of the walls of the rocky dungeon. Deeply impressed, Morton followed his guide along the gloomy chasm which now the sound of falling water echoed. Presently they passed two small falls. Below the lower one, the walls drew nearer, as if the cloven rock grudged the scanty space it had been affording the tumultuous stream for its passage and the cliffs grew loftier. Hemlock halted, and pointing to a

water-worn recess in the rocks, that afforded some shelter, said, "Sleep there." Morton lay down, but he was in no mood to sleep. The magnificence of the rock-hewn chamber in which he lay, with a giant cliff bending over him excited his imagination, and his eyes wandered from the foaming falls in front of him to the solemn summits of the walls, whose sides, flecked with shrubs, were topped by spruce trees that increased their height. The contrast of the unceasing noise and motion of the river with the eternal silence and imperturbability of the rocks, deeply impressed him. Thus time passed and when he had scanned the scene to his heart's content, his interest turned to his companion. Hemlock had left him and stood beneath an overhanging pillar of rock higher than its fellows, where the chasm narrowed into a tunnel. Evidently supposing that Morton was asleep, he was going through those motions of incantation by which Indian medicine men profess to evoke the spirits. He writhed until his contortions were horrible, while the working of his features showed he was inwardly striving to induce an exalted and morbid condition of feeling. He smote his breast resounding blows, flung himself downwards on the flat rock and shook himself until his body jerked with involuntary twitchings; he spoke in hollow tones and plucked at his hair, until the sweat rolled down his cheeks. After a fit of hysterical laughter he sank in a swoon, which lasted so long that Morton was debating whether he should not go over to him. All this time the moon had been sailing upward and now stood directly over the chasm, its beams transforming the foaming river into a channel of milky whiteness, and where it broke into curls at the falls, into

strings of pearls, while the foliage, that tempered the stern outline of the rocks bedewed by the spray that kept them constantly moist, glistened as if sprinkled with diamond-dust. The moonlight streamed on the prostrate body of the Indian. As he wakened from his trance and slowly raised himself, Morton read in his face a wonderful change—a look of calmness and of supernatural ecstasy. With dignity he drew himself up and stepped forward a few paces until he stood close to the pillar of rock. Then he spoke; “Spirit of the wood, and stream, who loves this best of all thine abodes, come to me. Hemlock seeks thee to help him. The wounded moose will never breathe again the morning air, the lightning-stricken pine-tree never put forth fresh shoots, and Hemlock is wounded and smitten by a foul blow. He is growing old. Shall his hand grow feeble before the blow is dealt, the eye grow dim before mine enemy is slain, and my ear grow deaf before it hears his death groan? The leaves that fall rot, and the water that passeth, returneth not; therefore, O Spirit, grant to Hemlock his prayer, that before his night comes he may slay whom he seeks. Again this day has he escaped me, shielded by his medicine. Break the spell, O Spirit; take away the charm that holds my arm when I aim the blow, and pluck away the shield his devil holds over him! The eagle has his nest on the mountain and the fox his lair in the valley, but Hemlock has no home. The doe fondles her fawn and the tired swallow is helped across the great water on the wings of her sons, but Hemlock has no children. The Yankee stole his land, slew his brothers, bewitched his only daughter, and drove him far north, and now he is a sorrow-stricken man whom nobody

loves. Spirit grant the prayer of Hemlock; break the spell that defeats me; let me taste the blood of mine enemy and I shall die happy."

He paused and assumed a listening attitude, as if awaiting an answer. That in his morbid state of mind he fancied he heard the Spirit speak to him in reply was evident, for he broke out again:—

"I am desolate; my heart is very bitter. The smoke of the wigwams of my tribe rise no more; I alone am left. When the north wind tells where are the leaves of last summer, I will say where are the warriors of my tribe? As the beaver the white man came among us, but he crushed us like the bear. The snake sings on the sunny rock but he bites in the grass. We were deceived and robbed of the lands of our fathers. Our destroyer is near, he is on the war-path; his hatchet is raised against the Great Father. Blind his eyes, trip his feet with magic, O Oki, and lift the spell from the arm of Hemlock. The eagle soars to the mountain top when the loon keeps to the valley; the snow-bird breasts the storm when the moose seeks the cedar-brake; the wolf knows no master and the catamount will not flee, so the Indian clings to his hunting-ground and will not be the slave of the stranger. Spirit, help to destroy the destroyer and to rob the robber. The hunted deer dies of his wounds in a strange forest. The arrows of Hemlock are nigh spent and he mourns alone. The glory of our nation has faded as does the camp-fire in the morning sun. I alone am left to take revenge. Oki, speak, and strengthen the heart of Hemlock for battle!"

The Indian fell prostrate before the gaunt pillar of stone to which he spoke and lay there for some time. When he rose, there was a weary look

in his impassive features. "The Spirit has spoken; he tells Hemlock he will answer him in a dream." Stepping towards Morton he lay down and fell asleep.

High above him shafts of sunlight were interwoven with the foliage of the trees that overhung the crest of the chasm, forming a radiant ceiling, when Morton awoke. The weirdly romantic gulf in which he lay, coupled with the strange scenes of the night, caused him to think the past was a dream, but going over the several details the sense of reality was restored, and there, a few yards from him, was stretched the lank form of the Indian. "Who could fancy that a being so stolid, heavy, and matter-of-fact," asked Morton of himself, "should show such keenness of feeling and so rich an imagination? And, yet, how little we know of what sleeps in the bosoms of our fellows. Mark that sulken pool above the cataract! How dead and commonplace it appears. Its water is swept over the brink, and, breaking into a hundred new forms, instantly reveals there dwelt dormant beneath its placid surface a life and a beauty undreamt of. We are not all as we seem, and so with this much-tried son of the forest."

He rose to bathe his stiffened limbs in the river and the motion caused Hemlock to spring to his feet. He glanced at the sky, and remarked he had slept too long. While Morton bathed, Hemlock busied himself in contriving a scoop of withes and birch bark, with which, standing beneath the fall, he quickly tossed out a number of trout. A flint supplied fire and on the embers the fish as caught were laid to roast, and whether it was so, or was due to his keen appetite, Morton thought they

tasted sweeter than when cleaned. With the biscuit in their pouches, though wet, they made a fair breakfast. As they finished, a faint echo of drums and fifes was wafted to them. "We will stay a little while," said Hemlock, "to let the scouts go back to camp, for they would search the woods again at daylight."

"And what then?" asked Morton.

"We will go back to Perrigo, who is near-by."

"Would they not fly to Canada after what they did?"

"Indians are like the snake. When it is hunted, it does not fly; it hides. They are waiting for us."

"Where were you taught to speak English so well, Hemlock?"

"I did not need to be taught; I learnt it with my mother tongue. I was born near an English settlement and my chosen companion was an English girl, we played together, and were taught together by the missionary; long afterwards she became my wife."

"But you are not a Christian?"

"No; when I saw the white man's ways I wanted not his religion."

"And your wife, is she living?"

"Hemlock does not lay his heart open to the stranger; he is alone in the world."

Respecting his reserve, and though curious to know if the guardian-spirit of the chasm had spoken to him in his dreams, Morton changed the subject, the more so that he did not wish his companion to know he had been the unwitting witness of his invocation ceremony. He asked about the chasm in whose solemn depths they found refuge, Hemlock

told how it had been known to all the seven nations of the Iroquois and regarded by them as a chosen abode of the spirits, the more so as its origin was supernatural. There had been a very rainy season and the beavers had their villages flooded and were in danger of being destroyed. Two of them volunteered to visit the spirit-land and beseech the help of their *oki*, which he promised. He came one dark night and with a single stroke of his tail smote the rock, splitting it in two and allowing the waters that were drowning their houses to drain into the low country beneath. Morton listened gravely, seeing his companion spoke in all seriousness, and thought the tale might be an Indian version of the earthquake, or other convulsion of nature, by which the bed of sandstone had been rent asunder, and a channel made for the surplus waters of the hill country to the South. The trees and bushes which had found an airy foothold in the crevices, and the weather-beaten and lichened faces of the cliffs, told how remote that time must have been.

It was wearing towards noon before Hemlock considered it safe to move. The delay they spent in cleaning their arms, and Morton, to his regret, found that his powder was useless from being wet. The Indian, more provident, had saved his in a water-proof pouch of otter skin, but he had too little to do more than bestow a single charge. Morton took the opportunity to clean and arrange his uniform as he best could, and when ready to move felt he looked more as became an officer of the King's army than when he awoke. Hemlock led the way to where a cleft in the wall of rocks afforded a possibility of ascent, and, with the occasional aid of his outstretched arm, Morton managed to scramble

up. When he had reached the summit he perceived he stood on a plain of table-rock, the cleavage of which formed the chasm, of whose existence a stranger had no intimation until he reached the brink. They had not gone far until Hemlock halted and looked intently at the ground. "A party of Yankees passed here within an hour; a dozen or more of them. See the trail of their muskets!"

"How do you know they have just passed?"

"The dew has not been dry here over an hour and they passed when it was gone. They are searching for us, for one went to the cedars there to see no one was hiding."

Morton looked perplexed, for nothing was more distasteful than to be taken prisoner. "Had we not," he suggested, "better return to the chasm and wait for night?"

"It is too late," replied Hemlock; "when they come back they would see our trail and follow it. We will have to go on and if we get across the road we are safe," and without another word he went on until the road was reached. On scanning it before making a dash across, they perceived, to their dismay, a mounted scout so posted as to give a clear view of the portion of the road they were standing by. Hemlock gave a grunt of disappointment and plunged back into the bush. After a few minutes' rapid walking he turned to Morton. "You stay here until I go and see what we can do. Over there is the track of a short-cut between Four Corners and the blockhouse. If Yankees pass they will keep to it and not see you. Do not move until I come back."

NOTE

So singular a fate has overtaken Chateaugay Chasm, the scene of the events of the preceding chapter, that it deserves to be noted. It no longer exists. The remarkable cleft in a rock, over 200 feet thick, that gave vent to the waters flowing from the Adirondack hills, was a phenomena of nature that attracted visitors from far and near, and none were disappointed. Coming to the verge of the gulf that suddenly opened at their feet they gazed downwards on one of the loveliest of little glens at its upper end and one of the sternest at its lower, where overhanging pillars of rock guarded the outlet of the river. That this romantic dell, this well-concealed gem of nature, should continue to surprise and delight succeeding generations was never doubted, until men came who saw it could be made of commercial value. Building a dam between the pillars, at whose base Hemlock invoked his oki, the gulf was converted into a mill-pond, and the whirr of dynamos rose from a power-house, where, until they were installed, the only sound from creations down, had been the music of the two cascades. The spot is still beautiful, but the features, that made it stern and mysterious, have been obliterated.

CHAPTER III.

HEMLOCK'S VENGEANCE

Morton threw himself on the grass to await his report, and the rest was grateful, for the sun was hot and their short tramp had been fast. The minutes sped without sign of the Indian, who, he conjectured, was finding it difficult to discover a clear passage. It was now plain to him that the Americans had discovered their tracks of the preceding evening and had established a cordon to ensure their capture. So absolute was Morton's faith in Hemlock's skill that he felt little perturbed and was confident they would be in Perrigo's camp before night. Then his thoughts wandered to a subject that had come of late to be pleasant to him, to the household by the Chateauguay, and he saw in fancy Maggie bustling about her daily tasks, and he smiled.

"In the name of the United States of America I command you to yield as prisoner," shouted a voice with a nasal twang.

Morton bounded to his feet. In front of him within four yards, stood the spy, holding a musket, with his finger on the trigger.

"I mout hev shot ye dead a-lying there," he said, "but I take game like you alive. I can make more out o' your skin while you can wag yer tongue. Yield peaceable, young man, and giv' up yer arms."

"Yield! And to a spy! Never!" shouted Morton indignantly, and he sprang like a panther at his foe. Quick as was his movement, the American was not quite taken by surprise, for he fired, but the bullet missed. The next moment Morton was on him and they grappled. Both were strong men, but the American was older and had more staying power, and as they wrestled Morton felt he would be thrown, when he bethought him of a certain trip he had often used in his school days. He made the feint, put out his foot, and the American fell with a crash, underneath him.

"Villain," he whispered hoarsely, "you twice escaped me, but will not again," and he grasped his throat with one hand while he held his right arm with the other.

"Quarter," gasped the American, who was in danger of being choked; "I yield."

"Quarter to a spy!" exclaimed Morton.

"I ain't no spy. I'm Major Slocum, brevet-rank, on General Hampton's staff."

"Not a spy! You were to have been shot for one."

"I was on special service, when I was informed on by an ongrateful cuss. I'm an honorable officer and appeal to yer honor as a Britisher. Take my sword; I yield your prisoner."

"If I let you go will you lead me safely across

your lines, and release my guide, Hemlock, if he has been taken prisoner?"

"Sartainly I will; Slocum's word is as good as his bond. Take your hands off me and I will set you and your Injun to hum in an hour."

Morton released his grasp, stood up, drew his sword, and awaited Slocum's rising. With a deft movement the American thrust his hand into his belt, drew a heavy, short-bladed knife and shot it forward from his palm with a quickness and dexterity that indicated much practice. Morton's eye caught the gleam of steel and he sprang back. His doing so saved his life, for the point of the blade, which would have pierced his breast, stuck in his right thigh for an instant and dropped out. In a towering passion of indignation, which made him unconscious of the pain and flow of blood, he rushed upon the American, who had sprung to his feet and drawn his sword in time to foil Morton's thrust. "Vile wretch, you shall die as liars ought to die!" exclaimed Morton, and the clash of steel was incessant. Morton was the better swordsman, but his impetuosity and anger deprived him of the advantage of his skill, and stepping backward, Slocum's sword, wielded by his long arm, kept him at bay. Morton's anger increased with the difficulty in dealing a deadly thrust, until, in making a lunge, he stumbled over a fallen log. Had he been unwounded he would have instantly recovered himself. The wrench to his pierced leg shot a thrill of agony to his heart, and the weakened knee refused its office. In a moment Slocum pushed him on his back, and planting his foot on the bleeding wound, pressed it with all his might, while he placed the point of his sword on his throat. A mocking leer lit up his yel-

low face as he said composedly: "I don't see how yer mother let you go out alone; you're green as gardensass. Thought Major Slocum would be your obedient servant and lead you and your infernal Injun past the lines! You poor trash of a Britisher! An' you sucked in my talk about honor and let go your holt on my throat! You poor innocent, it's like stabbing a baby to put my sword through yer gizzard. Say, sonny, wouldn't you like to live?"

The pain of his wound was excruciating, yet Morton answered composedly, "I'd die a thousand times before I would beg my life of you. I am not the first of His Majesty's service to have lost his life through believing there was honor in an American officer."

"I'm a citizen of the great Republic and will be doing a patriotic dooty in killing you, and, like the great and good Washington, after hanging Andre, will take a good square meal with the satisfactory feeling that there is one redcoat less in the world. But there ain't no comfort in killing a chick like you. Say, what will ye pay if I let you go? I will take an order on Montreal. Slocum ain't the man to refuse to earn an honest dollar and do a charitable action. Yer father mebbe is a Lord or a Dook, and he can come down hansum. Why don't yer speak? I ain't a mind to do all the talking."

"If I was fool enough to believe you and to spare your life it is enough. Torture me no more with your dishonorable proposals. I can die as becomes a British soldier."

"Yer can, eh? Waal, what if I don't mind to kill you? Perhaps Slocum sees he can make more by toting you into camp. It ain't every day a British officer is caught, and I mout get promotion. Kur-

nel Slocum would sound well. Thought you had drowned me! Didn't know enough to look at the set of the current. Didn't see me come up at the far side of a boat and a deck hand drop me a rope! Thought you had shot me, too! I forgive ye for that, seeing you are such a poor shot. Come now, hadn't yer better sign a little order on your father's agents for a neat little sum, payable to Major Slocum for vally received? Yer wound hurts, don't it?" enquired Major Slocum with a grin, as he thrust the toe of his boot into it. Involuntarily, Morton gave a stifled shriek of pain and lay gasping, while his tormentor looked down upon him with a smile, enjoying his sufferings. As Morton quivered in agony, the sight of Hemlock met his gaze. He was moving stealthily up behind Slocum, who stood all unconscious of his danger, torturing Morton in the hope he would purchase his release. Nearer the Indian came; he stood behind him, his arms opened out—they closed—Slocum was in their clasp. To the end of his life Morton could not forget the look of terror that blanched Slocum's face when he looked up and saw who held him. With a heavy thud the Indian threw him to the ground and proceeded to bind his arms and legs with the major's sash. Then, with dreadful calmness, he drew his scalping-knife and knelt, one knee on the breast of the prostrate man. "Many times you have escaped me, Slocum, but you die now. The oki has granted what I asked; the spell is gone. I tracked you long but now you are mine. I will not kill you at once. You shall die by inches, and have a taste, before the dark cloud swallows you, of the bitterness I have drank at your hands for years."

So saying, with infernal ingenuity, the heritage of

his race in the art of torture, he stripped Slocum of his clothing and proceeded to draw cuts with his knife on different parts of the body, nowhere making an incision any deeper than requisite to cause the quivering flesh to feel fullest pain. The wretched man plied the Indian with all manner of promises to induce him to desist, and on seeing he was relentless in his purpose, was about to shriek in the hope of attracting aid, when Hemlock caught him by the throat, and snatching up a handful of forest litter forced it into his mouth. Then he resumed his dreadful task. Morton, who had alternated from a state of semi-stupor to that of insensibility, looked on in his lucid intervals with sickened horror, and begged Hemlock to desist. He paid not the slightest heed, but went on gloating over the agonies of his victim, and adding a fresh wound as the others dulled. Alert even in his horrible employment, a rustle in the bush caught his ear, and he listened. "It is the Yankee picket going to the blockhouse," he said to Morton. "If Hemlock could take you with him he would, but you cannot travel. They will make you prisoner and care for your wound. And now Hemlock finishes his revenge." With one swift sweep of the knife, he cut the throat of his now fainting victim, with another he severed his scalp, and flourishing it above his head, vanished in the woods. Immediately a body of blue uniformed soldiers appeared, who shouted with astonishment at seeing the major, scarred, naked, scalped, a bloody mass, and a wounded British officer lying near him. Part hurried to each. As those who went to the side of Morton stooped over him and moved him, he fainted.

CHAPTER IV.

MORTON IN PERIL

When Morton recovered consciousness he found he was in a large apartment, the sides formed of heavy logs, and surrounded by American soldiers, who were talking excitedly of the discovery of the body of Major Slocum. On seeing their prisoner was restored to his senses, they plied him with questions, in the hope of clearing up the mystery, but he felt so languid that he made no reply, and simply begged for water. On the arrival of two ox-carts, the corpse was lifted into one and the wounded man into the other. On being carried into the air, Morton noticed that the building he had been in was a

blockhouse, so placed as to command the road which led to Canada. The jolting of the cart during the short drive was agony to him, and he was thankful when the log shanties of the village of Four Corners came in sight and the rows of tents of the camp. The cart halted at the door of a tavern, where he assumed the general must be. An orderly came out and directed the driver to an outhouse, into which two soldiers carried him. It was a small, low-roofed stable, and in one of the stalls they laid Morton. Closing the door, he was left in darkness, and so remained until it re-opened to admit a surgeon. He examined the wound, picked and washed it clean, put in a few stitches, bound a wet bandage around it and had a pail of water placed near. "You keep that cloth wet," he said to Morton, "and drink all you please; it will keep down the fever, and you will be able to walk in a week. You have only a flesh cut; had it been on the inside of the leg instead of the front you would have been a dead man in five minutes."

"I am very weak."

"Yes; from loss of blood; I will send you some whisky and milk."

After a while the attendant appeared with the fluids, Morton sickened at the smell of the whisky, but he drank the milk. The man approved of the arrangement and disposed of the whisky. Having placed clean straw below Morton, he left him, bolting the door. The soothing sensation of the wet bandage lulled him to sleep, and he slumbered soundly until awakened by the sound of voices at the door.

"Now, mem, you'd better go home and leave Jim alone."

"You tell me he's wounded, and who can nurse him like his old mother?"

"Be reasonable; the doctor said he was not to be disturbed."

"Oh, I will see him; look what I have brought him—a napkin full of the cakes he likes and this jug of syrup."

"Leave them, my good woman, with me and he will get them."

"No, no. I must see my handsome boy in his uniform; my own Jimmy that never left my side until he 'listed the day before yesterday. The sight of me will be better than salve to his hurt."

"I can't let you in; you must go to the colonel for an order."

"An order to see my own son! Jimmy, don't you hear me; tell the man to let me in. (A pause.) Are you sleeping, Jimmy? It's your mother has come to see you. (Here she knocked.) Are you much hurt? Just a scratch they tell me; perhaps they will let you go home with me till it heals. O Jimmy, I miss you so at home."

Again the woman knocked and placing her ear to a crack in the door listened.

"He ain't moving! Soger man, tell me true, is my Jimmy here?"

"He is, mem; you must go to the colonel. I cannot let you in; I must obey orders."

"If Jimmy is here, then he must be worse than they told me."

"Very likely, mem; it is always best to be prepared for the worst."

"He may be dyin' for all you know. Do let me in."

"There is the captain passing; ask him."

“What’s wanted, Bill?”

“This is Jimmy’s mother and she wants to see him. Come and tell her.”

“That I won’t,” answered the captain, with an oath, “I’ll have a hand in no scene; do as you like to break it to the old woman,” and on the captain passed.

“What does he mean? Jimmy ain’t to be punished, is he? He would not do wrong. It was just Tuesday week he went to the pasture for the cows and as he came back, there marched past a lot of sogers, with flags a-flying and drums and fifes playin’ beautiful. ‘O, mother,’ says he, ‘I would like to join ’em,’ and he kept a coaxin’ an’ a worryin’ me until I let him come up to the Corners an’ take the bounty, which he brings back to me, dressed in his fine clothes, the lovely boy.”

“Now, good woman, you go home, and I will send you word of him.”

“That I won’t; if he is here I must see him. Word came this morning that the Injuns had sprang on to the camp, an’ there was a soger killed, stone dead, an’ two taken prisoners. An’, says I, lucky Jimmy ain’t one of them, for so they told me, an’ I will hurry up my chores an’ go and see him this evenin’, an’ here I am. An’ at the camp they tells me he is over here. Won’t you let me see him?”

“Your Jimmy, mem, yes your Jimmy is—My God, I can’t speak the word. Here take the key and go in; you’ll find him right in front o’ the door.”

The door opened and Morton saw a tidy little woman, poorly dressed, step in. She looked wonderingly around, glancing at him in her search for her son. Not seeing him, she stepped lightly towards a heap covered with an army blanket, of which she

lifted a corner, gave a pitiful cry, and fell sobbing on what lay beneath. To his horror and pity, Morton perceived it was the corpse of a youth, the head with a bloody patch on the crown, from having been scalped. "This is what Perrigo's men did," he thought, "and this is war." Here two women, warned by the sentry of what was passing, entered and did what they could to soothe the distracted mother. The succeeding half hour, during which preparations were made for burial, was accounted by Morton the saddest in his life, and when the detachment arrived with a coffin to take the body away, and he saw it leave, followed by the heart-broken mother, he breathed a sigh of relief and took a mental oath that it would go ill with him if he did not help the poor woman to the day of her death.

Some biscuits were brought to him, the bucket refilled with spring water, the door closed, and locked and he was left for the night. Weakness from loss of blood made him drowsy, and forgetting his miserable situation, he slept soundly until morning, when he woke, feeling more like himself than he could have believed possible. His wound felt easy and he was glad to find he could move without much pain. The doctor looked in, nodded approval of his condition, and said he would send him some breakfast. Partaking of it sparingly, Morton felt stronger and turned his attention to his personal appearance, and with the aid of the wet cloth improved it somewhat. The day passed without incident, no one interrupting the monotony of his imprisonment. From the sound of waggon-wheels and the hurrying of messengers to and from the tavern, he surmised the army was preparing to move, and that in the bustle he was forgotten. The following morning

his vigor had returned to such a degree that he fell to examining his prison, and as far as he could, by peeping through crevices in its walls of logs, his surroundings, with a view to endeavoring to escape. He had finished breakfast, when an officer appeared, who introduced himself as Captain Thomas of the staff, and announced that the General wished to see him. By leaning heavily on the American, who proved to be a gentlemanly fellow, Morton managed to hobble the few yards to Smith's tavern, and was led directly to the General's room. On entering Morton saw a fine-looking old gentleman of dignified bearing, whom he recognised as the one he saw inspecting the troops on the evening of the surprise. He sat in a rocking chair and before him stood a rough-looking farmer, with whom he was speaking. Waving Morton to take a seat, he went on with his conversation.

"You tell me your name is Jacob Manning and that you are acquainted with every inch of the country between here and Montreal. I will give you a horse from my own stud, which no Canadian can come within wind of, and you will go to the British camp and bring me word of its strength?"

"No, sir," replied the backwoodsman.

"You will be richly rewarded."

"That's no inducement."

"Fellow, you forget you are my prisoner, and that I can order you to be shot."

"No, I don't forget. But I'd rather be shot than betray my country."

"Your country! You are American born you told me. What's Canada to you?"

"True enough, General. I was brought up on the banks of the Hudson and would have been there

yet but for the infernal Whigs, who robbed us first of our horses, then of our kewows, and last of all of our farms, and called their thievery patriotism. If we Tories hadn't had so much property, there wouldn't a ben so many George Washington-Tom Jefferson patriots. When we were hunted from our birthplace for being loyal to the King we were born under, we found shelter and freedom in Canada, and I tell ye, there ain't a United Empire Loyalist among us that wouldn't fight and die for Canada."

"You ignorant boor," retorted Gen. Hampton hotly, "we have come to give liberty to Canada, and our armies will be welcomed by its down-trodden people as their deliverers. I have reports and letters to that effect from Montreal and, best of all, the personal report of one of my staff, now dead, sent on a special mission."

"Don't trust 'em, General. We who came from the States know what you mean by liberty—freedom to swallow Whiggery and persecution and robbery if you refuse. The Old Countrymen are as stiff as hickory against you, and the French—why, at heart, they are against both."

"It is false, sir. I have filled my regiments since I came to this frontier with French."

"It wa'n't for love of you; it was for your \$40 bounty and a dollar a day."

The General rose and throwing open a shutter, that had been closed to exclude the sunshine, revealed the army in review; masses of infantry moving with passable precision, a train of artillery, and a dashing corps of cavalry. Proudly turning to the bush farmer he said:—

"What can stop the sweep of such an army? England may well halt in her guilty career at the

sight of these embattled sons of liberty, and loosen her bloody clutch upon this continent of the New World."

Neither the sight of the army nor the pompous speech of the General appalled the stout backwoodsman, who replied. "The red-coats will make short work of 'em, and if you don't want to go to Halifax you'd better not cross the lines."

General Hampton made no reply; his good-sense apparently checking his pride, by suggesting the folly of arguing with a backwoodsman, who had chanced to be taken prisoner in a foray into Canada. Summoning an orderly, he commanded that Manning be taken back to prison and not released until the army moved.

"And now, Lieutenant Morton, for so I understand you are named, you are the latest arrival from Canada; and what were they saying of the Army of the North when you left?"

"They were wondering when they would have the pleasure of seeing it," replied Morton.

"Ha! it is well to so dissemble the terror our presence on the frontier has stricken into the mercenaries of a falling monarchy. They will see the cohorts of the Republic soon enough; ere another sun has risen we may have crossed the Rubicon."

"The wonder expressed at every mess-table has been the cause of your tarrying here."

"So I am the topic of the conversation of your military circles," said Hampton, with a pleased expression. "And what was their surmise as to the cause of my tarrying here?"

"That you were awaiting orders from General Wilkinson."

The General sprang to his feet in anger and ex-

citement. "What! Do they so insult me? Look you, young man, are you telling the truth or dare you come here to beard me?"

"On my honor, General Hampton, I only repeat what I have heard a hundred times."

"Then, when you hear it again—that I await orders of that impudent pill-maker who masquerades at Sackett's Harbor as a general, say it is a lie! General Hampton takes no orders from him; he despises him as a man and as a soldier—a soldier, quotha! A political mountebank, a tippler, a swindler, and a poltroon. Here I have been, ready to pluck up the last vestige of British authority on this continent these two months, and been hindered by the government entrusting the Western wing of my army to a craven who refuses to recognize my authority and who lets I would wait on I dare not."

"I meant no offence by my statement," said Morton, as the General paused in striding the room.

"It is well for you that you did not, for I brook no aspersion upon my independence or my reputation as a veteran of the Revolution who has done somewhat to deserve well of his country, and that is implied in alleging I take orders from Wilkinson."

Morton reiterated his regret at having unwittingly given offence and would assure the General that he had entertained so high an opinion of him that he did not attribute to him the harsh treatment he had received since taken prisoner. Asked of what he complained, he told of his having been thrust into a miserable stable and having received no such attention as is universally accorded to a wounded officer in camp.

The General smiled somewhat grimly. "Lieut. Morton, your treatment is no criterion of our hospi-

talities to those whom the fortunes of war throw into our hands. You forget that you were made prisoner under most suspicious circumstances. You were found lying wounded beside the mutilated corpse of that influential citizen who, I may so express it, stepped from the political into the military arena, the late Major Sloeum, and everything points to your having been associated with those who slew him and violated his remains. Apart from that grave circumstance, the mere fact of your being found on the territory of the United States government would justify my ordering your execution as a spy."

"Sir," indignantly interrupted Morton, "I am no spy. My uniform shows I am an officer of the King's army, and I came upon American soil engaged in lawful warfare, declared not by King George but by your own government. I am a prisoner-of-war, but no spy."

"It is undoubted that you consorted with Indians, that you were present with them in the childish attempt to surprise my army the other evening, and that you were with one or more redskins when Major Sloeum offered up his life on the altar of his country in a manner that befitted so celebrated a patriot, who to his laurels as a statesman was about to add those of a soldier. You must understand, for you appear to be a man of parts and education, that Indians and those who associate with them are not recognised as entitled to the rights of war. They are shot or hung as barbarous murderers without trial."

"If that is your law, General, how comes it that you have Indians in your army?"

The General was nonplussed for a moment. "Our Indians," he answered, "are not in the same category. They have embraced the allegiance of a free government; yours are wretches, refugees from our domain and fugitives from our justice, and are now the minions of a bloody despotism."

"I do not see, if it is right for your government to avail themselves of the skill of Indians as scouts and guides, that it can be wrong for His Majesty's government to do the same. Between the painted savages I perceived in your camp and those in the King's service, I could distinguish no difference."

"Keep your argument for the court martial to which, tho' I do not consider you are entitled, I may grant. Leaving that aside, sir, and reminding you of your perilous position, I demand whether you are disposed to make compensation for the injury you have done the government of the United States, by giving information that would be useful in the present crisis? As an officer, you must know much of the strength and disposition of the British force who stand in my onward path to Montreal."

Morton's face, pale from his recent wound and confinement, flushed. "If you mean, sir, that you offer me the choice of proving traitor or a rope, you know little of the honor of a British soldier or of his sense of duty. It is in your power to hang me, but not to make me false to my country and my King."

"Come, come, young man; do not impute dishonor to a Southerner and a gentleman who bore a commission in the Continental army. Leave me, who am so much older and, before you were born, saw service under the immortal Washington, to judge of what is military ethics. We are alone, and as a gentleman speaking to a gentleman, I demand

whether you are going to give me information useful in the movement I am about to make upon Montreal?"

"You have had my answer," replied Morton in a decisive tone. The General took up a pen, wrote a few lines, then rang a bell. Capt. Thomas entered.

"Take this and conduct the prisoner away," said the General, handing him a folded paper. Morton bowed and left the room, fully believing that the missive was an order for his execution. Conducted back to the stable, he sank on his straw heap, indignant and yet mortified at being treated as a spy. He thought of his relations, of his comrades, of his impending disgraceful death, and then clenched his teeth as he resolved he would not plead with his captors but die without a murmur. Late next day the marching of a body of men was heard without. They halted and the door opened. The officer in command said he had come to escort him to the court martial. Morton gave no sign of surprise and limped to the tent where the court was to be held. The clerk read the charges, which were, that he was a spy, that he had associated himself with Indian marauders in an attack on the camp, and that he had been an accomplice in the murder of Major Slocum. In reply to the usual question of guilty or not guilty, Morton answered that he scorned to plead to such charges, that his uniform was the best reply to his being a spy, and if they doubted his right to wear it, he referred them to Major Stovin at Camp la Fourche; that he had made war in a lawful way and with men regularly enrolled in the British service, and, before God, he protested he had no hand in the killing of Major Slocum. "That," said the presiding officer, "is equivalent to your pleading not

guilty. The prosecutor will now have to adduce proof of the charges."

The only witnesses were the soldiers who had found him lying in the bush beside the corpse of Major Slocum. Morton peremptorily refused to question them or to answer questions.

"You place us in a painful position, Lieutenant Morton, by refusing to answer, for we must conclude that you can give no satisfactory explanation of the circumstances under which you were captured. A foul, a diabolical murder has been committed, and everything points to you as being a party to it. Your wound in itself is witness against you that you assailed our late comrade-in-arms."

Morton rose to his feet, and holding up his hand said: "Gentlemen, I stand before you expecting to receive sentence of death and to be shortly in the presence of my Maker. At this solemn moment, I repeat my declaration, that I had no part in the death of Major Slocum, that I did not consent to it, and that if it had been in my power I would have saved him."

"I submit, Mr. President," said a member of the court, "that the statement we have just heard is tantamount to Lieutenant Morton's declaring he knows how and by whom Major Slocum came to his death. As one who has practised law for many years, I contend that the statement the prisoner has made is a confession of judgment, unless the defendant informs the court of his willingness to give evidence for the commonwealth and tell who did the murder. If a man admits he was witness to a murder and conceals who did it; the court must conclude he withholds the information for evil purposes, and is justified in sentencing him as an abettor at least

In this case, the wound of the accused points to his being the principal. Before falling, Major Slocum, in heroic defence, deals a disabling wound to this pretended British officer, who thereupon leaves it to his associated red-skins to finish him and wreak their devilry on the corpse."

"The opinion you have heard," said the presiding officer, "commends itself to this court. What have you to say in reply?"

"Nothing," answered Morton.

"We will give you another chance. We cannot pass over the murder of a brother officer. Only strict measures have prevented many citizens in our ranks, who esteemed Major Slocum as one of their political leaders as well as for his popular qualities, from taking summary vengeance upon you. We make this offer to you: make a clean breast of it, tell us who committed the murder, give us such assistance as may enable us to track the perpetrator, and, on his capture, we will set you free."

"And if I refuse," asked Morton "what then?"

"You may be hanged at evening parade."

"With that alternative, so revolting to a soldier, I refuse your offer. What the circumstances are which bind me to silence, I cannot, as a man of honor tell, but I again affirm my innocence."

"Lieutenant Morton, what say you; the gallows or your informing us of a cruel murderer; which do you choose?"

"I choose neither; I alike deny your right to take my life or to extort what I choose not to tell."

"Withdraw the prisoner," ordered the presiding officer, "while the court consults," and Morton was led a few yards away from the tent. He could

hear the voice of eager debate and one speaker in his warmth fairly shouted :

"He must be made to tell; we'll squeeze it out of him," and then followed longer colloquy. Half an hour passed when he was recalled.

"We have deliberated on the evidence in your case, Lieutenant Morton, and the clerk will read the finding of the court."

, From a sheet of foolscap the clerk read a minute, finding the prisoner guilty on each count.

Standing up and adjusting his sword the presiding officer said, "It only remains to pronounce sentence; it is, that you be hanged between the hours of five and six o'clock this day."

Morton bowed and asked if the sentence had been confirmed by the commanding officer. "It had been submitted and approved," was the reply.

"In the brief space of time that remains to me," said Morton in a firm voice, "may I crave the treatment that befits my rank in so far that I may be furnished with facilities for writing a few letters?"

"You may remain here, and when done writing the guard will conduct you back whence you came, there to remain until execution." With these words he rose, and the others followed, leaving Morton alone with the clerk and the captain of his guard. He wrote three letters—to Major Stovin, to his colonel, and the longest to his only relative across the Atlantic—being careful in all to say nothing about Hemlock, for he knew the Americans would read them before sending. When done, he was taken back to the stable, and left in darkness. He had abandoned all hope; his voyage across life's ocean was nearly ended, and already he thought the mountain-tops of the unknown country he was soon

to behold loomed dimly on his inward eye. The hour which comes to all, when the things of this life sink into nothingness, was upon him and the truths of revelation were to him the only actualities. The communings of that time with his God are sacred from record; enough to say, they left a sobering and elevating influence on his character. He was perfectly composed when he heard the guard come to the door, and quietly took his place in the centre of the hollow square. On the field used as a parade ground he saw the troops drawn up in double line. At one end were the preparations for his execution, a noose dangling from the limb of a tree and a rough box beneath to serve as his coffin. There was not a whisper or a move as he passed slowly between the lines of troops. It seemed to him there was unnecessary delay in completing the arrangements; and that the preliminaries were drawn out to a degree that was agonising to him. At last, however, his arms were pinioned and the noose adjusted. The officer who had presided at his trial approached.

"By authority of the General," he whispered, "I repeat the offer made you; assist us to secure the murderer of Major Slocum and you get your life and liberty."

Morton simply answered, "Good friend, for Jesus' sake, leave me alone."

The word was now given to haul the tackle, and Morton stood facing the assembled ranks for what seemed to be an age, though it was only a few minutes. The bitterness of death was passed and the calmness of resignation filled his soul. Again the officer spoke, "What say you, Lieutenant Morton?" Morton merely shook his head. Presently a horseman was seen to leave the General's quarters and an

orderly rode up. "By command of the General, the execution is postponed." Morton's first feeling was that of disappointment. As he was being hurried back to the stable, the order to dismiss the troops was given. As they broke up, he overheard a soldier remark to his comrade, "They'd sooner have him squeal than stretch his neck."

CHAPTER V.

MAGGIE SEEKS HEMLOCK

On the afternoon of the first day after the events of last chapter, Allan Forsyth returned from his daily visit to Camp la Fourche excited and indignant. "What think ye," he said to his wife and Maggie, "Lieutenant Morton is in the hands o' the Yankees and they're gaun to hang him."

Maggie paled and involuntarily stepped nearer her father.

"The deils that they be. Hoo did they get haud o' him?" asked Mrs. Forsyth.

"The story is sune tell't," replied her husband. "He was sent, as ye ken, wi' a despatch to the lines; while there he took part in a bit skirmish, an' the day after was found by the Yankees lyin' wounded in the woods beside the corp o' a Yankee officer."

"Weel, they canna hang him for that. Gin the Yankees will fecht, they maun expect to be kilt."

"Ah, ye dinna understan'. They say their officer wasna kilt in regular coorse o' war. The body was scalloped and carved in a gruesome fashion, showing the hand o' the Indian, an' they hold Morton accountable."

"But he didna scalp the Yankee?"

"True, gudewife, but he winna tell them wha

did. His sword they found beside the corp, showing they had been in mortal combat."

"Is he sorely wounded?" asked Maggie, with a tremor in her voice.

"I canna say for that. It's no likely for they had him oot at evening to hang him, but they took a better thoct when he was below the gallows."

"How did you hear all this?"

"A messenger came in today with letters from him, sent across the lines under a flag o' truce. It was said in camp Major Stovin was stampin' angry and was going to write back that gin a hair o' the Lieutenant's head is harmed he will hang every Yankee officer that fa's into his hans. I gaed ower to see the messenger and he tell't me the word went in camp that Morton defied General Hampton and his officers to do their worst, that, to save his life, he wadna bring disgrace on his commission."

"Who is the messenger; has he gone back?" asked Maggie.

"He's a young lad, a son o' ane o' the settlers in Hinchinbrook. He goes back to-morrow with letters from Major Stovin."

"Will he see Morton?"

"No, no; to be sure, thae folk on the lines gang back an' forrit, but they're no likely to let him near the camp. His letters will be taken at an outpost."

"Do you think Major Stovin's letter will save him?"

"That it won't. The lad said the Yankees were fair wud ower the death o' their officer an' will hang our Morton to a certainty gin he doesna tell wha did the deed."

"An' for what will he no tell?" asked Mrs. Forsyth.

"That he kens best. Maybe gratitude to an Indian ca'd Hemlock seals his lips, for oor men believe he was with him at the time."

"What does Hemlock say?" interjected Maggie

"He's no in camp. He came back two days ago and left for Oka."

Until bedtime Morton was the subject of conversation, and the more they talked of him the keener grew their interest in his situation. That one whom they had learned to like should die an ignominious death shocked them, and even Mrs. Forsyth was constrained to say, that much as she disliked Yankees, "Gin I were near eneuch to walk to him, I wad gang on my knees to Hampton to beg his life."

Next morning, while at his chores, Mr. Forsyth was surprised by the appearance of his daughter.

"Hey, my woman, what's garrd you to come oot in the grey o' the mornin? Time eneuch an hour frae this."

"Father, I could not sleep and I wanted to speak to you. If Hemlock was brought back, would he not save Morton?"

"Ah, he winna come back. Doubtless he kens the Yankees wad rax his neck for him. His leevin' for hame shows he is afeard o' what he has dune."

"Yet there's no other hope of saving Morton."

"Too true; gin the actual slayer o' the officer is not surrendered poor Morton suffers."

"Well, father, you cannot go to seek Hemlock, and my brothers would not be allowed to leave their duty in camp, so I will go. I can be in Oka before dark and will see Hemlock."

"Dinna think o' such a thing," entreated the father; "the road is lang an' the Indian wad just laugh at you gin you found him, which is dootful."

A favorite child has little difficulty in persuading a parent, and before many minutes Mr. Forsyth was won over, declaring, "it wad be a shame gin we did naething to try an' save the puir lad." It was arranged she should go at once, the father undertaking to break the news to his wife. Her preparations having been made beforehand, the slipping of a plaid over her head and shoulders rendered her fit for the journey, and with a cheery goodbye to her father she stepped quickly to the canoe. She went to the camp at La Fourche, where she surprised her brothers and got them to search out the messenger who had brought the startling tidings. She had a talk with him, learning all he knew of Morton. Then she went to see the Indians in camp, who readily enough told what they knew of Hemlock. They believed he was at Oka and did not expect him back, as he said he would join the force that was being assembled above Cornwall to meet Wilkinson. Thus informed she took the road, a mere bush track, that led to Annfield Mills, now known as the town of Beauharnois. Arrived there she went straight to the house of the only person in it who she thought could help her. It was a log shanty built on the angle where the St. Louis rushes brawling past to join the calm waters of the bay, and was of unusual length, the end facing the road being devoted to the purpose of an office. The door stood open and Maggie walked into a little den, in one corner of which stood a desk with pigeonholes stuffed with papers. Alongside were a few odds-and-ends, the whole dusty, dark and smelling of tobacco. At the desk sat a little man, dressed in blue with large gilt buttons.

"Oh, ho, is this you, Maggie Forsyth? Often

have I gone to see you, but this is the first time you have come to see me."

"See you, you withered auld stick; I just dropped in to speer a few questions at you." Maggie adopting the dialect in which she was addressed.

"Auld stick, Mag; I'm no sae auld that I canna lo'e ye."

"Maybe; but I dinna lo'e you."

"Look here lassie; see this bit airn kistie, its fu' o' siller dollars; eneuch to varnish an' auld stick an keep a silken gown on yer back every day o' the year."

"An eneuch in thae dusty bottles to pooshen me when ye wad?"

"Ha, ha, my lass; see what it is to hae lear. I didna gang four lang sessions to King's college, Aberdeen, for naething. I can heal as well as pooshen. It's no every lass has a chance to marry a man o' my means and learnin'."

"Aye, an it's no every lass that wad want them alang wi' an auld wizened body."

"Hech, Mag, ye're wit is ower sharp. When a man's going down hill, ilka body gies him a jundie. If ye winna, anither will, but we'll let that flee stick i' the wa' for awhile. Where is your father?"

"At hame; I just walked ower."

"Walked ower yer lane, an' a' thae sogers an' Indians roun'!"

"If yer ceevil ye'll meet wi' ceevilty, Mr. Milne; an I'm gaun farther this day, an' just looked in for yer advice."

"Oh, ye maun hae a drap after your walk," and here he pulled out a big watch from his fob. "Gracious! It is 20 minutes ayont my time for a dram."

Stooping beneath the table that answered for a counter, he filled a grimy tin measure, which he tendered to Maggie, who shook her head. "Na, na, I dinna touch it."

Seeing persistence useless he raised the vessel to his mouth and with a "Here's tae ye," emptied it. "Hech, that does me guid—but no for lang. Noo, lass, what can I do to serve you?" Maggie unreservedly told him all. "An' what's this young Morton to you?"

"Naething mair than ony neebur lad."

"Tell that to my grannie," said the old buck; "I can see through a whin stane as far as onybody, an' I noo unnerstan' why ye turn yer back on a graduate o' King's college, wi' a kist o' siller, and a' for a penniless leftenant."

"Think what thochts ye may, Mr. Milne, but they're far astray. The lad is naething to me nor me to him. I am going to Oka because nae man-body is allowed to leave the camp, and I couldna stay at hame gin it was in my power to save a fellow-creature's life."

"An' what can I do to help you to save him?"

"Help me to reach Oka and find Hemlock."

"Were it no for thae stoury war-times I wad get out my boat an' gee you a lift, and there's naebody to send wi' you. My lass, gif ye'll no turn hame again, ye'll have to walk the road your lane."

"I hae set my face to the brae an' I'll no gang hame."

"Weel, then, ye'll hae a snack wi' me an' I'll direct ye as well as may be."

A few rods up the St. Louis river, in the centre of the stream, where it trickles over a series of rocky shelves, stood a small mill, and on the adjoining-

ing bank the house of the miller, and thither they went and had something to eat. The miller's wife, a good-looking young woman, could not speak English, but made up her lack in lively gesticulations, while Maggie helped the common understanding with her indifferent French. Justice done to the food hurriedly spread before them, Maggie walked back with Milne until they stood in front of his house.

"There," he said, pointing to planks resting on big stones, "you cross the St. Louis and keep the track until you come to the first house after you pass the rapids. It is not far, but the road couldna be worse. There you will ask them to ferry you to the other side, when you've a long walk to the Ottawa before you, but I'd advise you to turn home." Maggie shook her head decisively. "Weel, weel, so be it; he that will to Cupar maun to Cupar. Here, tak this," and he put in her hand two silver dollars.

Maggie winced. "I'll hae nae need o' siller."

"Ye dinna ken; ye may get into trouble that money will help you oot o'. Dinna fear to tak it; I've made (and here his voice sank to a whisper) I've made a hunner o' thae bright lads by ae guid run o' Jamaica rum across the Hinchinbrook line. It's Yankee siller."

Maggie smiled and, as if the questionable mode of their acquisition justified their acceptance, clasped them, and nodding to the little man, tripped her way across the St. Louis. The road, as predicted, proved execrable. Walled in and shadowed by trees, neither breeze nor sunlight penetrated to dry it, and it was a succession of holes filled with liquid mud. So bad was it, that an attempt to haul a small cannon had to be abandoned, despite the efforts of

horses, oxen, and a party of blue jackets. Tripping from side to side, and occasionally passing an unusually bad bit by turning into the bush, Maggie made all haste. Once only she halted. A party of artillerymen and sailors were raising a breastwork at the head of the Cascade rapids, whereon to mount a gun that would sweep the river, and she watched them for a while. That was the only sign of life along the road until the white washed shanty of the ferryman came in sight, in front of which a troop of half-naked children were tumbling in boisterous play. They set up a shrill cry of wonder when they saw her. Their mother, baptised Angelique, so short and stout as to be shapeless, came to the door in response to their cries and gazed in astonishment at the stranger. She volubly returned Maggie's salutation and led her into the house, the interior of which was as bare as French Canadian houses then were, but clean and tidy. Her husband was away, helping to convey stores to the fort at the Coteau, and there was not, to her knowledge, a man within three miles capable of ferrying her across. Would not madam paddle her over? The woman's hands went up in pantomimic amazement. Would she tempt the good God by venturing in a canoe alone with a woman? Did she not know the current was swift, and led to the rapids whose roaring she heard? No, she must stay overnight, and her good man would take her over in the morning. Maggie could only submit, and seated herself behind the house, to gaze towards the other bank which she was so anxious to set foot upon. From where she sat, the bank abruptly sank to a depth of perhaps thirty feet, where a little bay gave shelter to a canoe and a large boat fitted to convey a heavy load. Beyond the rocks that headed the tiny inlet, which thus

served as a cove for the ferryman's boats. the river swept impetuously, and where in its channel between the shore and the islands that shut out the view of the north bank, any obstacle was met, the water rose in billows with foaming heads. Maggie knew that she was looking upon the south channel of the great river, and that the main stream lay on the other side of the tree-covered islands, which varied in size from half a mile long to rocks barely large enough to afford foothold to the tree or two whose branches overhung the swirling current. The motion of the rushing water contrasted so finely with the still-life and silence of the forest that framed it, and the many shaped and many colored rocks and islands that diversified its surface, that the scene at once soothed the anxious mind of the peasant maid and inspired her with fresh energy.

"Time is passing like that mighty stream," she thought, "and before another sunset help for Morton may be too late," and then she asked herself why she, so used to the management of a canoe, should not paddle herself across? She sought out madam and told her what she proposed, was met with energetic protestation, and then permitted to have her own way. Fortified with voluble directions which she only half understood, Maggie took her place in the canoe, and waving good-bye to madam and her group of children, who stood on the bank, gazing down at her, pushed out. Unmindful of how much the light skiff drifted downwards, she kept its head pointed to the island that lay opposite to her and paddled for dear life. Once she received a shower of spray in passing too near where the current chafed and fumed over a sunken rock, but she retained her presence of mind, and was glad to see the island draw nearer with each stroke. Just as

the gravelly strand came within reach, the current swept her to the end of the island, and she paddled into the channel that lay between it and the islands below, which nestled so closely that the tops of the trees upon them interlaced, furnishing a leafy arcade to the narrow channels that divided them. As Maggie paused for breath after her severe exertion, a sense of the quiet beauty and security of the retreat came over her, and drawing the canoe on the pebbly beach, she laved her feet while, idly picking from the bushes and vines within reach, she formed a bouquet of colored leaves. She heard the roar of the rapids beneath, and she knew that a few yards farther on lay the deep flowing north channel, but her nature was not one to borrow trouble and she enjoyed the present to the full in her cool retreat. When she again took her place in the canoe, a few dips of the paddle took it outside the islands, and she saw the main channel of the river—smooth except for great greasy circles of slowly whirling water, as if the mighty river, after its late experience of being shredded in the rapids above, had a nightmare of foreboding of a repetition of the same in the rapids to which it was hastening. With steady stroke Maggie urged the canoe straight across, for she had long ago learned that, in a current that runs swifter than the canoe can be paddled, it is a sure way to be lost to endeavor to stem it. So she put her strength into paddling straight for the opposite bank and did not allow the consciousness that she was drifting toward the rapids to discompose her. As the canoe neared the bank, the sweep of the current increased, and her arms began to ache with the violent and long-continued exertion. To her joy, she saw a man standing at the landing and the strokes of her paddle quickened. The canoe was swept past the landing, when the man, picking up a coil of rope,

ran downwards to a point, and threw it across the canoe. Maggie caught an end of the rope, and in a minute was hauled ashore. The man, a French Canadian employed to assist the bateaux in passing between lakes St. Francis and St. Louis, expressed his astonishment at a woman daring so perilous a feat, and his wonder increased when she told him of her intention of going to Oka.

"Alone, mademoiselle," he exclaimed, "why, you will lose your way in the forest which is full of bears and Indians." She smiled in answer, and receiving his directions started on the blazed track which led to the Ottawa. Familiar with the bush she had no difficulty in following the marks, though a flutter of falling leaves had begun to shroud the track. The tapping of the woodpecker and the chirrup of the squirrel cheered her, and she pressed on with a light and quick step. She was fond of singing, and song followed song, until, having exhausted her stock of secular, she fell back on the psalms and paraphrases. And so the hours passed until the gloom that pervaded the forest told her the sun had ceased to touch the tree-tops, and she wished the Ottawa would come in sight, which she knew was near by the trail being more beaten. While giving way to a feeling of dismay that she might have to pass the night in the woods, awaiting daylight to show her the way, the faint tinkle of a bell reached her. With expectant smile she paused, and poising herself, drank in the grateful sound. "It is the bell of the mission," she said, and cheerfully resumed her journey. The trail grew plainer. and all at once the lake burst upon her view—a great sweep of glassy water, reflecting the hues of the evening sky, sleeping at the foot of a long, low hill, covered to its double-topped summit with sombre-foliaged

trees. At the foot of the slope of the western end of the hill, she distinguished the mission-buildings and, running above them, an irregular string of huts where she knew the Indians must live. Behind those on the river's edge rose a singular cliff of yellow sand. The path led her to where the lake narrowed into a river and brought her to a landing-place. Standing at its farthest point, she raised her hands to her mouth and sent a shout across the waters, long, clear, and strong, as she had often done to her father and brothers, while working in the bush, to tell of waiting meals. In the dusk, she perceived a movement on the opposite bank and the launch of a canoe, which paddled rapidly across. It contained two Indians, whose small eyes and heavy features gave no indication of surprise on seeing who waited to be ferried. Stepping lightly in, the canoe swiftly skimmed the dark waters, which, now failed to catch a gleam from the fading glories of the evening sky. The silence was overwhelming, and as she viewed the wide lake, overshadowed by the melancholy mountain, Maggie experienced a feeling of awe. At that very hour she knew her father would be conducting worship, and as the scene of her loved home passed before her, she felt a fresh impulse of security, and she murmured to herself. "My father is praying for me and I shall trust in the Lord."

On getting out of the canoe she was perplexed what step to take next. To her inquiries, made in English and imperfect French, the Indians shook their heads, and merely pointed her to the mission-buildings. Approaching the nearest of these, from whose open door streamed the glow of a log-fire, she paused at the threshold on seeing a woman kneeling, and who, on hearing her steps, coolly turned, sur-

veyed her with an inquisitive and deliberate stare, and then calmly resumed her devotions. When the last bead was told, the woman rose and bade her welcome. Maggie told her of her errand. The woman grew curious as to what she could want with an Indian. Yes, she knew Hemlock, but had not seen him lately; he is a pagan and never comes near the presbytery. The father had gone into the garden to repeat his office, and had not returned, she would ask him when he came in. Mademoiselle could have had no supper; people did not pick up ready-cooked suppers in the woods, but she would hasten and give her of her best. It was a treat to see a white woman even if she was an Anglais and, she feared, a heretic. The embers of the hearth were urged into a blaze, and before long a platter of pottage, made from Indian corn beaten into a paste, was heated, sprinkled over with maple-sugar and set down with a bowl of curdled-cream on the table. Maggie had finished her repast when the priest entered. He was a lumpish man with protruding underlip, which hung downwards, small eyes and a half-awakened look. "Ah, good-day," he said, with a vacant stare. Maggie rose and curtsied, while the housekeeper repeated all she had learned of her and her errand. "Hemlock!" he exclaimed, "we must take care. He is a bad Indian and this young woman cannot want him for any good."

"True; I never thought of that."

"Ah, we must keep our eyes always open. What can a girl like this want with that bold man?"

"And to run after him through the woods, the infatuate! We must save her," exclaimed the housekeeper.

"I will have her sent to the sisters, who will save her body and soul from destruction. She would

make a beautiful nun." And the priest rubbed his chubby hands together.

"May it please your reverence," interposed Maggie, who had caught the drift of their talk, "I seek your aid to find Hemlock. If you will not help me I will leave your house."

The priest gaped for a minute with astonishment. "I thought you were English; you understand French?"

"Enough to take care of myself, and I wish ministers of your robe were taught in college to have better thoughts of us poor women."

"It is for your good that we are instructed; so that we can guard you by our advice."

"For our good you are taught to think the worst of us! I look for Hemlock that he may go and give evidence that will save an innocent man condemned to die. For the sake of justice I ask your help."

The priest shrugged his shoulders, stared at her, gathered up his robe, grasped his missal with one hand, picked up a candle with the other, and saying, "I leave you with Martine," passed up the open stairway to his bedroom.

"Ah, the holy father!" ejaculated the housekeeper, "when we are sunk in stupid sleep, he is on his knees praying for us all, and the demons dare not come near us. Will you not come into the true church? Sister Agatha would prepare you. She has had visions in her raptures. Her knees have corns from kneeling on the stone steps of the altar. You will not. Ah, well, I will ask their prayers for you that the scales may drop from your eyes."

"Do tell me how I can find Hemlock?" pleaded Maggie, and the current of her thoughts thus changed, Martine insisted on learning why and how his

evidence was needed, and Maggie repeated as much of the story as was necessary. The housekeeper grew interested and said decisively, "the young brave must not die." Covering her head with a blanket-like shawl, she told Maggie to follow, and stepped out. It was a calm, clear night, the glassy expanse of the lake reflecting the stars. Hurrying onwards, they passed a number of huts, until reaching one, they entered its open door. The interior was dark save for the faint glow that proceeded from the embers on the hearth. Maggie saw the forms of several asleep on the floor. Seated in silence were three men. "This woman has come to find Hemlock; can you guide her to him?"

"What seeks she with him?"

"She has come from the Chateauguay to tell him his word is wanted to save his best friend from death."

The conversation went on in the gutturals of the Iroquois for some time, when the housekeeper said to Maggie, "It is all right; they know where Hemlock is. but it would not be safe to go to him now. They will guide you to him at daybreak. Come, we will go back and you will stay with me until morning."

CHAPTER VI.

HEMLOCK AT HIS DAUGHTER'S GRAVE

The rising of the housekeeper, whose bed she shared, woke Maggie, and a glance through the small window showed a faint whitening in the sky that betokened the coming of day. Knowing there was no time to spare she dressed herself quickly, and joining the housekeeper in the kitchen, asked if the messenger had come. She answered by pointing to the open door, and Maggie saw, seated on the lowest step, in silent waiting, the figure of an Indian. She was for going with him at once, but the housekeeper held her, and in a whisper, for she was fearful of disturbing her master, bade her to eat of the food she had placed on the table. Having made a hurried repast, Maggie drew her plaid over her head and turned to bid her hostess good-bye. The good soul forced into her pocket the bread that remained on the table, and kissed her on both cheeks. When Maggie came to the door, the Indian rose and without looking at her, led through the village and then past it, by a path that wound to the top of the sand-hill that hems it in on the north-west. Motioning her to stand still, the Indian crept forward as if to spy out the object of their search. Glancing around her, Maggie saw through the spruces, the Ottawa outstretched at her feet, reflecting the first rosy gleam of the approaching sun. A twitch at her

shawl startled her. It was her guide, who had returned. Following him, as he slowly threaded his way through the grove of balsams and spruces, they soon came to a halt, and the Indian pointed to a black object outstretched upon the ground a few yards from them. Fear overcame Maggie, and she turned to grasp the arm of her guide—he was gone. Her commonsense came to her aid. If this was Hemlock, she had nothing to fear. Mastering her agitation she strove to discover whether the figure which the dawn dimly rendered perceptible amid the gloom of the evergreens, was really the object of her quest. Silently she peered, afraid to move a hairsbreadth, for what seemed to her to be an age. She came to see the outline of a man, naked save for a girdle fantastically fashioned out of black and white furs, stretched immovable on the sod, face downward. Suddenly a groan of anguish escaped from the lips of the prostrate man and his body swayed as if in convulsions. Her sympathies overcame her fears, and advancing, Maggie cried, "Hemlock, are you ill? Can I help you?"

With a terrific bound the figure leapt to its feet, the right arm swinging a tomahawk, and despite an effort at control, Maggie shrieked. The light was now strong enough to show the lineaments of the Indian, whose face and body were smeared with grease and soot and whose countenance wore the expression of one roused from deep emotion into sudden rage.

"Hemlock, do not look at me so; I am Maggie Forsyth, come from the Chateauguay to see you."

Instantly the face of the Indian softened. "Why should the fawn leave the groves of the Chateauguay to seek so far the lair of the lynx."

"Your friend Morton is doomed to die by the

American soldiers and you alone can save him."

"What? Was he not set free? Tell me all."

Maggie told him what she knew, he listening with impassive countenance. When she had done, he paused, as if reflecting, and then said curtly. "I will go with you." It was now fair daylight, and Maggie saw, to her dismay, that the mound upon which she had found Hemlock outstretched was a grave, and that at the head of it was a stake upon which hung several scalps, the topmost evidently cut from a recent victim. Glancing at the radiant eastward sky, the Indian was startled, and ignoring the presence of his visitor, fell on his knees on the grave and turning his face so as to see the sun when it should shoot its first beam over the broad lake, he communed with the dead. "I leave thee, Dawn of Day, for a while that I may meet those who did thee hurt and bring back another scalp to satisfy thy spirit. Thy father's arm is strong, but it is stronger when he thinks of thee. Tarry awhile before you cross the river and I will finish my task and join thee in your journey to the hunting-ground; the arm that oft bore you when a child, will carry you over the waters and rocks. Farewell! Oh, my child, my daughter, how could you leave me? Tread softly and slowly, for I will soon leave my lodge of sorrow and see you and clasp you to my heart." There was a pause, a groan of unutterable sorrow escaped his lips, and he sank lifeless upon the grave. Agitated with deep sympathy, Maggie stepped forward and kneeling beside the Indian stroked his head and shoulders as if she had been soothing a child.

"Dinna take on so, Hemlock. Sair it is to mourn the loved and lost, but we maun do our duty here and try to live so as to meet them in the world ayont. He that let the stroke fall can heal the hurt.

Gin yer daughter is deed, it is only for this life. Her voice will be the first to welcome you when you cross death's threshold."

"I saw her an hour ago. It is your creed that says the dead are not seen again in this life. I got the medicine from my father that melts the scales from our earthly eyes for a while. Last night I saw my child—last night she was in these arms—last night my cheek felt the warmth of her breath—last night my ears joyed in the ripple of her laughter. Oh, my child, the joy, the life of my heart, why did you stray from me?" Then his mood changing, he sprang up with the words, "Cursed be the wolves that hunted you, cursed be the catamount that crept near that he might rend you! I will seek them out, I will track them day by day, until I fill my belt with their scalps." Here he ground his teeth and remained absorbed for a minute, then turning sharply, with a wave of the hand, he beckoned Maggie to follow, and led to the verge of the cliff overhanging the Ottawa. "Stay here until I come back," he whispered, and disappeared over the declivity.

The glorious landscape outstretched at her feet soothed, as naught else could, the agitation of Maggie's mind, for Nature's touch is ever gentle and healing. The expanse of water here narrowed into a broad river, beyond swelling into a noble lake, was smooth as a mirror, reflecting hill and tree and rock. On the opposite side of the river was unrolled the forest like a brightly colored carpet, for the glory of the Autumn was upon it, and a trail of smoky mist hung on the horizon. An hour might have sped when Hemlock reappeared, with paint washed off and dressed in his usual attire. Across his back was slung his rifle; at his heels was a gaunt ill shaped dog. "Follow," he said, and turning

backward a few paces, led to where the bank could be descended without difficulty. At the foot of it lay waiting a canoe, with a boy in the bow. Maggie stepped lightly into the centre and Hemlock, grasping the paddle, shot the light skiff swiftly across the Ottawa. When the bank was gained he sprang ashore and was followed by Maggie. The boy without a word paddled back to Oka.

Hemlock was in no mood for conversation. The exhaustion following upon his night vigil was upon him, and he strode forward through the forest without speaking, Maggie following. Once he halted on seeing his dog creeping forward on scenting game. Picking up a stick, he stepped lightly after it, and when a covey of partridge rose, threw his missile so successfully that two of the birds dropped. Tying them to his belt, he resumed his monotonous trot, and several miles were passed when the sharp yelps of the dog again arrested their steps. The alarm came from a point to their left. Hemlock, unslinging his rifle, sped in the direction of the dog, whose baying was now intense and continuous, and Maggie afraid of losing sight of him, hastened after. A short run brought the Indian to the edge of a slough, in a thicket in the centre of which his dog was evidently engaged in mortal combat with some wild animal. Without a moment's hesitation, the Indian plunged into the morass, partially dried by the prolonged drought, and had passed the centre, when there was a crashing of branches and a huge bear burst out, followed by the dog, which was limping from a fractured paw. Before he could turn aside, Hemlock was knocked down by the lumbering brute, which gained the solid ground and was hurrying forward, when, seeing Maggie in front, it sprang for a huge beech tree, with the intent of climbing

it. It was not a yard up when the dog overtook it, had fastened its teeth in its hide and pulled it down. The bear, roused to utmost ferocity by being thwarted, caught hold of the disabled dog, held it in its forepaws, and standing on its hind feet, with back resting against the tree, was hugging its victim to death, when Hemlock came up. He had dropped his rifle in the slough, and instead of waiting to pick it up, rushed forward to rescue his dog. With upraised hatchet he approached the bear, and dealt it so terrific a stroke that the light weapon stuck in the skull. With a growl of rage and pain, the bear flung the dog down, and before Hemlock could recover himself after dealing the blow, fell upon him, too stunned and weak, however, to do more than keep him under. On catching her first glimpse of the bear, Maggie's inclination was to flee, but, the next moment, the instinct of self-preservation gave way to a feeling of sympathy for the disabled dog, followed by absorbing excitement as the contest went on. When Hemlock fell underneath the brute, she gave a shriek, and rushed to where the rifle lay. Snatching it, she ran to the bear, which lay panting with outstretched tongue and half-closed eyes and dealt him a blow with the butt. With a groan the unwieldy animal rolled over motionless. Hemlock sprang to his feet, and drew his knife. It was unnecessary; the bear was dead. Maggie looked wildly at the Indian, strove to speak, tottered and fell; the reaction from the delirium of excited feeling that had sustained her had set in. Tenderly Hemlock raising her to the edge of the swamp, scooped up sufficient water to bathe her forehead. A few anxious minutes passed, when the pallor began to pass away, and suddenly opening her eyes, Maggie asked, "What of the dog?"

"Never mind Toga; are you hurt?"

"No; are you?"

"I am as well as ever, and had not the bear fallen on me would have spared you what you did."

"That does not matter," said Maggie simply, "it was God that put it into my silly head to get the gun and it was His strength that gave the blow—not mine."

"I care not for your God," answered Hemlock in a hollow voice; "I have known too many who profess to be His followers to believe in Him."

"Oh, do not speak so," pleaded Maggie.

"Yesterday," Hemlock went on, "I met the polled crow that perches in Oka while taking from a squaw her last beaver-skin to say masses for her dead husband, and I cursed him to his teeth as a deceiver, who eats the corn and gives back to his dupes the cob."

Unheeding his words, Maggie rose and went towards the dog, which was still alive, and began to stroke its head. Its eyes, however, sought not her but his master, and when Hemlock put down his hand, the dying animal feebly tried to lick it. At this sign of affection, the eyes of Hemlock moistened, and falling on his knees he alternately patted the dog and shook his unhurt paw. "My Toga, my old friend, my help in many a hunt, my comrade when we were alone for weeks in the wilderness, are you going to leave me? You are dying as the Indian's dog should die, in the fury of the hunt. A claw of the bear I shall wrap in a piece of my wampum belt and put into your mouth, so Dawn of Day may know whose dog you were, and you will serve her and follow her until I join you in the happy hunting-ground—and that will not be long."

As if sensible of what he said the dog whimper-

ed, and with a last effort placed its head in his outstretched hand. Then gave a kick or two, and died.

The Indian rose, and searching out a knoll where spruces grew thickly, kindled a fire. Wrapping the partridges tightly in wet grass and several folds of green birch bark, he waited until there were embers, on which he placed them and heaped fresh fuel. Asking Maggie to keep up the fire, he left and was away quite a while. When he came back he had the bear's pelt and several slices of steak, which he proceeded to broil. On lifting the partridges, their bodies came out clean from their covering of feathers, and on tearing them apart, the entrails, dried and shrivelled, were easily drawn. Maggie had eaten many a partridge, but a sweeter taste than the breast of one so cooked she had not tasted, and with the bread in her pocket, made a refreshing dinner. The bear steak she could not look upon, but like qualms did not interfere with Hemlock's appetite, who ate them with greater relish from being part of his late enemy and the slayer of his dog. He had filled his flask with water from a spring, and Maggie remarked, if she "only had had a tait o' salt, she could not have asked for a better dinner." Trimming and scraping the bear's hide to make it as light as possible, Hemlock folded it into a bundle, and strapped it on his back. Then looking to the priming of his rifle, he told Maggie he was ready.

"But the pair dog; will ye no bury him?"

"I have buried him," answered Hemlock, "and poisoned the carcass of the bear that it may sicken the wolves that eat of it."

The tongue of Hemlock was now free and as they trudged on, he kept up a constant conversation, surprising Maggie by the extent of his information

and the shrewdness of his judgment. He had traversed the continent from Quebec to the prairies, and borne a part in the Indian wars with the Americans in Illinois and Michigan. That one so penetrating in intellect should believe so implicitly in childish superstitions, so stern in character yet so easily swayed by his emotions, Maggie could not understand. On becoming conscious the sun was declining she expressed a fear that she could not reach home that night. "No you cannot, and I do not mean you should, but you will soon rest safe. I am taking you to the fort at Coteau-du-lac."

"That is out of our way, Hemlock."

"Not very far; it is needful I see Colonel Scott to save Morton."

Maggie said no more, for that was reason enough to go a hundred miles out of the way, though she thought with pain of the anxiety her absence for another night would give her parents. "Father will think I did not find Hemlock at Oka and that I am looking for him," she concluded at last, "and will not borrow trouble about me."

CHAPTER VII.

A SOLDIER AND A FRIEND

Colonel Scott was pacing the walk in front of the battery of the little fort of Coteau-du-lac, viewing alternately lake St. Francis, glittering peacefully in the rays of the fast westering sun, and the swift running river into which it contracted where he stood, with the surges of the rapids farther down. He was tall, and his face was that of a man who had intellect to conceive and will to put his conceptions into force. To the door of a house larger than those alongside of it, and before which a sentry paced, the Colonel often glanced and when a stately lady came out, he stepped to meet her. It was his wife, who joined him for an airing before dinner. After admiring, as she had done every day since her arrival the contrast between the lake and the river, as it went sweeping downwards between forest-covered islands, she asked, "And is there any news? I heard an arrival reported?"

"None since the despatch of last night, and it said Wilkinson was still at Sackett's Harbor."

"So we may not expect his flotilla of boats this week?"

"No, and were I in Sir George Prevost's place,

they would never leave Sackett's harbor."

"Why, you have told me his Excellency has not sufficient naval force to attack them."

"I would not attack the flotilla; I would render its purpose abortive. What is the American plan of invasion? I can give it to you in a nutshell, Helen. Wilkinson is to take possession of the St. Lawrence with his flotilla and is to meet Hampton at the mouth of the Chateauguay river, when the combined forces will land on the island of Montreal and capture it and the city. Now, to defeat this plan, it is not necessary to destroy the flotilla. If the line of communication between Wilkinson and Hampton is cut, the whole scheme fails."

"And how would you cut the line?"

"Why, as I have represented time and again to headquarters, by the capture of French Mills. Four hundred men could take and hold that place, and with it in British hands Wilkinson and Hampton would be as completely prevented from acting in concert as if Hampton was back to his slaves in South Carolina and Wilkinson to his gally-pots. It provokes me to see the opportunities our forces miss. The war in the time of Washington was a series of blunders on our side, and it looks as if the second was going to be a repetition."

"Has not Wilkinson a force sufficient to go on without Hampton's army?" asked the lady.

"Yes, more men than enough if led by a soldier. Wilkinson is a mere Yankee blusterer, who will take care to have others do the fighting and assume the responsibility."

"What makes you think so?"

"His shuffling all these months, running back and forth to Niagara, and now his dallying under excuse of attacking Kingston. Once sure Hamp-

ton's army would not join him he would abandon the campaign."

"And you blame his Excellency?"

"Yes and his staff. He is brave personally, and he is active to fussiness, but he is unable to plan a course of action and carry it out. Out upon such a peddling course of action! I would teach the braggarts who lurk on yonder heights (here he pointed to the blue hills visible to the south) that Canada is not to be invaded with impunity, and that she has hearts to dare and die in defence of her independence."

"Well, Norman, it may prove to be all for the best. So far Canada has repulsed every attempt at invasion."

"It is not for the best. I have made suggestion after suggestion to improve opportunities presented to me, and every one has been set aside, and I am condemned to a course of inaction that galls and frets me."

Here an orderly approached. "An Indian and a young woman would speak with you."

"I will go," said Mrs. Scott.

"Do not," cried the Colonel playfully; "what a tete-a-tete may I not have with the lovely squaw!"

"Please, sir," said the orderly. "she is not a squaw. She is white and a Scotchwoman by her speech."

"And young to boot," exclaimed Mrs. Scott archly. "I shall certainly stay and keep you from falling into temptation."

"Bring them this way," said the Colonel, and the orderly returned with Hemlock and Maggie.

"In truth an odd-matched pair," whispered the Colonel, as he saw them approach.

"Why, it's you, Hemlock! I thought you were

raising the war-whoop on the Huntingdon frontier. And who may your companion be? Too young to be your wife—too fair to be your sweetheart.”

The Indian’s features relaxed into the nearest approach they ever came to a smile, as he answered, “An arrow from another bow than mine has struck the doe.”

“Well, Hemlock, do you bring me news from Hinchinbrook? When is Hampton going to march?”

In reply, Hemlock briefly told how he had been at Oka, was sought out there by Maggie and for what purpose. The Colonel listened with stern expression as he was told of Morton’s peril, and when the Indian had done, he plied Maggie with questions. When she had told all, the Colonel brought his fist down heavily on the cannon beside which he stood, as he exclaimed. “I knew these Americans were boasters, but I did not think they were capable of such cruelty. Once they hanged a gentleman wearing His Majesty’s uniform and were allowed to escape under the belief that, tradesmen and farmers as they were, they knew no better, but if they send a second to the gallows, there is not an officer in Canada who would not consider it his duty to challenge every one concerned in the deed.”

With a glance of apprehension at her husband, Mrs. Scott with admirable tact strove to divert him from his vengeful mood by changing the subject. Addressing Maggie, she asked, “And what is Mr. Morton to you that you should risk the peril of these woods to save him? Is he a brother?”

“He is neither kith nor kin to me,” answered Maggie.

“The attraction is of another sort, then. Cupid flies his arrows in these woods as well as the red warrior.”

Maggie blushed, and the Colonel forgetting his indignation, gallantly came to her rescue. "And if he does, madam, I would say to Cupid, give me the maiden who, like our fair Maggie, would dare the dragons of the field and flood to save her lover."

"Oh!" retorted Mrs. Scott, "that is as much as to say I would not do that and more for you. What thankless monsters you men are!"

"Nay, spare me, Helen, and as by what she has told us she has walked from Oka today, perhaps you will take her with you and play the hostess."

"She has done more than walk from Oka today," said Hemlock; "she killed a bear and saved my life."

"What!" cried Mrs. Scott in astonishment, and Hemlock told the story of the encounter. When he had done the Colonel stepped forward and grasping Maggie's hand said, "I honor you as a brave man honors a brave woman, and if there is any possibility of saving Mr. Morton's life, it shall be done."

Maggie was too overcome to reply and Mrs. Scott, slipping her arm into hers, led her to her husband's quarters, leaving Hemlock and the Colonel in eager converse, which lasted until a servant came with word that dinner was waiting the Colonel. Ordering the servant to call one of the sergeants, the Colonel committed Hemlock to his hospitable care and then entered his own quarters. Maggie spent one of the most delightful evenings of her life in the company of the Colonel and his wife, forgetting her weariness and the excitement she had passed through in the enjoyment of social converse of a brighter and wider scope than that to which she had been accustomed. When bed-time came she was solicitous about being called early, so that Hemlock might not be kept waiting, when the Colonel assur-

ed her he would take her restoration to her home by the Chateauguay into his own hands. When she made her appearance next day, she found her entertainers seated on the veranda, and was concerned to learn that it was near noon and that Hemlock had left at sunrise. The anxious look that flitted across her face, the Colonel relieved by telling her that Hemlock had chosen a route she could not have followed across the great swamp that lay between the St. Lawrence and the Chateauguay, and that he carried a letter to her father, telling where she was and that she would go home by the first safe opportunity.

"And now, my dear Maggie," said Mrs. Scott, "you need not be concerned about those at home, but be my companion for a few days. Buried in these romantic wilds, you cannot conceive what a treat it is to me to have your society."

"You are welcome, Miss Forsyth," added the Colonel, "and you will get a chance before long of a convoy to Annfield, for I expect one from Kingston by the end of the week."

"But they may be needing me at home, Colonel; my mother is frail and if the Yankees have crossed she will be sore in need of my help."

"Make yourself easy as to that," said the Colonel with a smile. "General Hampton, as I know for an assured fact, has not crossed the frontier and will not for several days at least—perhaps never, for he has no heart in the undertaking. As to Wilkinson coming, I wish he would. I am just afraid he is going to deprive me of the pleasure of giving him the warm reception I have gone to so much trouble to prepare. After lunch, or rather your breakfast, we will take the boat and see that everything is in order for him."

A couple of hours later they were seated in the Colonel's long boat, manned by four tars, who, however, were spared the labor of rowing all the way, for the wind was favorable. Heading Grande Isle, they sailed down the south channel of the St. Lawrence to a narrow point, where, by means of the trunks of huge trees, anchored above where rapids foamed, the passage of boats was made impossible, and before these obstructions could be removed, the Colonel pointed out to his wife and Maggie how a concealed battery aided by sharp shooters hid among the foliage that lined the river would decimate the occupants of the boats. He considered the southern channel to be so effectually closed that Wilkinson would not attempt it, and would, therefore have to take the northern, where he would have to run the gauntlet of the fire of the fort at Coteau-du-lac. "True it is," added the Colonel, "that the north channel is wide and the current swift, yet with a fire from both banks many boats must needs be crippled or sunk, and those that do escape would have to face a similar ordeal at Long Point, opposite the Cedars rapids, where another battery has been placed."

"What if the Americans passed in the dark," suggested Maggie.

"Yes," added Mrs. Scott, "or what if they landed a part of their large force before they came within range of the Coteau batteries and assailed them from the land side?"

"All that I have considered. Were they to pass in the dark, they would not see to shoot the rapids properly, and their angry waters would be more disastrous than our shot. As to a flank movement, I rely on the Indian scouts to bring me word and, fully warned of their coming, these woods are so

dense and cut up by swamps, that, with a hundred men, I would undertake to repulse a thousand."

"So you keep a constant watch?" asked Maggie

"Unceasing," answered the Colonel. "If you take this telescope you will perceive a sail at the upper end of the lake. It is one of the gunboats on the watch, and which would, on appearance of Wilkinson's flotilla, either make for Coteau or, if the wind were unfavorable, send a row-boat. Then on that farthest island you see on the lake there is a guard of regulars, who are likely to give the island a name, for already it is called Grenadier island. To the guard on the island, scouts on the southern shore report daily."

"Surely you have contrived well," exclaimed Maggie, "and I just wish the Yankees would come and get what you have prepared for them."

"Kail het through the reek, as the Scotch say," laughed the Colonel. "Well, I am just afraid I shall not see them. Along the river between Prescott and Cornwall, there is such a succession of points of attack that, from all I learn of him, Wilkinson is not soldier enough to overcome."

In returning, the boat landed the party in a cove on Grande Isle, whence, from under the shade of maples, they scanned the lake, shimmering in the sun, and the islets, drooping with trees richly colored by autumn's fingers, were set in it like gems.

"This is so beautiful," remarked Mrs. Scott, "that I do not wonder at people growing to passionately love Canada. Do you prefer Canada to Scotland, Maggie?"

"I can never forget Scotland," replied Maggie, "but I dearly love Canada, and can find it in my heart to wish that the Colonel may wring the necks of those who are trying to take it away from us."

“Well said!” shouted the Colonel; “and Canada is so favored by nature in her line of defence and in her climate, that I cannot conceive how, if her people are true, she can ever come under the heel of a conqueror.”

The day passed happily, and so did several others. Accompanying Mrs. Scott, Maggie visited little canals that enabled the boats that plied between Montreal and Upper Canada, to overcome the rapids, to see the lockmen and their families, and watch the peculiar class of men who assisted the boats in passing upwards, either by poling and towing or by lightening their load with the help of their diminutive carts and ponies. With the garrison and its daily life she became familiar, and the detachment of blue jackets, drafted from the men-of-war at Quebec, partly engaged in manning the gunboats already afloat and in building others, she never wearied in watching. Each day endeared her more to Mrs. Scott, who, she learned had sacrificed her comfort and safety by accompanying her husband on duty. Following the regiment, she had been with him in India, Egypt, and Spain, and, when ordered on special service to Canada, had unhesitatingly followed him, leaving their two children with friends in England. Maggie saw that her presence was a help rather than a drag upon the Colonel, whom she assisted and cared for as only a true woman can and preserved him from many privations he must otherwise have undergone. While most anxious to be at home it was not without a pang of regret that Maggie learned one morning that a fleet of the King's bateaux was in sight coming down the lake. An hour later she was on board of one, waving farewell to her friends. Landed at the foot of the Cascade rapids, she walked home before supper.

CHAPTER VIII.

MORTON REFUSES TO FLY

The army did not begin a forward movement towards Canada on the day of Morton's interview with Hampton. It was only the first of several abortive starts. The autumn drawing towards an end found the army encamped at Four Corners. The American public was indignant at its inaction; much had been expected of the Army of the North yet it had accomplished nothing, and the campaigning season was near an end. The denunciations of the Albany and New York newspapers Hampton could not reply to; those of the Washington authorities he answered by laying the blame upon Wilkinson. He was to move on Montreal in conjunction with the western army, and its failure to leave Sackett's Harbor he gave as the cause of his own inaction. To the critics who suggested he had sufficient strength to capture Montreal unaided, he replied his orders from the secretary of war expressly required him to co-operate with the flotilla that continued to hug the shelter of Sackett's Harbor. If he was left free to act, he said to those around him in boastful tone, he would show the country what he could do, but he was not free. There were those who thought his excuses were the offspring of his secret desire to

get out of the campaign without risking any great movement. In all these days of dallying, Morton lay forlorn in the stable, sick of his confinement and of prolonged suspense, until the doctor, taking pity upon him, asked if the General could be induced to grant him the freedom of the camp on parole, would he accept it? Eager to get out of his dismal prison and hopeless of escape, Morton embraced the offer, and next day he was told he was at liberty to leave his wretched abode during daylight. The boon proved to be of less advantage than he had anticipated. The officers would not consort with him, professing to believe he had been a party to the disfigurement and murder of their late comrade, and the rank and file swore at him as an abettor of the Indians and as a Britisher. The miscarriage of the campaign had soured the soldiers' tempers, and they were ready to vent it upon Morton or any other of the enemy who came within reach of their tongues. After an hour's unpleasant experience, Morton returned to the stable indignant and humiliated. Although cut off from intercourse with the military, he enjoyed moving round his stable. Even lying on the grass and watching the face of nature was inexpressibly sweet to him. One afternoon, while sitting in the sunshine, he was startled from his reverie by the question, "Kin you fight with a sword?" Lifting his head he saw a boy of ten years or so looking intently at him. "Why, yes, my lad."

"But you ain't got no sword; Major Slocum hit it out of yer hand."

"Who told you that?"

"The soldiers, they say you fit and fit and Slocum would hev beat you had not the Injun come. You know Bill Ransom? He is my chum. His father has a book with a piktur of George Washington

knocking the crown of King George off his head with his sword. Do you believe the crown was gold? Washington licked all the Britishers and the soldiers do say when they come up with you'uns next week you will run at sight of the stars and stripes." So the boy pattered on until he remembered he had a message from his mother. The next time he walked their way would like him to call. "How am I to know the house?"

"It's the millhouse, everybody knows it," declared the boy in a surprised tone, and then Morton knew it was the house out of which Hemlock and he had watched the miller come out with a lantern and go to his mill. Timing his visit to when the soldiers would be engaged in battalion drill, Morton appeared at the door and was welcomed by Mrs. Douglas, a motherly woman who, after some talk, asked Morton to give her his coat and she would mend it. In his flight down the chasm and in his encounter with Slocum it had been badly torn, and these rents were now skilfully sewn. Mrs Douglas said she had pitied the sight of his coat and had been impelled to offer her help, the more so as her husband was from Scotland. Afterwards he repeated his visit as often as he dared without bringing upon his friends suspicion of disloyalty.

The weather, which had been uninterruptedly dry and hot, underwent a sudden change to wet and cold, and from suspense as to when they would march into Canada the troops began to hope that orders would come from Albany to retire to winter quarters. One particularly cold, rainy evening, Morton went to rest in a mood that was in keeping with his dismal surroundings, and courted sleep to give him temporary relief. How long he might have been lost in slumber he was unconscious, when

awakened by something lightly passing over his face. "Keep quiet," said a voice; "do not cry or you may warn the guard." The darkness was intense; the patter of rain on the roof the only sound. The voice Morton recognised at once as Hemlock's.

"How did you get here? Do you not know that they would tear you limb from limb if they found you?"

"I know it all, but an Indian brave counts nothing when he goes to save a friend. Get up and come with me."

A momentary feeling of exultation fluttered in Morton's breast at the prospect of liberty, followed by the depressing recollection that he had given his word not to escape."

"I cannot go with you," he said in a voice of despair.

"Why? You are well of your hurt, and you can run if we are followed. Come, my arm will help you."

"Hemlock, had you come a fortnight ago I would have jumped at your call. I cannot to-night, for I have given my word of honor not to escape. I am a prisoner on parole."

"Honor! Did these Americans treat you as men of honor, when they put the rope round your neck? Your promise is nothing. Come!"

"I cannot, Hemlock. Let the Americans be what they may, they shall never be able to say that a British officer broke his word. Go away at once, or you may be caught."

"I will not leave without you. Think of the fair maid that sorrows in secret by the Chateauguay for you and sought me out to bring you. Come, you shall be with her before another sun has set."

Morton was puzzled by this speech, but was too

anxious concerning Hemlock's safety to delay by asking what it meant.

"Save yourself, Hemlock; the patrol will be around soon, and if you are discovered you are lost."

"I fear not; they cannot take me alive."

"For my sake, then, go. I will not leave. I will keep the promise I have given. Consider this, if you are found here it is death to me as well as you. Go."

"Not without you; I will carry you on my back, whether you will or not," and he laid his hand upon Morton to grasp hold of him. At that moment, the rustling sound of an approaching detachment of soldiers was heard.

"It is the patrol, Hemlock; fly, for God's sake."

Hemlock stepped to the door for an instant, then turning to Morton whispered. "They have torches, and will see what I have done, and that will give the alarm. Come; go with me."

"I will not," said Morton decisively.

"Then, give me a token to show her who sent me that I did my duty," said Hemlock. Eager for his escape, Morton plucked the signet ring from his finger and pressed it into the Indian's hands with a farewell grip. Noislessly and swiftly Hemlock glided away and was lost to sight. Seeing how near the patrol were Morton closed the door and lay down upon his bed of straw. He heard the tramp of the troop draw nearer, and then a sharp cry of "Halt!" followed by a shout of horror and a volley of curses. "The Indians are about!" a voice cried. "Poor Tom," said another. "He died like a stuck pig." "See to the Britisher," shouted a third, "he must know of it." "Back to your ranks," commanded the officer. "I will see to what is to be done." Sending a messenger to headquarters to report, he detailed three others to approach the

stable and search for Morton. One of the three remonstrated. "The redskin may be hiding there and kill us." "Obey orders," yelled the officer, who had his own ideas of military obedience. "Our muskets cover you." Reluctantly they approached, and two simultaneously burst in the door with a rush, while the third held a torch. Their only discovery was Morton lying on his bed. He was roughly dragged to the captain, who, with his men, stood around something stretched upon the grass.

"What do you know of this, prisoner?" cried the captain, as a soldier waved a torch over the object. Morton, with a shudder, perceived it was the dead body of a soldier that had been stabbed in the breast and scalped."

"This body is warm," said the captain, "the deed has been done within a quarter of an hour; you lay within a rod of its perpetration; I demand what you know of the slaughter of this sentry of the United States army."

Morton hesitated. He had no moral doubt that Hemlock had committed the deed, that the scalp of the dead man was then dangling from his belt, and in his horror of the act he was about to tell all, when he suddenly recollected that by doing so he would show himself ungrateful to Hemlock.

"I neither saw nor heard aught of this foul murder," answered Morton, but his hesitation in replying was noted by men disposed to suspect him.

"Let me put my bayonet through him," said one of the soldiers with an oath, as he rushed upon Morton. There was a flash from an adjoining bush, the crack of a rifle, and the soldier fell dead, with a bullet in his forehead.

"Out with the lights," shrieked the captain in a transport of fear, as he struck one torch down

with his sword and the others were thrown into the pools of rainwater. For a minute or two they listened with palpitating hearts in the darkness, and then the captain whispered for them to move to headquarters, the lights of which were seen near by. Forgotten by them in their fright, Morton made his way back to the stable and flung himself on his pallet of straw, perplexed and agitated. In vain he tried to sleep and the night dragged wearily on. When daylight at last began to dawn upon a scene of sullen rain and sodden fields, the sound of voices told him his captors were cunning. The door was violently opened, a soldier looked in and shouted in surprise to his comrades outside, "The varmint is still here," to which he heard the reply, "That beats me." An hour later a scout entered, lighted a candle, and proceeded to examine the floor of the stable and its contents. When he was done, the door was bolted, and Morton knew a sentry was placed outside. Breakfast time passed without his caterer appearing, and the forenoon was well advanced before he was disturbed, when a detachment of troops halted and an officer entered.

"I have come, Mr. Morton, to take you to headquarters."

Going out, Morton was placed between files and marched to the General's quarters, where he was shown into a room where several officers were seated, all chewing tobacco. Motioned to stand at the foot of the table, the presiding officer, a tall, cadaverous man, asked him to tell what he knew of the events of the past night.

"Is this a court-martial, and am I on trial?"

"No, it is a committee of inquiry. There ain't no call for trying you, seein' you are already a condemned culprit."

"Then why should I answer you?"

"Wall, if you make a clean breast of it we mought recommend the General to commute your sentence."

"And should I not see fit to answer this irregular tribunal?"

"I ain't going to knock round the bush with you. At home, everybody knows Major Spooner as up-and-down frank and square, and I tell you, if you don't spit out all you know, the rope won't be taken off your neck a second time."

"What I know of last night's shocking event I am ready to communicate to any gentleman who approaches me in an honorable manner, but I scorn to say a word under threats."

The officers here exchanged nods and winks, and one said: "I knew, Mister President, he wouldn't tell—he dasn't. He had a hand in killing Jackson—gagged his mouth, mebbe, while the redskin used his knife."

Morton, stung to the quick, turned indignantly to the speaker, "Sir, if I had my sword you would either take back your words or know what cold steel is."

"Pshaw," was the contemptuous retort, "I ain't afraid of anything in the shape of a Britisher."

"That's so, and you know first-rate how to rile one," exclaimed the presiding officer approvingly. Then addressing Morton, he added, "We ain't afear-ed of your threats, young man, and won't lose time with you—yes, or no, are you going to give evidence?"

"No," answered Morton firmly.

"That will do. Withdraw the prisoner."

"Excuse me, Major Spooner," said a voice behind. Morton turned and saw standing by the door

an officer whose bearing indicated he was a soldier by profession, not one of a few months' standing. "I came in after the examination had begun and therefore did not take my seat at the board. If you will allow me, I will endeavour to represent to the accused how matters stand."

"Sartinly, Col. Vande berg; ye ken try him."

"Then, Mr. Morton, the case stands thus: Last night one of our men on guard, posted near where you slept, was stabbed and scalped. I need not say, I do not believe for a moment you had any hand in that deed. However, this morning experts were sent to discover the trail of the perpetrator, and they, favored by the softness of the soil, traced the steps of the moccasined feet of an Indian to where the guard stood, thence to your lodging-place, and finally from it to the bush whence came the shot that killed one of the patrol. More than all this, I may tell you the footmarks of the Indian are plain inside the stable and alongside the place where you slept are marks caused by drops of blood. It is thus beyond all question that the Indian visited you, and, with a view to discovering him and so checking a system of barbarous warfare repulsive to all true soldiers, we ask you tell us what you know of him—ask you, not under threats or taking advantage of your unfortunate position, but as a gentleman and a soldier, to assist us by telling what you know of the affair."

Morton bowed to the Colonel and replied he had no hesitation in telling him what he knew. He recounted briefly how he had been awakened during the night by an Indian and urged to fly with him. He was prepared to take oath that he knew not of his slaying of the guard, and the drops of blood upon the straw that formed his bed must have dripped

from the scalp as the Indian stooped over him and urged him to accompany him. Morton mentioned no name, and none of his questioners seemed to think he could have known the Indian. At any rate their incredulity of his story, verging on disgust, rendered cross-questioning superfluous. Spooner said he could not swallow the yarn, and another officer remarked it would be easier for him to go without his bitters for a month than believe a Britisher would not run away when he had a chance, to which the others agreed.

"What!" exclaimed Morton, "do you think, after giving my word of honor to your General that I would not attempt to escape, that I would do so?"

"That is just what we do think, and that there is something we don't know yet that kept you from running away with the Indian, and that something we will make you tell."

Morton's anger again rose and he was about to say something rash, when Colonel Vanderberg gave his shoulder a monitory touch. "If none of you object, I will take charge of Mr. Morton."

"Yer welkim to the critter," remarked Major Spooner, at which the others expectorated in order to laugh. "He is under sentence of death, and it lies with the General to say when it shall be carried out. If he is willing you should undertake the provost-marshal's duty, this committee of inquiry offer you their congratulations."

To this raillery Colonel Vanderberg said naught, and taking Morton by the arm led him into a vacant room. "Stay here a minute," he said. On re-entering he grasped Morton by the hand, while he informed him. "The General has given me permission to take you with me, and will you ride with me to Fort Hickory?"

“With all my heart,” answered Morton, and going to the door found several troopers waiting the Colonel, who pointed to Morton to get on the back of one of the three spare horses. He did so and they galloped out of the village.

CHAPTER IX.

HEMLOCK ADVISES THE GENERAL

Maggie was busy with household duties when Hemlock entered and sat down near the table at which she stood.

"All away?" he asked.

"All except mother, who is having her afternoon nap."

Casting a suspicious glance around, the Indian drew something out of his pouch. "Do you know that?"

It was a ring. Maggie examined it and as she recognised whose it was, blushed.

"Is he alive?" she asked, in a low earnest tone, as if fearful that it was a memorial gift.

"Yes; I was with him and spoke to him night before last."

"Where?"

"At Four Corners."

"Tell me all," entreated Maggie, and Hemlock recounted his visit, closing with the remark, "If he had come with me, he would have been here now."

"But he would have broken his word to the Yankee General," urged Maggie in his defence.

"And perhaps they will break his neck," answered Hemlock, with a grunt. "Major Stovin told me Hampton's answer to his letter was that he would permit no outside interference in his disposal of spies."

"Mr. Morton is not a spy," exclaimed Maggie indignantly.

"They will punish him all the same unless I give myself up," said Hemlock, "and I mean to."

"Oh, Hemlock, they would kill you."

"Maybe; but Indian would save his friend."

"He may get off when our men beat them."

The Indian's lip curled. "The owls are telling the eagles what to do. When the order came to the Indian bands not to fight, but just watch, I left. We would have hung to their sides like wasps on a deer, and marked every mile they marched with deeds that would have caused the widows to raise the funeral chant from Champlain to the Ohio, but our arms are tied."

"You did not tell me how you came by this ring?" faltered Maggie, as she shyly tried it on her fingers.

"I asked him for a token, and he gave me that."

"A token for whom, Hemlock?"

"For you."

"For me!" gasped Maggie, with beaming eyes, while her color came and went.

Hemlock nodded and said no more. Turning her head away from him, Maggie pressed the token to her lips. On the Indian's rising to go, she entreated him to stay. Her brothers were at the camp, but her father was at the rear of the lot stooking corn, and he might go and see him. Hemlock, who had the dislike of his race to manual labor, said he would wait, and catching up the fishing rod of her younger brother, prepared it to beguile the denizens in the river that flowed past the shanty. He continued fishing until the old man returned, who sat down beside Hemlock and got into an engrossing conversation, which was ended by Maggie's calling

them to supper. When the meal was fairly under way, the father said to his wife, "Hemlock wants us to leave. He says the Americans will be here in a day or two. He offers to bring Indians and canoes to take you and Maggie to Montreal adding what is worth most of our poor belongings."

"Leave my hame for thae Yankees!" exclaimed Mrs. Forsyth; "no a step will I gang oot o' my way for the deils."

"Hemlock says they may burn down the shanty and insult you, and ye wad be better oot o' their way."

"I wad like to see the Yankee loon that wad try to set a law to oor bit biggin; I wad ding some decency into his heid."

"Think o' Maggie, guid wife."

Before her mother could speak, Maggie declared "she wasna fear't an' wad bide wi' her mither, thankin' Hemlock a' the same."

"You see, Hemlock, hoo we Scotch bodies stick by our hames. Down to the women and bairns, we will fecht to the last gasp to haud them."

Hemlock said nothing and helped himself to another piece of johnny-cake. The subject, however, had excited Mrs. Forsyth, who mingled denunciations of the invaders with regrets at leaving Scotland.

"Toots, woman, Canada is a better country for the puir man than Scotland."

"I am no denyin' that, but eh, there was a couthie security there that's no here, an' for a sicht o' its bonnie howes an' glens I'd gie onything. The first an' the last sicht each day frae my father's door was the Pentlands. It wasna trees, trees, wi' snaw an' ice hauf the year."

"Ye wadna gae back, mither, for a' that."

“Deed would I, gin we a’ went the gither.”

“But ye have aften tell’t me ye wad never cross the sea again, ye were so sick in coming.”

“Na, neither I wad; nae boatie for me.”

“Then, ye canna gang.”

“Hoot, lass, what are ye sayin’; is that a’ ye ken? We could walk roun’.”

“Providence, dear wife, has cast oor lot here an’ it’s oor duty to be content. Please God, we will help to make o’ Canada a country oor children will be proud o’, an’ as for thae Yankees, wha come to rob us o’ oor liberty, I am sure their conceit will lead to their fa’ an’ their designs come to nae-thing.”

Hemlock rose and prepared to leave.

“I will go with you,” said Forsyth, “and hear what is the news in the camp.”

Getting into the canoe they arrived at the forks in due time, and found great activity in erecting sheds, while carts were arriving every few minutes from the Basin with supplies or leaving empty to reload. In every direction were soldiers encamped, and the evening being cold their fires crackled and blazed along the lines. The soldiers were of all kinds, from habitants in homespun blouses and blue tuques to regulars of the line. The noisiest were the volunteer regiments, composed of young men, lumbermen and city artisans, whose exuberant animal spirits the discomforts and privations of camp failed to tame, and where they were, screams, laughter, and singing resounded. Hemlock led the way to a large, white house, the home of an American settler, named Baker, but taken possession of for headquarters, and passing the guard as a privileged character, told the orderly he wanted to see the General. On inquiry, the two visitors were admitted into a fair-

sized room. in the centre of which was a large table, at which sat Gen. de Watteville, his secretary, and Major Henry, who had succeeded Stovin as local commander. They were evidently engaged in examining regimental reports.

"Hemlock, so you have got back? What news from the lines?" asked the Major.

"Yankees will break camp to-morrow."

"How do you know? have you any despatches from our spies?"

"No, but I saw a waggon loaded with axes arrive at Fort Hickory."

"Well, what about that?"

"The advance camp is named Fort Hickory; the axes are to chop a road from there to our outposts on the Chateauguay."

De Watteville became all attention. "How long would the road be?"

"Three leagues," answered Hemlock.

"Pooh," remarked the General, relapsing into indifference, "they cannot cut a road that long through the woods."

"You don't know Yankee axmen," said Hemlock. "They will do it in a day and turn your flank."

The General simply waved his hand contemptuously. Major Henry, knowing from past acquaintance Hemlock's worth and intelligence, asked in a respectful tone, "What do you advise?"

"Send me with all the Indians and we will scalp them."

De Watteville could not withhold a gesture of horror. "You would fall upon these axmen you say are coming, butcher them with your hatchets and scalp them. Eh?"

"Every one of them," answered Hemlock in an exultant voice.

"Faugh, that is not war; that is murder," said the General. "We will fight the Americans in no such way."

"It is how they would deal with you," said Hemlock. "If you do not want the Indian to fight in the way of his fathers, he will leave you."

Henry here leant over and whispered into the General's ear. He answered aloud, "No, I will not hear of it; I will fight as a soldier and will have no savagery." The Major was evidently disconcerted, and changed the subject by asking Hemlock what led him so far as to visit Fort Hickory.

"I followed Morton."

"Ha!" exclaimed the General, "poor fellow, what of him?"

"They were going to hang him, when Colonel Vanderberg took him away."

"You see General," said Major Henry with a smile, "the savagery of the invader against whom you would not use the services of Hemlock and his braves."

The General twirled his heavy grey moustache and bit it nervously. "If they hang him I will let every redskin in the country loose upon them."

"It would serve Morton better to do so before the rope does its work," suggested the Major. "Our remonstrances addressed to General Hampton have met with combined equivocation and insolence. 'Give up,' he writes 'the murderer of Major Slocum and I will set Morton at liberty.' As much as to say we screen the murderer—a man we know nothing of and for whose deed His Majesty's service is not accountable."

Hemlock said, "Repeat that again?"

Taking up General Hampton's despatch in answer to that of Major Stovin regarding Morton's

treatment, the Major read it in full. The Indian listened intently and made no comment, but Forsyth said, quietly, he was sure Mr. Morton had no hand in murdering anybody.

"We all know that," exclaimed Major Henry. "A more humane and yet more gallant officer the King has not got. And now, Forsyth, what are you and the settlers going to do when the Americans cross the frontier?"

"Ye'll excuse me for saying so, but that is a silly question to ask o' men wha hae gien their sons to serve as sogers and placed their horses, and a' their barns and cellars contain, at your service."

"You don't understand me. I mean do you intend staying in your houses should the enemy come, or will you seek safety in Montreal?"

"It wad be hard to gie up to the invader all we hae, and all we hae gaithered wi' sic pains in years gane by. My ain mind is, and my neebors agree, that we will stand by our property an' tak' chances."

"It is the resolve of brave men," remarked the General, "but it may become part of the plan of the campaign to waste the country and leave neither supplies nor shelter for the enemy."

"Gin sic should prove the case," answered the settler, "there's no an Auld Countryman on the river that wadna pit the fire to his biggin wi' his ain hand. Gear is guid, but independence is sweet."

"I hope you will not be asked to make such a sacrifice," said the Major. "We have reports here of reinforcements on the way that, if they arrive in time, will enable us to meet the enemy."

The General here intimated to them to retire. Hemlock started as if from a reverie. Going close to the General, he stretched out his right arm after

the manner of Indian orators. "You meet the Yankees as soldier meets soldier. The red man meets them as the robbers of his lands, the destroyers of his villages, the slayers of his race. The land was ours, and they have driven us to the setting sun and left us not even standing-room for our lodges. You have called us savages. Who made us savages? The Indian forgets no kindness and forgives no wrong. The hand that has despoiled and struck at us, we seek late and early, in light and dark, to smite. Our enemy, the enemy we are ever at war with, is your enemy today. You may make peace with him tomorrow. We never will. When the Indian dies, he gives his hatchet to his sons. We offer you our help. Tell me to go and do what I will, and the Americans will not drink of the St. Lawrence. Ten score Iroquois will keep up the war-whoop along the frontier until they turn."

The General seemed annoyed, and said sharply, "We take you as scouts, not as comrades-in-arms. I will have no barbarian warfare."

Hemlock drew himself up with dignity as he said: "We are your allies, not your hirelings. Our tribes declared war against the Americans before you did, and if you will not accept our aid we will withdraw this night from your camp and shall fight on our own hand."

Major Henry perceived the mistake made by the General and hastened to undo it. "King George," he said, "is true to the treaty made with his Indian allies, and I am sure you will stand by it too. The General is preparing his plan for meeting the Americans and the Indians will have their place in it."

Without apparently heeding these words, Hemlock approached close to the General. "I warn

you," he said, "if you reject our aid, great soldier as you may be across the sea, in the warfare of these woods your light will go out like this," and with a wave of his hand he put out the light of one of the two candles on the table. Turning on his heel, he walked with stately stride out of the room. That night he and his band left the camp and ceased to receive orders from headquarters.

CHAPTER X.

CANADA INVADED

“Well, Morton, our days of inglorious ease are ended,” exclaimed Col. Vanderberg. “I return from headquarters with orders for an immediate advance.”

“Thank heaven!” ejaculated Morton.

“What! Do you rejoice at an attack on your country? Come, my good friend, I see your judgment is overcoming your feelings, and you are going to cast your lot with us—the latest convert from monarchism to republicanism.”

“No, no; you need not banter me. What I rejoice at is the ending of a policy of inaction that has kept you, my friend, and your humble prisoner alike in wearisome suspense.”

“It is ended; the die is cast, whatever the result may be. After dinner squads of men begin to chop out a road from Smith’s, and to-morrow Izard comes with his division, and under him we bear the star spangled banner into Canada.”

“And what do you propose doing with your prisoner when you advance?” asked Morton.

“Hum! To leave you behind would mean your being returned to Four Corners, with a chance of meeting the fate you twice escaped. It is against all military rule, but you must go with us. I will not

risk you in the hands of those Sons of Themis who have donned the livery of Mars—Spooner et al.”

“Thank you, Colonel; again you have placed me under an obligation I can never repay.”

“I hope not,” answered the Colonel with a smile. “I’d rather not be His Majesty’s prisoner, even with Lieutenant Morton as my custodian.”

“No, never; I wish to pay my debt of gratitude in no such way.”

“Say no more, Morton, on that score. The happiest days I have spent this summer have been since I made your acquaintance. If I did you a good turn, I have had compensation. And now to work. There comes a waggon creaking under its load of chopping axes.”

The conversation took place at an outpost of Hampton’s army, close upon the frontier, styled Douglas camp in official documents, but known familiarly among the soldiers as Fort Hickory, from the character of the trees that prevailed at the spot.

When he dismounted at the end of his ride from Four Corners, Morton expected to be left in charge of the guardroom but, instead, the Colonel led him to the house where he was quartered, and told him in few words he was on parole as his guest. Without further allusion to the humiliating and perilous position from which he had snatched him, Col. Vanderberg made him his friend and associate, and each passing day strengthened the bond between them. Each had experiences of interest to the other. The Colonel had tales of peril on the Pennsylvania and Ohio frontiers in protecting the settlements from Indian attacks, and Morton, in return, gratified his curiosity as to the organization and character of the British army and of English life and habits.

Recalling what had passed at his interview with Hampton, Morton asked if the order to move came from Wilkinson.

"No," answered the Colonel with a smile. "The order comes from the Secretary of War, General Armstrong, and never was an order more welcome."

"Do the militia welcome it?"

"Why, no; they are obstinate in their resolve not to cross the line, which takes a good 2,000 off our strength. They will be left to guard our connections though not in danger, seeing there is nobody to threaten them within fifty miles."

The following morning the Colonel and Morton breakfasted by candle-light, and on going out, found the camp in the flurry of preparation, troopers ready to mount, engineers with their tools over their shoulders, and squads of brawny fellows in flannel shirts with ax in hand, drafted from the various corps or hired from among the surrounding farmers to clear a road through the woods to the Chateauguay. All was life, bustle and confusion. Jumping on horseback, the Colonel speedily got each man into his place, and by the time this was effected, the drum-taps, by which they kept step, of Izard's column were heard. On his coming that officer gave the word to advance. Preceded by a squad of scouts and sharp-shooters to cover them, the engineers and axmen moved on, then a body of infantry, followed by the troopers, commissariat waggons bringing up the rear. The Colonel and Morton were with the troopers. As the long and picturesque cavalcade scrambled over the brow of a hill, the sun had gained the ascendancy, and the frost that had whitened everything now sparkled on every stem and leaf as it melted in the sunbeams. The atmosphere was clear and crisp, and the very

odor that rose from the fallen leaves added to its exhilarating quality. When the summit of the ascent was reached, the declivity was abrupt enough to give a lookout over the tree-tops, and Canada lay outstretched a vast plain at their feet. Far in the distance could be seen a gleaming line like a rapier flung across a brown cloak. It was the St. Lawrence. The Colonel drew his horse to one side of the road, to permit the troops to pass, while he scanned the inspiring scene.

"All looks peaceful," he said to Morton; "no sign that under the cover of these woods an enemy awaits us."

"It is a grand view of a noble country," replied Morton; "and you may rely on it, there are men awaiting who will shed the last drop of their blood in its defence."

The Colonel, drawing his bridle rejoined the march and the glimpse of Canada was lost under overhanging vistas of trees. "Do you know, Morton," he said, "it seems strange to me that our armies should meet such resistance from the Canadians. We speak the same language; we are of the same stock. Why should they fight to the death against uniting with us as equal partners in a free government?"

"You forget, Colonel, that speech and origin are not the strongest elements in national sentiment. You meet a woman with a big man supporting her you wonder at it, and say the man could find plenty whose face was pleasanter to look upon and which indicated more intelligence. The man admits all this but he tells you the woman is his mother, and to him she is better and more beautiful than all the women in the world beside. In the same way Britain may not be equal in certain regards to the new Re-

public, and is hampered by the mistakes of a weak-minded King in its dealings with your government, but, for all that, she is the mother of the Canadians, and they will not desert her for bouncing Miss Columbia."

"That won't do, Morton; you forget that the British government was once, as you term it, our mother also."

"I did not forget that, and I hope I will not offend you Colonel, by saying that for that very cause the Canadians dislike Americans. You turned upon your mother, you strive to compass her humiliation; the very base of your patriotic feeling is hatred of her."

"That is putting it strong, Morton."

"I think not; the preamble of your declaration of independence is a tirade of gratuitous charges against Great Britain."

"Then you think Canada will never unite with the Republic?"

"I certainly think so, and those who live to see it, will find two great English-speaking communities on this continent, with this racial difference between them, that one looks coldly on the land from which they sprung, and the other succors and honors her."

A commotion in front stopped the conversation, and two scouts were seen dragging an old man towards the Colonel.

"What's this?" he asked sharply.

"We have taken a prisoner!" cried one of the men in an exulting voice.

"The devil take you," interrupted the old man with contentious manner. "Yees had no business wid me."

"We found him hiding behind a bush watching our men. He is a spy," said the scout.

"Behind a bush! An' whose bush was it? Me own, bedad."

"You had no business there."

"No business to be on my own farrum! Bad seran to ye, if I had yees in Wixford I'd get the constable to arrist every man o' yees for trispass."

"Come, hold your tongue," said a scout roughly.

"Hould yer own whisht. Ye haven't mended yer manners since I saw yer backs at Brandywine."

Col. Vanderberg smiled as he said to the scouts, "I am afraid you have been too hasty. We have crossed the boundary line, and are now in Canada, and must not molest its inhabitants. The old man is a non-combatant, and, he declares, was on his own farm when taken prisoner."

"If you had seen him kick and scratch and wriggle when we put hands upon him, you wouldn't say he was a non-combatant, Colonel. He swore at the United States and said he kept one of our flags for his pocket-handkerchief."

"Tut, tut," exclaimed the Colonel, "we have not come to fight old men; let him go."

"Ye'd bettther," remarked the old man with a grin, "or I'll make ye sorry."

"Now, what could you do?" asked the Colonel with an amused smile.

The old man sidled up beside the bridle of the Colonel's horse, and in a tone of mock solemnity, while his eyes sparkled with fun, whispered. "I'd put the curse of Cramwell on ye."

"Say, friend," said Morton, "there is something about you that tells me you are an old soldier. Were you ever in the army?"

"Yis, but not in sich riffraff as yees call an army."

"You are mistaken in me," replied Morton, and drawing aside his cloak a bit, showed the scarlet coat of the British service.

"An' how did ye fall in wid dem rebels? A prisoner are ye, God save us! You'll be Lieutenant Morton that was to be hanged, as I heard tell. Well, well, since ye weren't born to be hanged, it is drowned ye may be. Av coorse I was in the army an' got me discharge an' a grant of land from King George, an' may the devil catch a hould o' dem that don't wish him well."

"Are all your neighbors of the same mind?" asked the Colonel.

"They are that same. Come wid me to my shanty an' while I sind for 'em that they may speak for themselves you will have an illigant dinner of praties and milk. There is not wan on our side of the frontier that does not say, with Capt. Barron, God bless the King an' canfound his inimies."

"Thank you," answered the Colonel, "but I have other fish to fry to-day. Tell me this, old man, what difference would it make to you and your neighbors that you should eat your potatoes and milk under the Stars and Stripes instead of the Union Jack?"

"Sure, that's aisy answered. The differ between atin' in an inimy's house an' aitin' in our awn."

"Come, Morton, we lose time. Good-bye, old man," and putting spurs to his horse the Colonel galloped to regain his place in the column, followed by Morton.

By noon the scouts had reached the river Chateauguay, which they forded without hesitation, and rushing on a blockhouse that stood on the bank, surprised its inmates, a party of Canadian volunteers on out-post duty, while taking an afternoon nap.

This capture was an advantage to the Americans, for it delayed by several hours intelligence of their invasion being received at the British headquarters. Shortly afterwards Col. Vanderberg arrived, who, without halting for refreshment, accompanied Gen. Izard down the river some distance, examining the country. On returning, men were set to work to prepare a camp for the main army, which they knew was on the march. A thorough soldier, well trained in bush fighting, the Colonel made his arrangements with an acumen and decision that increased Morton's regard for him. Before sunset a line of scouts was established across the valley, a strongly fortified post established, tents pitched, and a messenger sent with a despatch to Hampton informing him all was ready. Not until then did the Colonel divest himself of his longboots and draw up beside the log-fire of the shanty of one Spears to discuss the fare his servant had provided.

CHAPTER XI.

HEMLOCK'S STORY OF HIS LIFE

On the morning after the events narrated in the preceding chapter, General Hampton left his quarters at Four Corners for the new camp. Escorted by 20 cavalymen, he and his staff rode rapidly over the newly-cut-out road, and by noon reached the Chateauguay river. Halting on the bluff that overlooks its juncture with the Outarde and whence he had a full view of the camp in busy preparation on the opposite side, he awaited arrival of his tents. A stout man and well-advanced in years, the exertion of the journey had fatigued him, and he sat, or rather reclined, on a log in front of a blazing fire, for the day was chilly, and grouped near him were the officers of his staff. Below, in the gulley, were the troopers tending their horses and the officers' servants preparing dinner. From his elevated position, the General watched with complacency the arrival at the new camp, with flutter of flag and tuck of drum, of successive detachments.

"Everything bodes favorably for our enterprise," he remarked; "the despatches that awaited me tell me of unprecedented success. At every point our battalions have entered the enemy's territory unopposed and advanced unmolested. The Rubicon has been crossed and terror-stricken the

foe flies before us. This afternoon a special messenger shall bear to Albany, New York and Washington the tidings of our triumphant advance—of our undisputed taking possession of this country to which the British make a pretended claim.”

“Your despatch will cause great rejoicing,” said an officer.

“Yes, it will be hailed with loud acclaim, and my enemies who clamored against me, will now perceive that what they stigmatised as inaction was the profoundest strategy. Sixteen miles have we marched into the enemy’s territory, and not a hostile bayonet has been seen. Ha, who is this? Draw your swords.”

All eyes turned in the direction the General looked, and a tall Indian was seen standing immovable beside a giant pine. It was Hemlock. As he remained motionless with folded arms and was apparently unarmed, the officers got over their alarm, and those who had laid their hands upon their sword hilts released them.

“Sirrah, what do you here? How passed you our guards?” shouted the General.

“I have come to speak with you. You are twenty to one; your escort is within hail of you, will you listen to me?”

“Go on,” said Hampton.

“You have a British officer held as prisoner. You wrote to Major Stovin that you would set him free if the Indian who killed Slocum were given in exchange. Do you stand by that offer?”

“Morton goes free when the Indian is sent in.”

“Give me an order for his release; the Indian goes to your camp at once.”

“That will not do, Mr. Redskin. The exchange

must be effected through the British commander. Let him send an accredited officer with a flag of truce and we will treat with him."

"Before that can be done, Morton may be dead. If you get the Indian, what care you for else? The Indian who killed Slocum passes into your hands the moment Morton is given liberty."

"This is altogether irregular," remarked an officer. "General Hampton cannot deal with an irresponsible redskin, who, for all we know, has come here on some scheme of deviltry. See here, was it you that murdered Slocum?"

"I never murdered any man," answered Hemlock proudly, "but I have killed many in war. Had you the Indian who slew him, what would you do to him?"

"Well, I guess if the General let us have our way, we would hand him to the men of Slocum's regiment and they'd make him wish he had never been born."

"The Indian might have good cause for dealing with Slocum as he did?"

"No, you impudent red devil, he could have no cause. He carved him out of pure deviltry."

"You are tired, General," said Hemlock, with a courteous wave of the hand; "and while you rest, will you listen to me, for I have heard the Indian's story? In the Mohawk valley lived an English family when you Americans rose against King George. A neighbor, who had come from Massachusetts, envied their farm, and, on the Englishman refusing to forswear his allegiance, had it confiscated and took possession. The Englishman had to fly, and went through the woods, many days' journey, to Canada, guided by a band of Oneidas. When they reached Canada, a young warrior of that band stayed with

them and helped them to find food in the wilderness until crops grew. That Indian gave up his tribe, and lived with them. A daughter came to love him, and they were married and were happy many years, until the mist rose from the lake and she sickened and died. The Indian so loved her that he would have killed himself to follow her to the spirit land, had she not left a daughter, who was his joy and life. When she grew up, the Indian said, 'She shall be the equal of the best,' and he took her to Albany to be taught all ladies learn. A young man, Slocum, saw her, met her, learned of the Indian blood in her veins, and doomed her as his spoil. Slocum was aided by a companion in deceiving her by a false marriage. She lived with him for a while, was cast off, and her deceiver married the governor's daughter. The Indian was gone on a far journey; he went to seek for furs in the West to get money for his daughter. In two years he came to Montreal with many canoe-loads, and sold them; he went to Albany to find his child dying of a broken heart. He took her away with him, he nursed her by the Ottawa—he buried her there. He went back to Albany, and was told that the law could not punish Slocum or his friend, who had gone away. Then he sought Slocum and twenty times he could have killed him, but he would not. In his heart he said, Slocum must die not by the knife or bullet, but by torture, and the chance came not until a moon ago, when he met Slocum face to face in the Chateauguay woods when he was about to slay Morton. The Indian took Slocum, and for hours he made him feel part of the pain he had caused him and his child—only a part, for you who are fathers can guess what that Indian and his daughter suffered. Was that Indian to blame? Did he do more to him than he deserved? Will you give

the father over to Slocum's soldiers to be abused and killed?"

"A good yarn," remarked an officer, "and a true one, for I lived at Albany then and saw the girl; pretty as a picture and simple as a baby. If Major Slocum had not got his hand in first, some other fellow would. She would have been made a fool of anyway."

"We will have nigger fathers running after us next," sneered another officer.

Hampton laughed. "This is as good as a play. The redskin is amusing. Let him speak out his piece."

Turning to the officer who said he remembered his daughter, Hemlock, with a quaver in his voice he could not control, asked, "Did you know Slocum?"

"Guess I did. Slocum and Spooner were chums in those days, and now I believe you are the father of the pretty squaw you make such a bother about. Won't we hold him, General?"

So saying he rose to seize Hemlock. Before he could take a second step, Hemlock, with a quick motion, snatched his tomahawk, which he had concealed in his bosom, threw it and leaped into the bush, where he was lost to sight in a moment. The officer, without uttering a word, fell on his back, the blade of the tomahawk buried in his forehead. Stunned by the event, the officers lost a few minutes in giving the alarm. When search was made, it was in vain.

* * * * *

The evening set in dismal and rainy, with a raw east wind that made the soldiers seek every available shelter. In the Forsyth household there was the alarm natural to the knowledge that the invaders were within a short distance, but the daily routine of duty was not interrupted and everything had

gone on as usual. All had retired to rest except Maggie, who sat before the fire, building castles in the flickering flames and dying embers. While she was so engaged, the door, never fastened, opened softly, and Hemlock stepped in. Regardless of his sodden garments, he crouched beside the girl, without uttering a word.

"Do you bring news of the coming of the enemy?" she whispered.

"No; they are shivering in their tents."

"It is a cruel night to be out of doors."

The Indian nodded assent, and relapsed into silence. "Maggie," he said suddenly: "I may have to leave Morton to your care."

"Dear me, Hemlock; what can I do?"

"I have done everything," he went on to say, "that I could. I gave him a chance to escape from his prison and today I offered Hampton to surrender the Indian they want in exchange for him, and he refused. He will treat with the British General alone."

"That is surely easy, Hemlock. When the Yankees say they will give up Mr. Morton for the Indian they blame for murdering their officer, our General will be glad to give up the Indian provided he can be got."

"No, our General refuses, saying it would be an unheard of thing for the British to give up an ally for an act of warfare, and he will not listen to the Yankee demand."

"May be he says that because he cannot get the Indian," suggested Maggie.

"I am the Indian," said Hemlock curtly, "and I asked him to bind me and send me to the American camp with a flag of truce, and all he said was, 'He would sooner hear of Morton being hung than

be guilty of such treachery to a faithful ally."

"Oh, Hemlock! What made you be so cruel? That you have a feeling heart I know, for I have seen you cry over your daughter's——"

With a quick gesture Hemlock stopped her.

"Speak no more of that. It was because of my love for my child that I tortured the wretch to death." Here he paused, his features working with emotions that cast them into frightful contortions. "Oh, Maggie, I thought if I could have my revenge I'd be happy. I had my heart's wish on the spoiler of my child, and today I brained the villain that helped him, and I am more miserable than ever. My vengeance has done me no good. My child, my daughter, oh come to me!"

The heart of Maggie melted with sympathy. She rose and resting one hand on his shoulder sought his with the other. "Take it not," he said in a whisper, "it is the hand of blood."

"Hemlock, I dinna judge you as I would one of our own folk, for the nature born with you is no like ours, let alone your upbringing, but I ken you to be an honest and wronged man, with a kindly heart, and I would share your sorrow that I may lighten it."

The Indian was evidently touched. Grasping her hand he bent over it and pressed it to his lips. After a long pause, Maggie added: "If you would give up your heathen ways and turn to the Lord, your path would become clear."

"I once followed the Lord," said Hemlock. "I learned of him from my wife, and I taught my daughter to love Jesus, but when the cloud came and its darkness blinded me, I put away the white man's God and went back to the ways of my fathers."

"Leave them again? entreated Maggie.

"Too late; I die as I am."

"But you are not going to die, Hemlock. You've many years to live."

"I die before the new moon comes; my oki told me so in a dream last night, and that is why I have come to talk with you about Morton. You love him?"

Too honest to utter the No that came to her faltering tongue, Maggie's head dropped and her face flushed.

"I know you do," Hemlock went on, "and I know he loves you, though his heart has not told his head yet. I know not where he is; if I did, we would attack his guard and rescue him this night. They took him away from Fort Hickory and I have not got on his track yet. When they find where he is I want you to give orders to my men when I am gone."

"This is beyond me, Hemlock."

"Listen, I have told my Indians they must save him and to obey you."

"Tell my brothers or my father."

"The Indians would not obey them. They believe what I told them, that I have given you my medicine. If Morton is not saved this week, he dies."

"If our men beat the Yankees will they not rescue him?"

"Yankees would shoot him before they would let him escape, and they will hang him if they retreat. They have let him live hoping to get me; when they know they cannot, they will kill him."

Maggie shuddered. "And what am I to do?"

Hemlock answered: "The Indian has a good hand, but a poor head. When my messenger comes and tells you they have found where Morton is kept,

you will order him to make the attack and into his hand you will place this medicine, and tell him it makes success sure." Here he took a pouch from his breast and selected a small package—something sewed up in a bit of bird's skin.

"I hope you will live to save your friend yourself," said Maggie.

Hemlock gloomily shook his head and rising walked towards the door, which he opened and stepped out into the cheerless night. Maggie followed and looked out. She could see nothing; he was gone. That night she rested all the more securely, knowing that within hail was a band of his Indians.

CHAPTER XII

THE AMERICANS BAFFLED

Two days later Hemlock was one of a group standing on the north bank of the Chateauguay, where it broke into a short rapid, named from the settler whose shanty overlooked it, Morrison's rapid. In the group were members of the different corps that had been assembled, with several settlers. They were watching, in the fading twilight, a thin line of moving red, emerging from the bush. It was a battalion of the Canadian Fencibles that had come from Kingston to reinforce de Watteville. The newcomers were soon among them, brawny Highlanders from Glengarry, French Canadian lumbermen, and a number of farmers from the English settlements in the east. They were greeted with the earnestness men in peril welcome help, and assistance given in preparing such food as was available, while many sought rest after their exhausting journey in the outbuildings of Morrison and in the booths of branches that had been prepared for them.

Their commander, Col. Macdonell, a thin, wiry man, with a fair complexion that gave him the name of Macdonell the Red, having waited to see his men disposed of, moved to the house. At the door Morrison himself a Highlander, bade his guest welcome

in the purest of Argyllshire Gaelic, and produced his bottle. After the glass had passed round, Macdonell said, "We have come far to have a tilt with the Yankees: will we be sure to meet them?"

"That you will," answered Morrison. "They are within five miles of you and will be here, may be, the morn."

"Ha, that news does me good! When there is fighting in sight a Highlander's blood runs faster. Could your good wife get us some supper? While waiting I'll find out what is being done. Is there no officer around here?"

"Not an officer; they are all busy at the making of barricades; but here is an Indian with a longer head than any of them, and who speaks the best of English, which however, is not to be compared with the Gaelic."

Resuming the use of the despised tongue—for he scorned to give English the name of language—Morrison introduced Hemlock, and drawing him to a corner of the hearth, Macdonell plied him with questions. The Indian, using the ramrod of his rifle, drew a plan of the country in the ashes at their feet, explaining how the Americans were encamped a few miles farther up the river and that to get to Montreal they must go down the road that followed its north bank for there was no other. To prevent him, General de Watteville had caused the numerous gullies of creeks where they emptied into the Chateauguay to be protected by slashes of fallen trees, behind which the British would contest their advance. Six of these gullies had been so prepared. In rear of them was the main line of defence, placed where the ground was favorable and strengthened by breastworks and two small cannon.

"Aye, aye!" exclaimed Macdonell. "All very

well if the Americans keep to the road; but what are we to do should they try to flank us?"

The Indian's face darkened as he whispered, "de Watteville is a brave man, but he is an Old World soldier who knows nothing about bush fighting. He would not believe me, when I told him there were bush-whackers in the Yankee army who could march to his rear through the woods."

"That they can!" agreed the Colonel, "and where would he be then? And what good would his six lines of barricades be? My own lads today came over ground where regulars would have been bogged. The river could be forded opposite this house. Can the Yankees get to this ford?"

Hemlock said they could, when Macdonell answered he would see to it that preparations were made to checkmate such a move. Finding Hemlock acute and thoroughly acquainted with the field of operations, the Highlander's heart warmed to him as one of like soldierly instincts as his own. Uncontaminated by the prejudice of race common to old residents, he had no feeling against the redmen, and when supper was called he insisted on Hemlock sitting beside him, and in treating him as his equal. As the evening wore on, officers from the neighboring encampments dropped in to exchange greetings with the new comers, and an orderly brought instructions from the General. When Hemlock left to join his band in their vigils along the enemy's lines, he felt that he had not passed so happy an evening for many a year.

The night passed quietly and in the morning the Americans showed no disposition to move, so that the preparations for their reception went on, and the troops worked all day, the woods re-echoing the sound of their axes as they felled trees to roll into

piles to form rude breastworks. In the afternoon, General de Watteville rode up and inspected all that had been done, well satisfied, and altogether unwitting that the attack was to be made from another direction in a few hours.

The day had been cloudy, cheerless and cold, and as it faded, rain began to fall. The men sought such cover and warmth as they could find and the officers assembled to spend the night in carousing. So raw, dark, and uninviting was it that not one in the British camp supposed the enemy would be astir. But they were. At sunset a brigade of a thousand men left the American camp, marched to the river, forded the rapids at Ormstown and began their march down the south bank with the intent of capturing the ford at Morrison's at daylight and turning the British left flank.

Next morning, the eventful 26th October, 1813, the Forsyths, unsuspecting of what was passing under cover of the woods around them, were at breakfast when the door was dashed in and Hemlock appeared, dripping wet. "I want a messenger to go to Macdonell to tell him the Americans are on their way to cross at Morrison's rapids."

"Confound them," exclaimed Forsyth, "I'll gang at once."

"An' leave us twa women bodies oor lane?" remonstrated his wife. "No, no, you maun bide an' proteck us."

Hemlock was disconcerted. "Maggie," he appealed, "Won't you go? Take the canoe and you will soon be at the ford."

"Yes," she responded, with quiet decision, "and what am I to say?"

"Tell the Colonel that the Americans in strength are marching through the woods on this

side of the river, intending to capture the ford and surprise him. Their advance will be on him in half an hour. Say to him, to send over men to meet them and I will join with my band. I go to watch them." Without another word, he left and rushed back to the forest.

Maggie stepped lightly to where the canoe was moored, loosened the rope, and paddled down the river with all the strength she had. When it struck the bank at Morrison's she was glad to see so many astir and hastened to the door. "You Maggie, at this early hour," cried Mrs. Morrison, "naething wrang I hope?"

"I must see the Colonel," she said, panting for breath.

"There he is," said Mrs. Morrison, pointing to an officer engaged in reading a letter by the fire.

Maggie repeated Hemlock's message. Macdonell listened with sparkling eyes, and when she had done said, "Thank you, my bonnie lass, you have done the King a service, and when the Yankees come they will find us ready to gie their lang nebs a smell o' oor claymores."

Hastening out, he gave his orders in quick succession, and, with surprising alacrity for a volunteer force, the men fell in. Two companies were soon complete. "Now, Captain Bruyere, if your men do as well as you will yourself all will be well; and for you Captain Daly, I know by long experience what a loyal Irishman is. Hold your ground until I get up to you with the other companies."

The men quickly descended the bank and plunged into the swift flowing river, which took them in places nearly to the middle, for, owing to the recent rains, it was deep. Gaining the opposite bank, they were lost to sight in the woods. Gazing over the

tree-tops, which looked peaceful in the calm of a dull, moist, autumnal day, Maggie wondered what was going on beneath their branches—wished she could see the advancing Americans and the men who had just gone to meet them. There was a long interval of suspense. Then, suddenly, there was a sharp volley and the stillness gave way to shouts, and yells, and cries of frightened men. All at once there burst from the bush to the river bank, a good way up, a string of habitants, flying in terror, their blue tuques streaming behind them, and few of them having muskets, for they had thrown them away to aid their flight. "The cowardly loons," muttered Macdonell, "it would serve them right to give them a taste of shot." On reaching the ford, they tumultuously dashed in. As the foremost of these militiamen came up the bank the Colonel demanded an explanation. They had been surprised by the appearance of a great host of Americans and ran to save themselves. Attention, however, was now attracted from the fugitives by the recommencement of the firing which was sharp and continuous, relieved by the yells and whoops of the Indians.

"Hasten!" shouted Macdonell to his men who were lining up, "do you not hear the firing? Our comrades need us."

The head of the column had reached the water's edge, when there came from the woods a burst of cheering. "That's our lads," said the Colonel, "they must have won the day. Halt! We shall not seek to share the credit of their victory." In a few minutes a body of the Fencibles re-appeared, with two prisoners and supporting a few wounded men. Their report was that they had encountered the advance guard of the American brigade, which, although elated at the rout of the outpost of habitant

militia, fled at the first fire. The Colonel ordered the men to retire, and wait behind the breastwork that commanded the ford. "It is not likely," he remarked to his adjutant, "that the Americans will now attack us, seeing their design to take us by surprise has miscarried." Half an hour later, Hemlock arrived with his braves, at whose girdles hung fresh scalps. He told Macdonell that the Americans finding their coming was known, had given up their intention of gaining the ford and had gone into camp nearly two miles above, in a grove beside the river. Seeing how slight was the prospect of more fighting on the south side of the river, he was going to join the main body. On hearing this reassuring news, Maggie slipped away to her canoe and paddled homewards.

On coming in sight of the shanty she was amazed and alarmed by the change that had taken place in her absence. American soldiers were clustered around it. Undismayed, though fearing the worst, she lightly leapt from the canoe and hurried to the door of her home. Seated by the fire were several officers warming themselves and drying their clothes with whom her mother was in altercation.

"Come to free us, say ye? What wad ye free us frae?"

"From the tyranny of European monarchy," answered an officer, with a smile.

"It maun be a licht yoke that we never felt. Mak us free, dootless, like that blackamoor servant that's cooking yer breakfast."

"Waal, no," said another officer; "yer a-furiner, ye know, but yer white."

"A foreigner!" exclaimed Mrs. Forsyth, "Hae I lived to be ca'ed in my ain house, a foreigner. I belang to nae sic trash. Manners maun be scarce whaur you come frae, my man."

"That's all right, old woman; the old man will understand how it is. We have come to make you independent."

"Auld man! Auld woman! God forgie you for haein' nae respeck for grey hairs. My guid man, sir, taks nae stock in you or your fine words. Nicht and mornin' does he pray for King George an' that his throne may be preserved. You're a set o' land-loupers wha hae nae business here, an' its my howp afore nicht you may be fleein' back to whaur ye cam frae."

"Canada folk are not all like you."

"Ay, that they are. There's no an Auld Country family from here to the Basin that winna gie you the back o' their hand, an' no ane that wadna sooner tint a' than come unner yer rule."

Afraid that further controversy might result unpleasantly, Maggie left her attitude of listening outside the door and entered. One of the officers rose and bowed; the others stared.

"Oh, Maggie, I wish you had stayed where you were," said her mother; "you have come into the lion's den for your father is no langer maister here."

"I am sure, mother, these gentlemen will not harm us."

"Not at all," interrupted one of the men, "and in a few hours we will leave you alone again."

"The sicht o' your backs will be maist welcome," remarked Mrs. Forsyth.

"Where is father?"

"Helpin' thae Yankees to get a haud o' his ain property. They took him to help them to harry his barns."

There was a bustle outside and presently two soldiers carried in a young lad, in lieutenant's uniform, whose white face told he had been wounded.

They were about to lay him down in front of the fire, when Mrs. Forsyth darted forward: "Na, na; dinna pit the puir chiel on the floor; tak' him to my ain bed," and she helped to place him there. Two surgeons took off his coat and shirt, when the wound was seen; a bullet had gone through the fleshy part beneath the arm-pit, causing some loss of blood without doing serious injury. When the surgeons said he would recover, Mrs. Forsyth's face beamed and she bustled about to get the requisites to dress the wound, while she told Maggie to make some gruel to revive him. While thus engaged, officers came and went, and the house was never without several of them. There came a tall, square-built man, whose shoulder-straps indicated high rank, and his quiet resolute face, one accustomed to command. He advanced to the bed where the wounded lad lay, asked a few questions, and spoke kindly to the sufferer.

"It is too bad that Dingley, of all our corps, should have had this luck," remarked an officer.

"Yes, and to no purpose. I fear the miscarriage of our plan to carry the ford by surprise may lead to the abandonment of the General's plans."

"Can we not take the ford by force?"

"Doubtful; the river is deep and our men would have to wade across in the face of a close fire from the entrenchment on the other bank."

"There is not a man in the army that does not wish we were in winter quarters; to fight in such a country at this season is more than flesh and blood can stand," was the response.

"After last night's experience there is no denying that; yet to go back will disgrace us," said the superior officer, as he left the house.

"Who is that?" asked Maggie.

"That is Col. Purdy, and if he had been in com-

mand we would not have spent all summer doing nothing and come here in the end of October."

"Yet he failed in capturing the ford," remarked Maggie, with a sparkle in her eye.

"He could not help the weather and the dark night that kept us shivering in the woods waiting for daybreak, but we would have surprised the guard and taken the ford had it not been for somebody, perhaps a traitor among ourselves, who carried word of our coming."

"Maybe," said Maggie demurely; "but you did not get the ford and what can you do now?"

"Nothing. I am afraid. The failure of our division to carry the key of the enemy's position may cause the General to give up the enterprise."

Looking out of the open door Maggie could see the soldiers gathered round camp fires, cooking the food they had gathered by ransacking her father's property. The two pigs they had depended upon for their winter's support had been killed, cut up, and were now roasting, and the cow and calf had met a like fate. On seeing the head of the cow among the litter, Maggie mourned for her as if she had lost a friend. The corn bin had been emptied and soldiers were standing round eating roasted ears. Everything that was eatable had been searched out and was being devoured by the hungry men. The hay saved in July for the cow's feed was spread in piles on which exhausted soldiers were sleeping. On Mr. Forsyth's stock of dry wood being exhausted, planks and logs were torn from his barns to keep up the flames. Maggie had sad forebodings as to their future on seeing the destruction that was going on. One cause for thankfulness was, that her mother's attention was so engrossed by what was going on in the house that she was unaware of the proceedings

in the barnyard and adjoining field. The darkey was a vexation to her by persisting in usurping her domain as cook.

"What has a man body to do with pats and pans?" she exclaimed. "Gang awa and leave the fire to me."

"Goly, missus, I'se a born cook; try dat corn cake," and he tossed her one.

"You black thief; you stole my meal an' noo would hae me eat what your dirty hands have mixt. Sape maun hae been scarce among your forbears when you came to sic a color."

The negro grinned, unable alike to understand her dialect or her allusion. A minute later she darted at him in keen indignation.

"What are ye daen noo, you diel's buckie—stewin' ingans in my parritch pat!"

"What a fuss you make," retorted the darkey, as he pushed her hands aside; "dis pot just de ting for cooking onions."

"An' wha'll sup parritch tasting o' ingans? Tell me that, you woolly pow?"

And so the strife went on, Mrs. Forsyth shocked at everything he did and the laughing negro managing to have his own way, serving food to relays of officers who crowded to the house. Their talk was of the dreadful night they had passed in the woods, their failure to take the ford by surprise, their expecting every minute to hear from General Hampton as to what they were to do. None had any fear of being attacked, their superior numbers being taken as security against their being assailed by a foe whom they knew, from their brush in the morning, could muster few men. Suddenly the crack of musketry was heard and the sleeping men sprang to their arms. Colonel Purdy with a body of them ran

in the direction of the sounds of firing, meeting fugitives flying towards the river, who, in response to questions, cried out to retreat for the Indians were pursuing. Cursing the scared soldiers as cowards, Purdy pressed on until he came to the scene of trouble, when, posting his men behind trees, they returned the fire of the enemy. There was a sharp interchange of shots, the Americans advancing as they fired, ending in their assailants falling back, for they were only a handful. It was then learned the attack was due to the men posted as sentries having fallen asleep, and their rout, when abruptly wakened, to the officer in charge shouting the order to retreat and setting the example. Purdy saw that to prevent another like attack he must take up a defensive position. To a point of land that jutted into the river which surrounded it save to the south he marched his command, and posting a strong line on the only side that was open to attack awaited orders from Hampton on Point Round.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SKIRMISH OF CHATEAUGUAY

On leaving Morrison's, Hemlock hurried to the front, followed by his braves. As he reached each successive line of defence he paused to scan it, but when he came to that which had been entrusted to the Indians, the second to the front, he halted to fraternise with his brethren and share their fare, for it was now noon. The urgent requests of the chiefs, that he should stay with them and aid in the fight, he declined, saying he wanted to be on the first line. His dusky comrades afterwards recalled that he parted with more than usual deliberation, that when he gained the height on the other side of the ravine he looked back and waved his hand in farewell. A few minutes brought him to the advance line, where he found men still busy felling and rolling trees to strengthen the abattis. Inquiring for the officer in command he came up behind a short, broad-shouldered man, swearing at one of his men for neglect of duty. On seeing the Indians he turned and with hearty gesture grasped Hemlock's extended hand. "Ha, bon camarade, have you come to help?"

"Will there be a fight?" asked Hemlock.

"Yes, yes! Stand on this stump and see for yourself."

With cautious movement Hemlock scanned the scene. In front of the abattis there was a chain of narrow clearings that skirted the river bank as far as the view extended. On the road and the adjoining field were masses of American troops, beyond them the smoke rising from the fires at which they had cooked their dinner. "You see, Hemlock," said Colonel de Salaberry, "they may make an attack at any minute. The mounted officers on the road looking towards us are the General and his staff.

Hemlock gave a grunt of satisfaction. "Where shall we stand?" he asked.

"Get into the woods and cover our flank," de Salaberry replied. Without another word, Hemlock motioned to his men and led the way to where the abattis ended in the bush. Here he posted his men and awaited the onset. Half an hour passed when the roll of drums was heard, and Hemlock saw a brigade falling into rank on the road. When all were in place, the column moved slowly, for the road was a canal of mud intersected by pools of water. As they approached within musket range the order to deploy was shouted, and the men streamed from the road into the field at their left, until a line the breadth of the clearing was formed. Then the order "Left wheel," was heard and the Americans faced the abattis. There they stood so long that Morton who was an eager spectator, along with Colonel Vanderberg, asked why they were not ordered to advance. "The General is waiting word from Colonel Purdy," was the reply. The messenger from Purdy did not come, but after an interval that seemed an hour to the expectant soldiers, the crash of musketry suddenly burst from the bush on the south side of the Chateauguay. Jumping to the rash conclusion it was Purdy assailing the British position, Hampton

gave the command to advance, when the Americans came on, a solid wall of humanity, moving with slow and steady step. Instantly, the abattis, behind which the British lay, silent as the grave until now, became alive with the puffs of musket-shots and the shouts of those who fired them. The Americans advanced with even step until well within range, when they were halted and the order given to fire by platoons. The regular roll of musketry that ensued spoke well for their nerve and discipline. The shower of bullets they sent streaming into the bush in front of them had, however, no effect in checking the opposing fire, which was irregular but lively. It soon became evident that the American volleys were a mere waste of ammunition, a flying of bullets into tree-tops. The order went to the captain of the company which headed the column next the bush to swing forward, so as to enfilade the British position. The men obeyed, moving steadily to gain a position from which they could pour a cross-fire into the abattis. Seeing the coming danger those posted at the end of the British line began to move nearer the main body. It was a critical moment. The British line was in danger of being flanked. Hemlock saw its peril. He with his band were hidden among the trees that edged the clearing, and had not fired a shot, for Hemlock had determined not to show where they lay until the Americans came to close quarters. Now he saw his opportunity. Signing to his men to follow, he stealthily crept until he was close behind the Americans who were edging to flank the British line. When close upon them he sprang to his feet, gave the war whoop, and fired his musket, his followers doing likewise. The Americans looked round in terrified astonishment, and saw the Indians leaping towards them with ear-

piercing yells and brandishing their tomahawks. They wavered, broke rank, and fled towards the main body. Hemlock bounded among the fleeing men and two had fallen under his hand, when from the supporting column a volley of bullets came shrieking through the air. All save one passed harmlessly over the heads of the red-men—that one struck Hemlock in the breast, and he sank upon his right knee. Alarmed by his fall, his men stopped following the enemy, and seizing hold of him hurried into the shelter of the woods. They laid him down and were about to loosen his jacket, for he was insensible, when there rose a burst of cheering from the British line, on seeing the success of the Indians' diversion. The sound caught the ear of the dying chief. His eyes opened as from slumber, rolled wildly for a moment, and his breast heaved convulsively. He staggered to his feet, and lifting aloft his tomahawk dripping with the blood of its last victim, he tried to raise the war-whoop, suddenly stopped short, rolled unsteadily, and fell as a pine-tree falls. The Indian who knelt beside him, placed his hand on his forehead. There was no responsive throb. Hemlock was dead.

"I would swear that was Hemlock's whoop," said Morton to himself. He stood amid a group of cavalymen who were watching intently what was going on from a field within easy view. He had followed the engagement with intelligent interest; had noted how the American infantry had advanced, deployed, formed line, and opened fire on the British position. What followed provoked him. When he saw how ineffective the British fire was upon the American ranks, though standing in the open and within easy range, he ground his teeth in vexation. "Those militiamen could not hit a barn; a hundred

regulars would have decimated the American column with half the ammunition they have spent," he said to himself. When the upper end of the American line swung forward, his thoughts changed. "Ah they are going to fix bayonets and carry our position by assault. God help our lads." He was mistaken; the movement was to gain a point whence to rake the British position with an enfilading fire. As he saw the Americans move upward unopposed, and the British fire from the bush opposite them slackened, his heart sank. "The day is lost; in five minutes the Americans will have possession of the far end of that screen of felled trees, when it will be untenable." Suddenly the war-whoop of the Indians was heard, then came their wild attack, and the flight of the Americans. "Well done, Hemlock!" exulted Morton; "no other lungs than yours could have raised that shriek and your timely move has certainly checked the attempt to flank the British position. What next?" Having ascertained so unpleasantly that the wood to their left was held by Indians, the Americans did not try again to turn the British position, and the company that had broken in disorder was reformed and placed in rear. Attention now turned to General Hampton and his staff, who were on horseback, watching the progress of the contest from a bit of rising ground by the river. A dripping soldier was seen hurrying up to him. He was a messenger from Purdy, who had swam the river to tell him the firing he had heard was an attack by the British, which he had repelled with difficulty, and to save his force he had retired westward and was encamped on a point of the river westward and needed help to escape and rejoin the army.

"Then the attack to carry the Morrison rapids failed?" queried the General.

“Yes; we arrived too late.”

“Why was word of that not sent me at once?” demanded Hampton angrily.

“A despatch was sent this morning to the camp at Spears.”

“Faugh!” exclaimed the General, “and, of course, did not find me there. Blunder follows blunder. Gentlemen,” he said, turning to his staff, “you have heard the message. Had that despatch reached me two hours ago we would still have been in camp. It is for me now to consider what is to be done.”

Speaking to Colonel King he told him to cross the river and order Purdy to come over at once, and then, as if stupefied by the failure of his plan of operations, he lapsed into silent contemplation of the British position, which showed no sign of life, for, to Morton’s surprise, firing from the British line had ceased, and the two combatants were simply looking at one another in silence and without a movement. It was a pause without parallel in military experience—the Americans were strong enough to have carried by a bayonet charge the rude entrenchment that faced them, or else, bringing forward their artillery, knocked into splinters the tree-trunks that composed it, yet there they stood as if on parade, while the British showed not a sign of life. Morton puzzled his brain for a reason for Hampton’s inaction and could find none. As to the British, he said to himself, “It may be our General does not want to provoke an engagement and would be content to see the Americans leave?” The brief October day was drawing to an end, and still the American brigade stood immovable and there was not a sign of life along the British line. When the grey clouds were tinged by the setting sun, and it was evident nothing more could be done that day,

Izard received the order to fall back. As if on parade, the evolutions requisite were gone through and the column began its march to the camp, three miles in rear.

"Hillo, Morton, you seem lost in amaze at the gallantry of your comrades-in-arms permitting a brigade to file off under their nose without an attempt to molest them. Eh?" The voice was that of Colonel Vanderberg.

"I confess that you interpret my thoughts," answered Morton. "I am glad to see you back."

"I have just left the General, who has instructed me to go over and see Purdy and hurry the withdrawal of his force. Will you come with me?"

"That I will; I am tired of standing here."

As they approached the river, Morton noted that the bank was strongly picketed by infantry and that a body of cavalry was bivouaced in a field beside the road. Stepping upon a raft of logs that had been extemporised to form a ferry with the other side, the Colonel and Morton were soon in the midst of Purdy's men. They were dejected, tired and hungry, yet most anxious as to how they were to escape from their perilous position. To avoid passing another night like the one that haunted them as a horror they would risk anything. They had made rafts on which they had ferried across their wounded, and were now engaged in trying to form a floating bridge over which they might pass in single file. On being told Purdy had gone down the river a short distance to make sure none of his men would be left behind Vanderberg got a soldier to lead them. The distance was short, but it involved bounding through marshy hollows, jumping little creeks, alternating with bits of dry bank and scrubby brush, until they emerged into a clearing. Mor-

ton caught his breath with astonishment. In front was the shanty of the Forsyths! He had no idea he was so near. The door was open and he could see it was full of officers. Around the house was a body of troops. Col. Vanderberg pushed in and was soon in earnest conversation with Purdy. Morton remained at the door and scanned the interior, which was filled with tobacco-smoke and reeked with the odor of cooking and of steaming wet clothes. In a corner, where the bed stood, he saw Maggie leaning over a recumbent youth, whose white face and bandaged shoulder told of a wound. Morton's heart jumped at sight of her and his lips twitched. The next moment, as he saw how gently she soothed the sufferer, a pang of jealousy he could not suppress succeeded. Pulling his cloak closer round his head he entered and stood behind Vanderberg, who was trying to soothe the anger of Purdy on hearing that Hampton had retired to camp without leaving a regiment to cover his crossing.

"I had it all arranged," exclaimed Purdy with indignation. "I have a practicable bridge made of logs and trees picked up along the river bank, and all I need to save my men is a regiment to prevent attack while they step over it. Once in line on the other bank we would fear no foe. But no! the General disregards my request, selfishly retires to camp and leaves my command to perish."

"Not so bad as that," interjected Vanderberg.

"Yes," retorted Purdy, as he tightened his belt and more firmly fixed his hat, "you know not what we came through last night—but I will fight it out."

Ordering soldiers to lift the wounded man and carry him along, the word to fall in was given. Morton was lost in a maze and did not move. In assisting the soldiers to lift her patient Maggie saw him

and blushed deeply. In response to Vanderberg's cry to hurry he started to leave, when there appeared at the doorway the frail form of Mrs. Forsyth. "God be gude to us, if this is no Morton. Oh, but I'm glad to see you and sae will the gudeman who is oot now. You're no for leaving! You will bide wi' us?"

"I am sorry, I cannot."

"But ye maun. Ye dinna ken hoo yer takin' awa' concerned us and pit us about."

"You forget I am a prisoner."

"Prisoner! You are nae prisoner. You're noo in oor house an' you'll just stay here an' let thae Yankees gae their ain gait."

"I am afraid they would insist on taking me with them."

"Hoots, man, I'll haud ye. Maggie, do you ken Morton's come?"

"Yes, mother; I saw him."

"Weel, come ower and mak' him stay, an' no gang back to be bullyragged by a wheen Yankees."

Maggie made no reply, but turned to avoid the gaze of the Americans, who halted, attracted by the scene at the door and her mother's words. Morton also felt mortified at the situation.

"Thank you, Mrs. Forsyth, but I must go; and tell your husband and sons I never forgot them and never will." Eluding her grasp he followed Colonel Vanderberg, who stood outside the door with laughing countenance. He had not gone far when a swift step was heard behind and his name was uttered. Turning he saw Maggie, who held out her right hand. "Take this," she said, "I may not see you—again." There was a sob as she uttered the last word. He grasped what she held out to him, and before he could say a word she had turned and fled

to the house. Morton held the object up to the light of the first camp-fire. It was his signet-ring.

More perplexed than ever, angry with Maggie, angry with himself, he braced himself and followed the Colonel in silence until the spot was reached where they had landed. The raft was there, but not a soldier in sight. "We shall have to navigate ourselves," said the Colonel, as he jumped on the raft and lifted the pole. A bullet whizzed overhead. "That is why our boatman left. Jump on, Morton, the enemy is creeping up the opposite bank." When they reached the centre of the stream another bullet splashed the water some yards below them. In another minute the raft was across, when they jumped and ran for the camp. "That was a close shave, Morton," exclaimed the Colonel. "Ten minutes more and the scouts would have been between us and the camp. I don't wonder at Purdy's indignation that a regiment was not sent to hold the bank until he crossed."

Supper awaited them, and that disposed of, the Colonel, wearied with his day's exertion, flung himself on the ground and fell asleep. Morton tried in vain to do likewise; the meeting with Maggie made his brain throb.

At daybreak the army was astir and the expectation of the men was an order to renew the assault upon the British position. No such order was issued, but the men of Purdy's command came straggling in. They had spent the night in the woods, attacked several times by Indians and owing their escape to the rain that drenched the priming of the redman's muskets. With daylight they had resumed their weary way to Spear's rapids and forded the river. Another such night they would not undergo to win all Canada.

It was well into the forenoon when the commanding officers were summoned to attend at the General's tent to hold a council-of-war. Among others Colonel Vanderberg went. Morton watched eagerly for his return, and when he came his questioning eyes told what his tongue, from courtesy, would not ask. "Well, Morton, you would like to know what has been decided upon. As it is no secret, I will tell you. The campaign has been abandoned and the army goes back to the United States to go into winter quarters. We marched into Canaca in order to co-operate with Wilkinson. Last night the General received a despatch that Wilkinson had not yet left Sackett's harbor, while we supposed he was now steering his triumphant way down the St. Lawrence, and might even be at the mouth of the Chateauguay waiting for us. It was argued that, as Wilkinson had not moved, and it was uncertain if he would, nothing was to be gained by our army going on, for, without his boats we could not cross the St. Lawrence to take Montreal.

"And what of the disgrace of retiring before an enemy with whom you have burnt powder for an afternoon?"

"There you have us, Morton. I urged that, before we fell back, the honor of our flag required our routing the enemy in front of us, but the General told how he has complete information of its position and strength, obtained from spies and deserters—that there are six lines of wooden breastworks, like the one we faced yesterday, held by Indians and light troops, and that only after storming them could we come in face of the main position, where the regulars are entrenched with cannon and commanded by Sir George Prevost in person. When there was nothing to be gained, it was asked, what

was the use of further fighting? The miscarriage of the attempt under Purdy to flank the enemy's position discouraged our officers, who, although they do not say it, want to get away from this miserable condition of cold and wet and mud."

"So we go back whence we came?" remarked Morton moodily, as he thought of the stable at Four Corners.

"My dear fellow, bear up; I will do my best to have you exchanged."

Morton shook his head as he said, "I am not held as a prisoner of war."

The Colonel bit his lip. "I have not told you all. The carrying of the decision of the council to Wilkinson was entrusted to me."

"And so you leave me!" exclaimed Morton sadly.

"I start after dinner, and cheer up, man; we will have a good one as a farewell feast." Then, with evident hesitation, the Colonel went on, as delicately as possible, to show Morton that he had better withdraw his parole and go again under a guard. Removed from his protection, it would not be safe to move among men soured by an unfortunate campaign. Morton assented and expressed his thanks for advice he knew it pained the Colonel to give. Dinner over, the Colonel's horse was brought, and with a warm grasp of the hand he bade Morton good-bye, leapt into the saddle, and galloped out of sight. Morton saw him not again.

CHAPTER XIV.

MORTON ESCAPES

In a despondent mood Morton turned away and sought the guard-tent, where he gave himself up to the officer-of-the-day, who accepted his surrender as a matter of course. The soldiers took little notice of him, being in high spirits at the prospect of going back to the States and busily engaged in preparations to leave. That afternoon part of the baggage train left and went floundering along the muddy road to Four Corners. As evening drew nigh, the rain, accompanied by a raw east wind, recommenced, flooding the level clearances upon which the tents were pitched and making everybody miserable. The captain of the guard sought shelter from the blast by causing the tents he controlled to be pitched on the slope of a hollow scooped out by a creek, and in one of them Morton lay down along with seven others. Sleep soon came to relieve him of his depression in mind and discomfort of body, and the hours sped while he was so unconscious that he did not hear when his companions left to take their turn on duty and those they relieved took their places in the tent. His first deep sleep was over when he felt that some furtive hand was being passed over the canvas to find the opening. When the flap was drawn aside, so dark was it that he could not distinguish

who stood there. He supposed it was a belated private seeking cover from the pelting rain and he was about to turn and resume his slumber when a flint was struck and the tent was lit for a moment by its sparks. Somebody lighting a pipe, he said, too drowsy to look. A minute afterwards he felt that the curtain of the tent where his head lay was being cautiously lifted and soon a hand reached in, touched his face, and then catching the collar of his coat began pulling. He made a motion to resist, when a voice whispered "Hemlock." In a flash he realised he was about to be rescued, and, guided by the hand that grasped him, slowly crept out. No sooner was he upon his feet, than he felt men were gliding past him into the tent. All at once there was a sound of striking, as of knives being driven into the bodies of the sleeping inmates, a slight commotion, a few groans, and then all was still. Morton's flesh crept, as he guessed at the horrid work in which the Indians were engaged. So intensely dark was it that he could see nothing. There was a slight shuffling of feet and he was grasped by the arm on each side and hurried forward. He knew they were following the course of the ravine, for he could hear the wash of the creek. Suddenly his conductors came to a halt and there was a pause, until a faint chirrup was heard. Then the bank was climbed and, emerging on a clearance, Morton saw the tents of the American camp some distance to his left, lit up by the smouldering fires that burned dimly between the rows. Looking round, he for the first time saw his companions, who were, as he suspected, a band of Indians. Taking advantage of every available cover, the Indians glided, in single file, across the bit of open that intervened between where they stood and the bush. When its shelter

was gained, they halted on a dry knoll, and squatted, when they began to giggle and to chatter in their native tongue, plainly exulting over the success of their raid. Morton tried to communicate with them, but found they could not speak English, and the only word they uttered which he recognised was Hemlock, although that great chief was not among them. One of them could speak French, which, however, Morton could not understand. When daylight began to creep in upon the darkness, they became alert, and as soon as it was clear enough to see where they were going they started; Morton had no idea in what direction. All he knew was, that their course led them over a swampy country intersected by stony ridges, and that had it not been that the leaders of the file broke a path he could never have followed. The exertion was exhausting and he would have succumbed at the end of the first hour were it not that the spirit of freedom elated him, and was spurred on by the knowledge that every mile he overtook increased the distance between him and the hated bondage from which he had escaped. On the edge of an apparently limitless swamp they paused to have a smoke before entering upon it. It was evident they carried no food. Morton sank upon a ⁸⁷pile of leaves that had drifted against a log and stretched his wearied legs. Refreshed by the brief rest he faced the swamp with courage, soon finding, however, that, without the help of the Indians, he could have made little headway. With the light step and agility of cats they stepped over quaking surfaces and sprang from log to log until at length solid land was reached, and with it came the sound of rushing water. Escaping from the brush, a broad river, dashing impetuously down a rocky channel, burst in view. Following its

bank in single file, Morton saw the river grow wider, until it expanded into a lake, when he knew it was the St. Lawrence. On coming opposite the promontory that marked where the river left the lake, the Indians eagerly scrutinised it. Gathering some damp leaves they made a smoke. The signal was seen by those opposite, for a long-boat was launched from under the trees and rowed rapidly towards them. Morton's heart leapt for joy when he distinguished that the steersman had on a red-coat. As the boat drew nearer and he could make out the ruddy countenances of the crew, frank and open in expression, and catch the sound of their hearty English speech, he could not resist the impulse to swing his hat and wake the echoes with a lusty cheer. The Indians grinned and one clapped him on the back in high approval.

The corporal in charge of the boat informed Morton that he belonged to the garrison of Coteau-du-lac and was, for a week, with the party on the point, to guard the south channel. There were so many Indians that the boat had to leave part for a second trip. On landing at the point Morton was warmly welcomed by the officer in charge, and given the best he had, which proved to be fried pork and biscuit. At noon the boat that daily brought supplies from Coteau arrived and in it Morton with the Indians embarked. As soon as he stepped ashore, he made for the commander's quarters and was shown into the presence of Col. Lethbridge. On announcing who he was, the Colonel welcomed him as one from the dead and impatiently demanded to hear when and how he escaped. When he came to tell of the exploit of the preceding night, and that the Indians who had taken part were waiting in the barrack-yard, the Colonel thumped the table and

swore each man of them would take home all the tobacco and pork he could carry. Before they left Morton learned through an interpreter of Hemlock's death and that his rescue was in fulfilment of an order he had left with Maggie. They were going to Oka to join the party who were on the way from the Chateauguay with his body, to bury it beside that of his daughter, and to hold a funeral lodge. Morton was deeply moved. "Faithful soul," he exclaimed, "would to heaven he had lived that I might have shown him my gratitude." Applying to the paymaster he obtained an advance, and in parting with the Indians pressed a big Mexican dollar into the hand of each of them.

CHAPTER XV.

WILKINSON

Colonel Vanderberg's ride to find General Wilkinson and deliver Hampton's message led over execrable roads and through a thinly settled country until he struck the St. Lawrence at the Indian village of St. Regis. From there westward there was a continuous stretch of clearances, made by lately come New Englanders, whose industry and thrift were transforming the wilderness into a region of farms and orchards. The Colonel was surprised to find the general sentiment averse to the war. They had lived, since taking up their lots, in friendly relations with their neighbors on the Canadian side of the St. Lawrence, and would do nothing to hurt them. As he had seen to be the case while stationed at Four Corners, the declaration of war had not stopped intercourse between the two peoples, though prohibited under brutal penalties. Approaching nearer the point where the St. Lawrence expands into Lake Ontario, the Colonel learned that the army had left Sackett's Harbor and was encamped on Grenadier island, preparatory to embarking on the descent to Montreal. To the island he went, and his appearance was hailed with interest, as bringing tidings of the army that was to co-operate with their own. Wilkinson was absent, and

would not be back until the following morning, so the officers had Vanderberg to themselves, and a group of them, all who were off duty, gathered round him to hear the news. With diplomatic reticence where called for, he told of the march into Canada and the march back.

"Was Hampton whipped?" cried a hearer, tired of the Colonel's cautious expressions.

"No," he answered, "he was not beaten; there was nothing to hinder his going right on except the news that reached him on the field, that you fellows were so slow you would not be at the place you had set to meet him when he reached it."

"That is not our fault," gravely remarked a chief officer, "but on that head the less said the better."

The impression Vanderberg strove to leave on his hearers was, that Hampton was still waiting at Four Corners expecting to unite his force with theirs when notified. In private conversation he came to know how widespread was dissatisfaction with Wilkinson and of the existence of forebodings that, under him, the expedition would be a failure. When, next day, an orderly came with the message that the General was ready to receive him, Vanderberg was in no sanguine mood. Ostentatious in everything he did, Wilkinson received him in a large marque, with his staff in full uniform around him. Vanderberg handed him a letter, which curtly informed him the bearer would verbally explain the condition of Hampton's command and his intentions. Wilkinson ordered him to speak. With soldierlike directness and brevity, he stated how, in response to General Armstrong's order, Hampton had left Four Corners for the St. Lawrence to meet the flotilla, how he had advanced sixteen miles into

Canada and there halted, because of a despatch overtaking him with the information that the boats had not even reached Ogdensburg.

In a consequential tone Wilkinson demanded, "How dared Hampton act on hearsay intelligence to abandon his invasion of the enemy's territory? His orders were peremptory and precise, to march to the mouth of the Chateauguay river. It was his imperative duty to go on and beard the lion in his den. You see, gentlemen, how the cause of the Republic is served by this man in whom it has foolishly reposed its trust."

"Major-General Hampton did not act on his own motion," replied the Colonel. "He called a council of his officers and they all agreed it would be folly to go farther when you, General Wilkinson, would not meet his army at the appointed rendezvous."

"You see," responded Wilkinson, "how artfully our companion-in-arms, General Hampton, shifts on my shoulders his failure of duty. Oh that he had a spark of the patriotism that glows in this poor breast. Depressed though I be by overwhelming cares, and a prolonged sickness that befits me more for a pallet in the hospital than head of this glorious expedition, I shall not hide behind others; I go on or perish. Tell me, Colonel, is your commander ready to co-operate?"

"By this time I expect he is in his old camp at Four Corners waiting to receive word from you at what point he is to meet the flotilla."

"He shall not wait long. The order goes to him this hour to meet me at St. Regis. The eyes of the Republic are now centred upon me, and I shall not fail in their expectations. 'Where is Wilkinson?' is asked in every corner of the land. My re-

ply is, Wilkinson, sick and worn by his services in defending the Republic, is where duty calls him, and will capture Montreal or leave his bones on the field of battle."

"I trust," interjected the Colonel, "you are casting no reflection on my commander?"

"I scorn imputations; I merely ask my fellow citizens to judge between us. Me, a poor invalid, rising above my maladies to lead my army to victory; my brother-in-arms, Major-General Hampton, retreating from his advance. What say you?" directing the question to his officers. "I pause for your reply."

The leading officer replied, "Our chaplain, who arrived only yesterday, and is fresh from Utica, will voice our sentiments."

As Vanderberg afterwards learned the staff played on the vanity of their General by seizing occasions to flatter him, especially if strangers were present. The young man styled chaplain stepped in front of Wilkinson and, with a low bow, spoke to this effect: "An occasion I have ardently desired has come, and I find myself face to face with the commander-in-chief of that great army which fills our infant Republic with pride, and which, under your consummate leadership, is going to add new stars to the resplendent banner that strikes tyrants with terror, and join new states to our glorious union. You, sir, who learned the art of war under the father of our country, are on the eve of meeting the foe whom he disgraced, degraded, and humbled. You, sir, are about to repeat the lesson he taught them by driving into the Atlantic the scarlet clad slaves of the royal tyrant, and to tear the laurels from proud Britannia's brow. In this you are not alone. Assembled around you are gallant and accomplished

troops led by officers of approved skill and daring, to whom there are no dangers too great to be overcome, no difficulties too great for them to subdue. The soil of our Republic is not only fertile in the development of statesmen, who are not merely the peers of those of the effete monarchies, but of those of Greece and Rome—it is also conducive to the development of military genius. Time and again we have seen men leaving the plough, the mart, the forum, who have out-generaled, beaten and disgraced the be-feathered, scarlet coated officers of the tyrant George, who affected to despise them. Those minions of a despot cannot stand before freemen whose only capital is their virtue and their unsullied patriotism. I must not, however, lose sight of that other wing of our service, that in which our Republic takes special pride and which is her boast—the naval. You are about, General Wilkinson, to commit your army to the bosom of the St. Lawrence, and to make it and its rapids your servant to sweep you on to the chief stronghold of the enemy, to repeat the inspiring message: ‘We have met the enemy, and they are ours.’ This you are going to do with Chauncey as your assistant—Chauncey, who aspires to repeat on Ontario what Perry has done on Erie, whose crowning achievement surpasses that of all naval commanders, for even the great Nelson never captured an entire fleet—a victory never surpassed in lustre, however it may have been in magnitude. Fling to the breezes of the north our starry banner and go forth on your triumphant career—Chauncey wrestling the trident from the mistress of the sea and you, General, facing troops whose boast is they have come from the overthrow of Bonaparte, shall humble their pride and send an exultant throb through the length and breadth of our Republic,

which, young as it is, will yield the palm to no nation in the world. Go forth, I say, to the triumph that awaits you, and upon which the guardian-angel of America shall smile with exulting gratification."

Applause followed the speaker as he took his former position. Wilkinson thanked him and hoped his words would inspire every officer to do his best and realise that the eyes of the Republic were upon them.

Colonel Vanderberg spent the remainder of the day in viewing the preparations for the invasion of Canada. They were on a scale that far surpassed his expectations and greatly astonished him. He left next morning for Sackett's Harbor, whence he was to find his way to Utica, satisfied that such an army with such an equipment could not fail of success, and, before the end of the month, he would hear that the Stars and Stripes were flying over Montreal.

Leaving Col. Vanderberg to pursue his way to Utica, the reader is asked to return to his friend Morton, and see with him what was doing in Canada to meet the avalanche of men and boats that was about to descend the St. Lawrence to capture Montreal.

CHAPTER XVI.

MORTON GOES TO CORNWALL

Colonel Lethbridge insisted on Morton being his guest. He sent his servant to wait upon him, who brought a clean suit of clothes. Morton was the hero of the garrison, and when, in the evening, he appeared at the mess-table, so many complimentary speeches were made, so many songs sung, and so many toasts drank that it was nigh midnight when he got to bed. He rose next morning intent on entering harness again, and over a late breakfast discussed with Col. Lethbridge as to how he could re-join his regiment, which had gone to the Niagara frontier. It was agreed he should go by the first convoy, always provided Wilkinson did not come, which, after what Morton reported of Hampton's army returning to the States, Lethbridge doubted. Each day tidings of Wilkinson's leaving the shelter of Sackett's Harbor had been looked for, and the feeling was that unless he left within a week he would not come at all, for the season was now well advanced, and already on several mornings had ice formed around the boats lying at Coteau. Colonel Scott had been sent to Cornwall to superintend the preparations there, and Lethbridge had taken his place at this less important point. The following day the unexpected happened—late in the afternoon

a gunboat was spied coming down the lake under press of canvas. It brought word that Wilkinson had started—was descending the river with a flotilla of over 300 boats bearing 9,000 men. The news caused much excitement and Morton, eager to join in the fray resolved to be at the front next morning. A string of boats arrived from Montreal loaded with military stores for Upper Canada and a few troops. To Morton's astonishment, among them was the detachment he had conducted to the Chateauguay. The camp there having been broken up, they were on their way to join their regiment, and hoped to reach it before navigation closed. Gladly Morton resumed command and before long Cornwall hove in sight. Among those waiting the mooring of the barges was a tall young man in kilts, who grasped Morton's hand as he stepped ashore. "Rejoiced to see you, for we need help."

"We are too few to count in a fight with the mighty host who are coming," replied Morton, as he looked into the handsome and enthusiastic face of the stranger.

"Ah, numbers do not always count; when there is the right spirit, Goliath prevails not." The gentleman said his name was Mackintosh, that he was captain of a volunteer company and would be glad to help him in quartering his men.

"We must first unload the boat," said Morton, "for it has to return forthwith to Coteau."

To remove the cargo, which included heavy pieces of ordnance, was slow work, and while it went on Morton and his new-found friend walked up and down the river bank. "What is the latest about Wilkinson?"

"Nothing that can be relied upon," was the reply. "The air is thick with rumors. and there are

people who take a morbid pleasure in scaring themselves with their own inventions. The more terrifying the report the better are they pleased in repeating it to their neighbor. So far as known, he is still at Sackett's Harbor."

"When he does come, what then?" queried Morton.

"What then? Why, fight him! There is not a man with a drop of Highland blood in him in the Lunenburg district who would think of aught else. Would we fly, would we hide ourselves in the recesses of Glengarry's forests? Never, we will face the foe, and, as our fathers did on the hills of Scotland, do or die."

With an impetuous swing of his shoulders and quickening his elastic step, the Highlander proceeded. "How can we do otherwise? If a man came to your home and ordered you out, would you submit or grapple with the ruffian? These homes are ours, these fields we cleared, and we shall never yield them while blood flows in our veins. He is a miserable wretch who will not fight for his home, a wretch undeserving the name of a man."

"I am at one with you," responded Morton, "but the odds are fearful and there are the women and children to consider."

"We have thought of that. Should the invader get thus far, there are carts ready to take them to St. Andrews, but we, who have bound ourselves by a soldier's oath, will stay and die. We Highlanders imbibed love of country with our mother's milk; our homes, the scenes of our youth, are dearer to us than our life's blood, and never shall it be said that we, who left the brown hills of Scotland to carve out from the forest new homes, betrayed Canada to the invader."

The enthusiasm with which he spoke stirred Morton's spirit and he impulsively grasped the Highlander's hand and shaking it as he said, "Your words make my heart burn. Are there many like you?"

"Yes," retorted the Mackintosh, "there may be cravens among us but I know them not. Did you never hear how the fathers of the people who live in these houses you see, scorned to change their allegiance during the American revolution, and, counting not property of any value when set against the surrender of their independence, left all and traversed the wilds of the Adirondacks that they might die beneath the flag under which they were born? Do you suppose the children of the men and women who made such a sacrifice will crouch to an invader? There are shallow-minded people who laugh at patriotism as mere sentiment, but the men or women who have not a passionate love of country lack one of the finest attributes of humanity, and are not to be trusted, for they will not be true either to their fellowman or to their God. Yes, we will fight to the death, and are the more encouraged that our women, with a courage equal to our own, send us out to do battle."

Morton, who had so recently lived at a gateway to the Adirondacks, was interested in the reference his friend made to them, and asked for more information. He was told how bands of Highland settlers along the upper waters of the Hudson had walked their weary way through the wilderness, famished and starved by cold, to reach Canada. With a smile the Mackintosh added, "I was a boy when, in the kirk one Sunday, the minister took as his subject Moses and the great deed he had done in guiding the children of Israel from Egypt to the

Holy Land. As usual we tarried in the churchyard while the elderly folk exchanged greetings and talked over the sermon. There was an old man, red-eyed, sharp of face and tongue, who was indignant at the praise given to Moses. Old Corrichhoilie, for so we called him from the farm on which he had been shepherd in Scotland, fairly shouted, "Moses, indeed, what credit to lead folk who had a cloud by day and a pillar of fire at night to show them the way, manna to eat, and whose shoes and clothes waxed not old? What would Moses have done to guide a host of hungry, halfnaked men, women, and children over the hills and swamps of the Adirondacks? Moses, forsooth, the minister, honest man, might have thought of men before him who had done greater deeds than that one of Moses."

The soldiers had finished their task and were resting. Morton formed them into rank and, led by Captain Mackintosh, marched to an improvised barracks, where they were provided for. This duty over, Morton sought a tavern. The landlady told him her house was full, but that Mrs. Scott had sent word if any officer came to send him to her. "You are in luck," exclaimed Captain Mackintosh, "she is one of our best women. I will show you to her door." When they reached the house the captain gave a parting salute, saying Colonel McLean would be waiting for him.

Morton received a welcome that surprised him and was proof he was not intruding. Mrs. Scott recognised in him the officer who had given so much concern to her husband and she warmly congratulated him on his escape. Morton checked her questions as to how he had got out of American custody to learn about Wilkinson and the prospect of a fight. He was assured the report that he had left

Sackett's Harbor was correct, that he was somewhere in the upper St. Lawrence, and that men were now at work at the head of the Soo rapids, his passage of which would be disputed. Colonel Scott had gone there with every available man.

"And what chance is there of beating the enemy?" eagerly asked Morton.

The Colonel was not hopeful. The Americans were so numerous that all he expected was that the British sharpshooters, hid behind the trees that line the rapids, would pick off a few of the occupants of the boats as they swept past, and that the concealed batteries would smash a few boats. To weaken the invader is all he looks for, with the hope that in running the gauntlet at the lower rapids, he may be still further weakened, so that he can be handled by the troops waiting for him at Montreal.

Morton mentally decided he would join in the coming brush with the foe at the Long Soo. The servant brought in a tray with the tea. No sooner had they sat down to it, than a knock was heard at the door and the maid reappeared. "Mrs. McIntyre sends her compliments, and would Mrs. Scott lend her two spoons, for a visitor has dropped in." Mrs. Scott held out the spoons and explained to Morton that the coming of the enemy had frightened a few residents out of their wits to such a degree that they had buried their valuables in their gardens. "I do not believe," she added, "there is a bit of silverware, not even a spoon, left unconcealed. Old Laird McKenzie entrusted his watch to a friend who lives two miles in the bush, and comes to my door twice a day to ask the time, and I am sure I am glad to see him, he is so entertaining." Morton was for retiring early but Mrs. Scott was not done with him. With a woman's tact in affairs of the heart,

she picked out of Morton details of his life while in camp on the Chateauguay and of his intercourse with the Forsyths. When she had got enough in sight to show how the land lay, she unveiled what she knew—told of Maggie's visit to Oka, of her stay at Coteau, and piecing Mrs. Scott's narrative with the Indian's saying it was a message through Maggie from Hemlock that had led them to rescue him, Morton realised that his being a free man, possibly a living man, was due alone to Maggie. Before leaving his room next morning he took the signet-ring from his finger, wrapped it in a sheet of paper, addressed it to her, and pinned it to the inside of his coat. "If I am killed," he said to himself, "this little parcel will be found and sent to her; it will be proof I was not ungrateful and died thinking of her."

CHAPTER XVII

WAITING FOR THE FLOTILLA

Next morning, parting with Mrs. Scott, Morton reported at headquarters and was told he had been detailed to take charge of the squads of soldiers who were on their way to join their regiments in Upper Canada. These men had been detailed on special duty either at Quebec or Montreal, or left behind in hospital, all in charge of non-commissioned officers. When he gave the order to march, Morton had quite a respectable command. The march to the head of the Soo rapids was over fifteen miles, and the day being raw, with a high west wind and occasional pelting showers of rain and sleet, it tried the mettle of the men, for the road was a mere track of mud holes. About half-way, a farmer hailed Morton from the door of his log-house, which stood nigh the side of the road, and invited him to halt his corps, as his wife had something hot for them. The big pot, left to simmer day and night at a corner of the fireplace, was full to the brim with hot soup, thick enough to stand dilution, and the can of each soldier was filled. Conversing with the farmer Morton learned he was a United Empire Loyalist.

"Do any of your neighbors favor the Americans?"

"Not one," replied the farmer. "From the Highlanders at River Beaudette to the English and Germans on the bay of Quinte, we all wish to be left alone. Why should I have left the States over twenty years ago to come and begin life over again on this spot had I desired to be a republican?"

"Did you lose much when you left the States?"

"I left a good farm that was confiscated because I would not take the oath of allegiance, and my stock I had to sell for a song."

"You have no love then for the Americans?"

"I want to live in peace with them. They are our neighbors and they are kind neighbors. I do not blame them for the war—they were all against it. Their politicians are to blame."

"What will you and your neighbors do should Wilkinson win the day?"

"That, sir, is a question I would not expect one wearing your coat to ask, for it is your duty to beat him. Supposing he does overrun the country, he may possess our land but he cannot conquer our spirit. We have made our choice, British we are, and British we will be, were the roads lined with Yankee soldiers."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Morton. "People of your stamp are worth fighting for."

"My four sons are with Colonel Scott, and I have my musket ready to join them when Wilkinson comes. The Americans cannot force us to do what we have made up our minds not to do. They have chosen their kind of government and all we ask of them is to be left to enjoy the allegiance we prefer. Is not that fair?—that they allow us the same choice of government that they have taken themselves?"

"Fair or unfair, they will not," replied Morton. "They are going to try to force their government and institutions upon you at the point of the bayonet."

"They can't do it, sir! We shall die first. They may pull down the Union Jack, for they have numbers, but they cannot tear from our hearts the love of which it is the sign."

"With all their strength, they have not done much so far," remarked Morton. "A cause that has not justice behind it limps badly. Good-bye, my honest friend, I see the soldiers are ready for the march. Before the week is out, I hope you will hear good news from us."

At the head of the Soo, Morton found Colonel Scott completing a battery of earth and logs. With a hearty grasp of his hand, he asked Morton to excuse him, as the battery must be finished while there was daylight. Detailing an orderly to lead the men to the camp and to show Morton the house where he was to stay, he turned to the task of hauling a cannon into position. The farm house to which Morton was led was kept by a widow, and gave covering at night to the Colonel and as many of his officers as could be packed on its floors, while the barns were given to the rank and file. Everybody being busy, Morton looked around him. The country he had passed over from Cornwall was different from anything he had seen in Canada and more resembled his native England. The bush had been pushed well back from the river, giving place to good-sized fields generally free from stumps. The farmers were U. E. Loyalists, part of them Highland Scotch and English, but more of them Germans. The lapse of twenty-five years or so since they had fled to Canada had enabled them to work the transformation

from wilderness to the fine farming country he saw.

Officers began to drop into the widow's house as it grew dark, all tired, wet, and hungry, Colonel Scott last of all. After a rude but plentiful dinner, they gathered by the log-fire, when Morton had to tell of Hampton's advance and retreat and then of his own escape. Hampton's movements interested them much as having a bearing on Wilkinson. One by one the officers threw themselves on the floor to sleep, until Morton was left alone with the Colonel.

"Do you think should Hampton fail to cooperate, that Wilkinson will give up?" asked Morton.

"If he does, he is a greater coward than we take him to be. His army by itself has more thousands than there are hundreds in Montreal to face him. He has no need of Hampton's aid."

"I did not know we are so weak."

"Yes, Morton, we are weak, scandalously weak on the island of Montreal. His Excellency ran away with the idea that Kingston was to be the object of Wilkinson's attack and drew from Montreal the men that ought to have been left there."

"The prospect is not encouraging," observed Morton.

"It is not; but it is ours to do our duty. Wilkinson is a vain-glorious braggart, who would rather boast as to what he is going to do than act. Our strength lies in his weakness. He has an army that, if led by a general deserving the name, could sweep everything before it to the gates of the citadel at Quebec."

"What can we do?" queried Morton.

"Harass him, dog his footsteps, shoot every man we can, sink his boats. If he ever gets to the island of Montreal he shall have paid full toll. But

let us to rest, Morton. Every hour of daylight is precious, and I must be astir before sunrise."

Next morning Morton was assigned the duty of looking over the country to the west, to note each ravine, eminence, and swamp, and prepare a rough map.

"To what purpose, Colonel?" he asked.

"Don't you see that our planting batteries along the rapids will prove useless should Wilkinson land part of his army to flank them? In that event we shall have to hide our cannon in the bush or spike them."

"And am I to plot the field of action for the benefit of this flanking party?" queried Morton, smiling.

"Tut, tut," exclaimed the Colonel, "this is no time for pleasantry. Your map will be of use should an opportunity come of our advancing to face the flanking party."

The duty assigned interested Morton and was one for which his training in England had given him skill. He became so engrossed with it that he travelled so far westward that he found, when declining daylight warned him to halt, he had gone farther than would make his return to his quarters easy. Pocketing sketch and compass he turned backward, making what haste he could, but long before he was near his destination it was so dark that he found it impossible to go on in the mud, and gladly turned to the light that came from a farmhouse which lay near the highway. The barking of a couple of dogs warned the inmates of his approach, and the door opening revealed a comfortable interior. Calling to the dogs to lie down, the farmer welcomed Morton, who found a seat at the side of the log-fire that blazed in the ample chimney.

"Pliny," he cried, "pull off the officer's boots," and a lad helped Morton to divest himself of his top-boots, wet and crusted with clay.

"Now watch what I will do," said his host, who fetched a box and proceeded to fill the boots with oats. "In the morning, you will ask for your boots and find them dry and soft; oats soak up the wet in them, and as the oats swell, stretch the leather. Lots of people stand wet boots before the fire, which shrinks them and makes them hard."

Supper was ready, waiting for the sons who were helping Colonel Scott. When they arrived a plenteous meal was enjoyed. The sole topic of conversation at the table was the expected appearance of the invaders. The table cleared, the family settled down for the evening, gathering round the fireplace whose blaze was the only light. The heat was grateful, for the evening had turned cold. All were busy. The father was repairing harness, his eldest son, Pliny, mended boots, the younger brothers were paring apples for drying, while the mother knit and the daughters carded. None were idle. Morton, curious to know the sentiment of the people questioned his host, who was ready for a talk. While answering without reserve, he freely inquired into Morton's experience and doings, and their conversation had an interested though silent audience. The name of his host was John Crysler, as was that of his father, and both had served in the war of the revolution. All were proud to be known as United Empire Loyalists and were as determined as men could be to resist coming under the rule of the Americans. At the time of the war of the revolution, he said, "I was too young, too small to shoulder a musket, but I beat the drum in the Rangers. Huh! Butler was the lad to jump on the Yanks when they thought he was fifty miles away."

"And what happened after the war?" asked Morton.

"Father and all of us had to leave, for the rebels robbed us of everything. They didn't call it robbery. What was their word, Pliny."

"Con-fis-ca-shun."

"Yes, that was it. All the same, it meant taking what belonged to our family; so left nothing, we made for Canada, and now, they are after us again."

"How comes it that you, being Germans, are so attached to the British cause?"

"We are all Germans for miles round here and all feel as I do. The reason is this—long before I was born the King of France tried to conquer my forefathers. They were Protestants and the King offered us the choice of becoming Catholics or being exterminated. The Protestants refusing to abjure the pure Evangel, the King let loose his soldiers to rob and kill. The whole country was aflame with burning farm-steadings and corpses were lying by every road-side. Not all were killed. There was an English army in the Low Countries that winter, and thousands fled to it. The General, the great Marlborough, received them kindly and secured shipping to carry them away. Some found homes in England and Ireland, and some were sent to the American colonies. Wherever they went the British government was kind to them, helping them to get a fresh start in life. My grandfather like many others, got a grant of land west of Albany, and they were all thriving when the revolution broke out. Seeing we were foreigners, few of us could speak anything else than German, the Yankees counted on our siding with them. They were mistaken. Our people had come through such persecution as I dare not tell for shame, and were grateful to the nation

that had opened to them a door of escape. The old people, who knew all that had happened, taught their children to trust Britain as their guardian and friend, so when the Americans rose to overthrow British rule we were on the King's side. You call us German—so we are in a sense, but our proper name and the name we give ourselves is Palatines, for our fathers were driven from the Palatinate."

"And when the American war was ended, what followed?" asked Morton.

"Why, as I told you a while ago, the victorious Yankees robbed us of everything. The British government was again our friend, and told us, if we could manage to reach Canada, we should be given grants of land and help to live until we could clear enough to grow what would support us; and Britain kept her word. It looks now as if the Yanks were going to rob us a second time of what we have got by sore toil."

"It is hard," was Morton's comment.

"So I say. We want to live in peace and keep what we have worked for and here they are coming to rob us a second time."

"They have not done it yet."

"No, sir; and they may get more than they are counting on."

"You do not love the Americans?"

"Well, I have nothing against them, if they would only leave us alone and live and let live. Our neighbors across the river are as kind neighbors as any man could wish to have."

"That is true," interrupted his wife. "Perhaps you heard of what happened a few miles up the river. The father was taken to work on building Fort Wellington, and with him every man in the settlement fit to lift a spade. Kept longer than they

counted on, food ran short at home, and many families were in want. The women knew there were provisions to be got by crossing the river, but were in terror of the guards whom the American government had posted to prevent Canadians from going over. The children of one family were so hungry they said they would try. Waiting for dark, they rowed across and crept to the door of an old friend. Were they not welcomed—kissed and hugged! And then, when they told what had brought them—that they had had nothing to eat that day—were they not stuffed, and when they left was not their boat laden with provisions! The story the children told caused others to venture across in the dead of night, and old friendships were renewed and are kept up still, in spite of guards and spies.”

“And why should we not be friends?” asked a woman who had quietly entered while this story was telling, and having laid down her lantern, stood behind the circle. “Is not human nature stronger than declarations of war? Brotherly love is not to be smothered by the orders of colonels and generals. Christ did not spurn the Syro Phenician woman, nor Elijah leave the heathen widow to starve. If love glowed in every bosom there would be no war and no jealousy among peoples of different nations. I rejoice to know, Mrs. Crysler, that the war has not made us and our neighbors on the other bank of the river forget we ought to be one in Christ.”

Morton was much struck by the appearance of the woman, motherly yet dignified, but more so by her words. She went on speaking, giving a homily in a quiet, conversational tone on the power of love to solve every difficulty and sweeten every trial. Singing of hymns and prayer followed. Declining to remain for the night and the offer of Pliny to see her

on her way, she lit the candle of her lantern and left for a house on an adjoining lot, where she was told there was a sick child. On her ^e *départure* Morton was told she was a worthy successor of Barbara Heck, full of good works, and keeping alive the spirit of piety among the settlers, who, when the war broke out, were preparing to build a Methodist church.

In a corner of the big kitchen Morton found a bed on skins of wild animals spread upon the floor. The household was astir before daylight. At breakfast Morton asked what the family intended doing when the American army made its appearance. Like their neighbors along the river front, they had made preparations for a sojourn in the bush, where the women and children would find shelter while the men took their muskets and joined Colonel Scott.

Enquiring as to the nature of the country west of his farm, his host told him of a singular settler within an hour's walk farther up the river. He lived alone with his servant and must have means for what work was done in clearing his lot he hired. He took care of his garden, which was the talk of the country for flowers. His other recreation was fishing and hunting. He never spoke of himself, but from the lot of books he had the conjecture of some was that he had been a clergyman, while others guessed he must have been a play-actor, for he declaimed rather than talked. Morton decided to call upon him, and after a vigorous walk, came in view of the home of this remarkable settler. It was in no way distinguished from other shanties, beyond that, on a point of land overlooking the river, there was a small pavilion built of cedar poles. Morton was about to knock at the door when he was stopped by a voice from behind "You wish to see my mas-

ter?" Turning, Morton was startled by seeing a dwarf, whose large head was set below his shoulders. "He was gone to the bush with his gun, but I expect him back soon." On Morton's replying he had no special business, the dwarf declared he must wait, that his master took pleasure in speaking with all passersby and would blame him for not detaining one who wore the King's uniform. "Is there any word of Wilkinson?" "Yes," responded the dwarf with an important air. "A neighbor told me an hour ago he was nigh Ogdensburg; but we are ready for him; he will be sorry; I pity him; he does not know what he will get when he meets us." Morton, amused with the important air of the little man and his confident tone, said he would wait for his master and was shown into the shanty. Beyond three shelves of books at one end of it there was nothing to indicate its occupant was other than a common settler. While the dwarf busied himself with his cooking, Morton sat outside the door enjoying the prospect, for the day was mild. "There he comes," shouted the servant, and there emerged from the bush a dog followed by a slightly built man with a gun in one hand and a brace of partridges in the other. He gave Morton's hand a warm grip, declaring it was a pleasure to have a visit from an officer. "It is so tiresome to meet people who can only talk about cows and horses and pigs, that it is a genuine relief to have a guest who has higher interests."

Though coarsely dressed, Morton perceived his host was a gentleman and was struck by the expression of strong intellect that tan and shaggy locks could not hide. They had finished dinner and were sitting in front of the house when a horseman appeared. He was carrying dispatches and would go as far as Cornwall, whence the letters would go on

to Montreal by boat. There was no sign of the American flotilla when he left Prescott. While he halted Morton wrote a note to Colonel Scott, telling where he was and that he would be back next morning. "Come now," said his host, "we will go to my lounging-place and have a good talk." Seated in it the view of the river was entrancing. Looking upwards the houses of settlers were seen peeping where the foliage of the trees allowed; downwards were a number of islets whose trees laved their lowest branches in the stream. Morton felt the influence of this mighty river, heightened by its setting in the all pervading forest. "It is a glorious view; would I could conceive thoughts worthy of the inspiration it gives," remarked Morton.

"I have watched it," replied his host, "in all its moods and they are ever changing and the same wish has come to me a hundred times. The finger of Nature in its grandest aspects touches strings in our being which vibrate but to which, no matter how eagerly we try, we are never able to give expression. We are sensible of the invisible touch that would lift us upward, but cannot grasp the hand. It would take a Shakespeare to translate the whisperings of this river of the North."

"To come down from the undefinable to fact, may I ask, are you dwellers on the bank of the river not in danger from your neighbors opposite you?"

"The knowledge that we could annoy them equal to their power to injure us, constrains us to mutual good behaviour. There are guards at prominent points who are supposed to maintain a lookout. By the way, what am I to call you?"

"As my coat declares, I am a lieutenant in an infantry regiment and my name is Morton."

"Call me Grant. As a settler I am a misfit, but

I enjoy this retreat more than I ever did the busy haunts of men. As a soldier your business is war. Can it be justified?"

"The answer must be, that conditions justify or condemn it. So long as life and property are in danger from the covetous, war is necessary. In an ideal state, even supposing such a thing as our being all Quakers, it would be not only superfluous but the maintenance of an army would be a crime."

Grant—You answer well. Conditions justify or condemn more of the world's acts than the use of arms. Thus, we hear much of republicanism as the discovery that is to open to the world the golden age. It depends on having an intelligent and moral people. Worked by an ignorant or unprincipled population, republicanism fails. Looking at American politicians I have forebodings. Whatever success it may have will come from the United States having a large body of thrifty farmers. Rulers may blunder or be corrupt, but if those who cultivate the soil are intelligent enough to know what is to their interest, they supply a check that will keep the government on the road of safety. In the cultivation of the soil the prosperity and happiness of man rests, for the majority have not enough to eat. To devise constitutions and draft statutes is of no avail to relieve the misery which exists. In this new country there is an opportunity to own land and make it produce, and the farmer has not to give up a portion of the fruits of his toil to a privileged class. That will go to save the new republic, and not its constitution.

Morton—You said the sword had its legitimate use. Can those who draw it look for Heaven's help? Men never come nearer to God than when marching into battle.

Grant—You mean, does Heaven intervene to save men in battle. You see that house opposite us. I will suppose the family who live in it is in need of help. Hearing of their condition, a kind man determines to go to them. The only boat at his disposal is leaky. He risks getting across in it. Will the good intentions of the man, or the laudable purpose of his errand, prevent the water rushing in and swamping the boat? There are natural laws which are inexorable. It would never do otherwise. If water did not flow through an opening because the rower was a good man, but would if he was intent on evil, what dependence could we place on gravitation, on which everything we handle and surrounds us depends? The soldier enters a field where bullets shred the air and he sees an enemy waiting to kill him. Dare he expect the bullets will be harmless to him because the loftiest sentiments of patriotism swell in his breast?

Morton—In this war, our churches are praying for victory to the British arms.

Grant—You change the question from the material to the moral domain. It would be foolish to pray that swords and bayonets will not pierce or bullets kill, but it is proper to pray that God may so mould the mind and hearts of those who use the weapons, that they will do so ineffectively. The commander may make a blunder that gives victory to his opponents, or the soldiers be stricken with panic and run. Let us not confound the material with the moral world. There is no piety in praying that we may be saved by supernatural aid from the penalties of breaking natural laws that our intelligence makes plain to us, but I have no regard for the man who denies there is a supernatural direction in whatever touches the mind. I have sat here, in

winter, when the river was a great white plain, glistening in the moonlight, when every breath seemed like a draught of ice and the snow grunched under the heel as if in pain. but, though, not sensible to sight or feeling, I knew that under the thick ribbed ice flowed the mighty stream we are looking upon. I am as much assured as that I am a living man, there is an invisible Being who knows everything I do, and out of whose sight I cannot go.

Morton—That thought appals me.

Grant—So once it did me. I stripped my mind of all prepossessions until I stood naked before God and asked myself, Am I going to make a friend of the great I am who made me and everything I see, or am I to defy and shut him out of my mind and heart? I sought him, I yearned for him, I hated the mistakes and sins that kept me from him. It was difficult, it was hard work, but I persevered and each year I became more sensible of conversing with him whose subject I am. I sought help from neither church nor priest, for the decision as to what is to be our relation to God is one which each individual must make, and each one of us does make it.

Morton—Millions are not conscious of making such a decision.

Grant—Their not being aware of having made such a decision does not affect the fact that they have made it. The choice of good or evil is offered to each one of us. In turning his back to the good he knows he could do, a man has made his decision.

Morton—It is a hard doctrine to throw the responsibility on each one of us.

Grant—How can flesh and blood come between my spirit and God? The question as to what my relation to God is to be, must be settled in my own

bosom. That it is in my power to forget him, to rely on myself, is plain, but, then, I would go through life without his fellowship. Morton, if you have not done so, I would ask you to take the Gospel of John and read it and reread it, until it becomes part of your being, until admiration of Christ fills your soul. Admiration melts into love, and love begets obedience. Love of Christ is the only attribute of our being that never palls upon us. The scholar may grow tired of his books, the devotee of science become filled with despair, the seeker after pleasure, wealth, or position feel in his inmost soul he has spent his days in snatching at dust and ashes, but in the love I speak of there is no sorrow, no dissatisfaction, no repining, for the soul has found the only food that can satisfy it. This love is the sole attribute of our being that strengthens and deepens with age, and causes us to look forward with confidence to the moment when our eyes shall be unsealed, and we shall see him whom we have spoken with and yearned after so long.

Wishing to change the subject, Morton asked upon whom the responsibility for the war would rest.

Grant—For great national convulsions, for the throwing open by war of the floodgates of all that is evil, we blame individuals. That is not always right. It is easy to say President Madison and his party are accountable for this war, but they could not have brought it about had the people of the Republic not been possessed of such a hatred of England that they could make Napoleon their hero, and grown so proud of their success that they thought nothing could withstand them, that their covetous desire to possess Canada would be easy to gratify.

Hours sped in conversation about books, men

whom Grant had met, and countries he had visited, so that it was late before sleep was sought. The dwarf offered Morton a bed on the floor, but he preferred the barn, with its fresh-smelling hay. It was long past midnight when a shrill yell of Help: Murder, awoke him. He seized his sword and rushed to the house. Dashing open the door he saw two men, one grasping the squirming body of the dwarf as he struggled and yelled, the other bending over Grant as he lay in his bed, apparently choking him. The fellow who was holding the dwarf on seeing Morton shouted "Soldiers" and leapt out of the window. The other jumped to his feet to follow, but before he cleared the window Morton stabbed him. On moving to pursue them the dwarf caught him by the legs and would not let go. "Stay," he cried, "they will be back to murder us." The dip of oars, as a boat left the river bank, showed pursuit was useless. Stirring up the log-fire to throw more light, Morton turned to examine Grant. He was lying unconscious, with the dwarf holding his head and crying in lamentable tones, "My master, my dear master! oh, he is dead!" Not finding any wound, no injury except the black marks on the throat caused by the villain who had tried to throttle him, Morton felt reassured. Ordering the dwarf to fetch water and bathe his head, Morton put his hand over the heart to feel if it beat. A few anxious minutes passed when he said, "He lives!" The dwarf gave him a grateful look he never forgot. The heart beat became stronger as circulation was restored, but that was the only sign of life. The dwarf explained the man had struck him on the head before trying to choke him. The story he told was, he had been awakened by two men entering by the window, which had been left open for the night was

mild. They made for the master, demanding where his money was hid, saying if he would not tell they would murder him. Just then the dwarf yelled Murder, when one of the two seized him and flung him on the floor, telling him to be quiet. He persevered in shouting and was struggling when Morton burst in the door with drawn sword in hand. The dwarf said his master had the reputation of being rich and he had no doubt it was men from the American side of the river who had come to rob him. Examining his sword, Morton saw there was blood on it. One of the miscreants has got his pay, he said to himself. On daylight coming, they examined the river bank, saw where the villains had drawn up their boat, and a few drops of dried blood on the stones. The dog they had silenced by smashing his skull. Morton left, telling the dwarf he might remain unconscious for hours. Calling at the first house on his way back to the Soo he told of what had happened, when the entire family, startled by the news, left to see what help they could give.

On getting back to the widow's lodging, Morton found all the officers gone. Stepping out he joined a group on the river bank. He was told word had come by a messenger who arrived that morning that Wilkinson was near Ogdensburg and preparing to pass Fort Wellington at Prescott. Fearful that the cannon of the fort might work him damage, he was landing his men above Ogdensburg, to march down the southern side of the river, and re-embark at a safe point. The suspense was painful. Would not the guns at Fort Wellington smash the flotilla and end the invasion? It was known that great care had been used in mounting batteries that would rake the river and that they were fully manned. Great was the disappointment when

at noon a messenger came in with the news that the flotilla had safely run past the fort on the night of the 6th of November.

"That blasts our hope of checking the Americans," remarked Colonel Scott. "There is nothing now to hinder them reaching us."

Before the day was over another messenger arrived with the further intelligence that, learning there were batteries along the north bank awaiting the coming of the flotilla, 1,200 men, under command of Colonel Macomb, had been landed at the head of the Galop rapids, and were now marching downwards, removing these obstructions as they went.

"This makes all our labor useless," remarked an officer to Morton. "We are unable to fight such a force and all our cunningly devised batteries go for nothing."

"It does look rather blue," replied Morton, "but we can hang on the flank of the invader and make it lively for him," and he thought of Hemlock and what he could have done in such a case.

The excitement was now so intense that many that night could sleep only by snatches, starting at sound of horse hoofs. Next day from dawn to dark every eye was directed up the St. Lawrence eagerly watching for the first glimpse of the great flotilla. While they were at a late dinner there was a cry of a canoe in sight, when the table was deserted. The glow of departing day was still reflected by the glassy waters of the mighty river, while over it hung a crescent moon. The canoe was seen to be occupied by one man, who was paddling with the easy stroke that bespoke an Indian. As he drew near his grizzled locks told he was an old one. On seeing the group watching him, among them many red-coats, he bent towards them.

“Colonel Scott?” he cried.

“Yes; that is him.” Whereupon the Indian shot the canoe up the bank, then, getting out, hauled it high. The Colonel stepped towards him, when the Indian, upsetting the canoe, took a knife, ripped off a big patch of birch bark from the bottom, and a letter dropped into his hand, which he gave to the Colonel, who walked towards the house to read it in private. The Indian was taciturn; and answered questions curtly. It was drawn from him he had come from Kingston and had passed through the flotilla that morning.

“Heap boats,” he exclaimed, “and me heap hungry.” He was entrusted to a soldier to take him to the camp kitchen; and the officers returned to the house, anxious to hear the contents of the letter the Indian had so cunningly concealed. “I have unexpected good news,” said the Colonel. “The letter is from Colonel Morrison of the 89th, known to all of you, I think. He states that on General Rottenberg learning the design of the flotilla is to capture Montreal and not Kingston, he consulted with Lieutenant Mulcaster, when that naval officer offered to take any force he might see fit to send and follow the Americans. Four boats were got ready, and in them embarked eight companies of the 49th and nine of the 89th, the command of the little force being entrusted to Colonel Morrison. Chauncey had undertaken with Wilkinson to guard his rear, and had his gunboats stretched across the Thousand Islands to prevent any British force passing. On the night of the 7th November Mulcaster, with a few gunboats, sailed out of Kingston harbor, and the four boats filled by soldiers. He escorted them by channels that defied Chauncey’s vigilance, and morning found them beyond his pursuit. That day they

reached Prescott, which was no longer in danger, the flotilla having passed, so Colonel Pearson joined him with the two flank companies of the 49th, which had been sent to help the defence of Fort Wellington, and a number of militia, 240 in all, bringing Colonel Morrison's little army up to 800. Desirous of letting Colonel Scott know that he was coming he wished him to understand the exact situation. The Americans having taken possession of the roads on the north side of the river, a message going by land would have a doubtful fate, so the Indian and his canoe was tried.

The Indian, now refreshed, was sent for and questioned as to the flotilla. He said that the boats were tied up to the south bank when he passed. He was stopped and searched. Satisfied he had no despatch he was let go. As he paddled on his way he passed a long line of American soldiers marching on the north bank. This was the force, under command of Macomb, whom Wilkinson had landed below Prescott to clear the bank of Canadian sharpshooters and capture batteries if any were found.

An animated conversation ensued among the officers. It was agreed that the coming of Colonel Morrison changed the situation, and that with his aid any force the Americans might land could be faced. The danger was Macomb might be upon them ahead of Morrison. Still it was encouraging to know that six hundred of the best infantry in the British army was on the way.

Next morning Morton joined the group gathered on a point of the river gazing westward, expecting some indication that the coming flotilla would momentarily sweep into sight. A tall fellow was volubly telling how, if he had command, he would defeat the Americans. "I would load the biggest boat I

could find with Jamaica rum and run her on a shoal. The Americans would come along and say, Here is a prize, the Britishers could not get her off, and they would jump into her, and when they would find what was her cargo, wouldn't they yell with delight! Men who, since the war started, have had to put up with potato whisky, would have the cockles of their hearts warmed with the real old stingo. And the other boats would gather round and carry off a barrel apiece until there would be the biggest drunk ever heard tell of, and when they got into the swift water they would not know what to do. Some would be swamped and some wrecked on the shore. A hundred kegs of rum would fix them all. I know how it could be done, but Sam Slim, ain't nowhere. Oh no! These big jinks with gold epaulettes won't listen to me. That's one plan; I have lots more."

When Sam left, one of his listeners remarked his tongue hung looser than usual.

It was a rare morning. While pleasantly warm, a white frost during the night had left a crispness in the air that gave a flavor to each breath and induced more to exertion than rest. The sun shone through a blue haze, suggestive of smoke, that mellowed whatever it fell upon, blending rock, and water, and forest into one harmonious whole. The woods retained some shreds of their recent rich coloring, for the oaks and beeches which abounded had sufficient foliage to delight the eye. Everything was soft, subdued, dreamy, steeped in that atmosphere which is peculiar to the North American autumn. It was a perfect day in the far too brief Indian summer. The Indian who had brought the letter from Morrison was in his canoe, fishing, and the echo of occasional shots told of hunters in the woods for partridge. Morton had given himself up to the enjoy-

ment of the rare scene, more indicative of rest and peaceful beauty than any picture that ever left the brush of painter, when the voice of Colonel Scott brought back his wandering thoughts from Maggie and what Mrs. Scott had told him to the harsh duties of war.

"I am returning to Cornwall," he said, "and I wish to tell you what you are to do while I am absent. You will march your men after dinner to any place you may select north of the road by which the Americans are coming, and await Colonel Morrison's force, which you are to join. I leave it to your discretion how you are to do this."

Morton bowed and answered that he would do his best. "But why the haste? The Americans cannot get over these roads at the double-quick and no boat has shown itself?"

"There are more than infantry en route. I am advised the enemy crossed their cavalry to the north bank and they will quickly cover the few miles between them and where we are."

"Strange the boats are so long on the way," remarked Morton.

"I cannot explain their slow progress unless I accept the report that Wilkinson is casting about for an excuse to abandon the expedition. He left Grenadier island on the 29th of October, only eighty miles from where we are standing, and though favored by sailing down stream and with delightful weather, he, after ten days, is not within hail."

"It does look as if he were killing time," agreed Morton. "A sharp night's frost would give him excuse enough to land his forces on the American shore before he is fairly committed to Canadian waters."

With, "I rely on you, Morton, to do your best," the Colonel turned away.

After dinner Morton marshalled his little company, less than thirty in number, and, guided by a farmer's son, struck off the main road for a spot suitable for a temporary camp. That afternoon the American cavalry, a powerful body of men, passed down the road to the head of the Soo and occupied the camp the British had vacated in the morning, to await the flotilla. Morton's anxiety was intense. At daylight he got a young farmer to go and see what was being done. He returned at noon stupefied with astonishment at the sights he had witnessed. "It is all up with us," he told Morton in a faltering voice. "The whole United States has come down the river and we may as well give in." He said when he got to the old camp all was quiet, with men at the landing looking up the river for the flotilla. He joined them and all at once a man shouted "See that flag moving round the bend!" Then a boat shot out from behind the trees, and another, and another, long strings of 'em. Jim Lucas cried out, Is there no end to them? When the first boat came alongside the landing there were hundreds still acoming. Gosh, captain, it was grand. Wish you had been there! Acres of boats, could not see the river for their hiding it. Big open boats full of soldiers. There was a real big one, with a shanty on it and flying the biggest flag of the lot; might be the general's. Such shouting and yelling there was as the boats tied up, for I heard a cavalry man say they would have to wait until the Britishers were cleared from the river bank along the rapids."

Although it was only the long-expected that had come, Morton could not suppress a feeling of apprehension, which was increased by the arrival of excited settlers during the day, who brought such marvellous reports of the number of American sol-

diers, their cannon, and the size of their gunboats, that Morton had forebodings of disaster to the British arms, such as had overtaken Burgoyne and Cornwallis. He was greatly relieved, when two scouts he had sent to watch from the river bank rushed in breathless to tell him the British boats were in sight. He at once got his men in readiness to move. At dark an Indian suddenly slipped in to report the British had landed and were encamped within half a mile of him. Morton gave the word to march. Guided by the Indian they fyled through the bush until the glow of the British campfires showed where their comrades were. They had encamped in a pine-grove. Everywhere soldiers were stretched on the ground, so wearied they slept despite the cold, for a raw east wind had sprung up and the sky was swept by scurrying clouds. Leaving his men to join them, Morton followed an orderly to where Colonel Morrison was passing the night. He was alone, seated on a fallen tree trying to study a map by the light of a camp-fire. He welcomed Morton and invited him to sit beside him, eager to learn all he knew of the position of the enemy. When told the flotilla had halted for the night within a short distance of where he was, the Colonel's face brightened. "I have caught up with Wilkinson at last; I will be to blame if I do not pluck some of his feathers." Morton suggested a night attack. "No," responded the Colonel, "attacks in the dark where you do not know the ground are risky, and, anyway, my lads need a night's rest, they have been on the move since they left Kingston." Placing the sketch-map Morton had made of the locality before him the Colonel pored over it, asking many questions as to the nature of the bush and of the land, whether dry or boggy. Suddenly he asked, "What do you advise?"

Morton answered, "Charge them at daybreak while the boats are getting ready to leave."

"You do not know, sir, how small my force is. I have scarce 700 men on whom I can rely. To throw such a handful against an army reputed to have 7000 infantry, together with a regiment of cavalry, and gunboats that would rake us as we advanced, would be fool-hardiness. Your map shows the country does not favor a surprise, it is flat and clear of bush. We should be seen a mile away. I must think of some plan to induce Wilkinson to attack us."

Seeing the Colonel wished to be alone, Morton sought a bed among the needles of a nearby giant pine. He watched the Colonel, who continued sitting in front of the fire, gazing moodily into the glowing embers, with the sketch-map in his left hand. He was a much younger man than Morton had expected to meet, for he was scarce turned thirty, but his face told of a serious soul that took life in all earnestness. Young as he was he had seen much service both in Europe and the West Indies. In a battle in Holland he had been so severely wounded that his recovery was not looked for. Conscious he was no ordinary man Morton lay awake scanning him. When he at last rose to rest where his servant had spread a couple of blankets, Morton was astounded to see him drop on his knees in prayer before wrapping his cloak around him. "This is no common soldier," said Morton to himself.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BATTLE OF CRYSLER

With a band of thirty Indians watching their camp the British soldiers slept securely, though not comfortably, for they had no tents. Morton woke shivering and wished it was daylight. Replenishing the fire, around which a number of officers were sleeping, he lay down again and thought of the coming fight. That the enemy would be beaten he had no doubt, and he exulted in the approaching trial of strength and skill. He ran over in his mind all he had seen of the American soldiers at Four Corners and afterwards, and did not believe they could make up by numbers what they lacked in efficiency. It was not their ignorance of the elements of drill, which these republicans despised and would not submit to, so much as the low estimate they held their officers, the open contempt for those they did not like, and their disobedience of orders when they did not chime with their own notions. In a battle, with anything short of overwhelming numbers, he was confident the British would win. With daylight the wind rose and the clouds it drove before it betokened a storm. The boats which had brought the British force from Kingston also carried supplies, and relief parties carried from them provisions that gave a plentiful breakfast of its kind. As the men were

clustered near their camp fires, cooking their coarse fare, Colonel Morrison passed from group to group, to see that none were neglected and to give an encouraging word. The men were in high spirits, the fire of battle was in their blood at the prospect of meeting the enemy, whom they had been following for four days and had now overtaken.

Leaving the camp, Colonel Morrison, accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel Harvey, who commanded the 49th, the same regiment and the same leader who acted so daringly at Stoney Creek, walked over the field in front, and as near the flotilla as they could without attracting attention. The view of the ground decided them in their plans. On coming back they had a brief conference with their officers, to whom Morrison explained he intended making a demonstration in force, as if he designed an immediate attack, hoping to induce Wilkinson to defer sailing and risk an engagement. At this moment the boom of cannon was heard. Muleaster, who commanded the British gunboats, had ordered a couple to drop down and open fire on the American flotilla. This they could do without fear of a return attack, for the *St. Lawrence* ran so swiftly, the American gunboats, which were numerous, could not row up stream. The range was too long to be effective but the attack served to distract Wilkinson's attention and delay the sailing of the flotilla.

The field on which the engagement, if there was to be one, must be fought was narrow, consisting of a strip of cleared land with an ash swamp at one end and on the other the *St. Lawrence*. The ground was level and divided into fields by rail fences, with the shanties of the farmers facing the river bank. The strip of cleared land varied in width, and was nowhere over a mile. Morrison chose for his posi-

tion the narrowest part, which happened to be on the farm of John Crysler. He gave the order to sound the assembly. Issuing from the bush the soldiers emerged on a by-road and, ranging along it, formed in line. Viewed from the American flotilla, over a mile away, the two regiments presented an imposing picture, distance exaggerating their numbers. Wilkinson consulted with his staff, decided it would not be safe to expose the part of his force he had disembarked to lighten the boats for running the Soo rapid, unless he dispersed that formidable line of red coats, so he issued orders that preparations be set afoot to attack them. When Colonel Morrison saw the flotilla was not going to move and that troops were being landed and massed round the landing at Cook's point, he knew they were to give him battle, and for that he prepared. After a hasty dinner he arranged his little force.

His choice of position was decided not only by its being the narrowest part of the strip of cleared land, but by a small ravine that traversed it. From the swamp issued a creek, which, in the course of the ages, had worn for itself a channel wide and deep considering its petty flow. Where it united with the St. Lawrence it might be twenty-five feet below the level, rendering the ravine formidable to any attempt at flanking the British force by the riverside, so Colonel Morrison contented himself with posting a body of sailors, the militia he had picked up at Prescott, and Morton's handful in the buildings of John Crysler, which overlooked the ravine. Between this and the swamp were drawn up the 49th and the 89th, the latter close enough to the swamp to contest any attempt at flanking. Colonel Morrison had three small cannon, six pounders. One he placed at each end of his line and the third in its centre.

Narrow as the field was, there were not men enough to form a line across it, and there was a vacant space of some three hundred yards between the party posted in Crysler's buildings and the 49th. Altogether there were not 800 regulars and sailors to uphold the British cause. When all were in place, the Colonel inspected the line, speaking words of hope as he passed. He asked that they be steady and implicitly obey orders.

On his return to the spot he was to occupy he expressed his confidence in his men. "They are few, but what soldier does not exult when the odds are against him? Here we are, facing an invader who enters our country without provocation, and who stands down there on the river-bank, where he has no right to be. With justice on our side we can trust God will aid our effort to drive him from our soil."

It was now plain that the appearance of the long scarlet line, as if waiting for the order to advance, had the expected effect. The Americans were getting ready to assail them. The command was entrusted to General Boyd, with orders to take two divisions and rout the British. Discipline was so slack that whoever wished could join these divisions. Generals Covington and Swartout voluntarily went with portions of their brigades. There was nothing to obstruct the view, and the British could see the Americans hurrying to form in column.

No observer was more interested than Morton. He had clambered to the peak of Crysler's highest barn, and could see distinctly what was going on. At Sackett's Harbor the Americans had been drilled in battalion and brigade movements and Morton was surprised to see how well the men fell into column, which, as soon as formed, marched towards the up-

per part of the field, to give room for the formation of another. Before long there were six columns, two deep, marched up the field. "Six columns against two," exclaimed Morton to those beside him; "the odds are greater than I expected."

It was a brave sight, marred alone by a leaden sky and a raw wind. The Americans filled the field and the sight of so many soldiers shouldering bayonet-tipped muskets, stepping forward briskly to the music of fife and drum, with banners flying, and the commanding officers on horseback with drawn swords, evoked words of admiration from the British onlookers. As the leading column neared the swamp all six halted and faced to the West. The manoeuvre formed a line that nearly filled the breadth of the field, and brought the Americans face to face with the British line that was immovably awaiting their approach.

"Now comes the clash of arms," said Morton, as his eye ran along the extended line which advanced with steady step. He was premature with his statement. In front of the American line was the ravine, with a fringe of trees on its east side. Behind these trees Morrison had posted an advance guard, composed of volunteers from the farmhouses of the neighborhood, every man of them U. E. Loyalists, together with the band of Indians. As the American line got within range, a puff of smoke came from the trees, the first shot by an Indian. A spitting fire followed, which made a few blanks in the enemy's line. The order to halt was given, and Colonel Ripley was detailed with two companies to dislodge the skirmishers, who on seeing him advance, fled to the ravine behind them, whence they resumed their fire. The Americans made a rush, and got into the ravine, when the skirmishers scattered,

but not quickly enough, for a score were made prisoners. The Indians ran along the ravine to the swamp, whence they kept firing and whooping during the ensuing battle. The whites made for the British line and got behind it. The thousands who were watching the scene from the American landing-place, at the sight of the fleeing British, yelled with delight. Wilkinson, affecting to be too ill to be in the field, viewed what was going on from the top of his house-boat. He exultingly remarked, These are Wellington's veterans before whom our men were to be as stubble. The Americans in line, elated by their success in dispersing the skirmishers, resumed their advance. Crossing the ravine they halted and their line was dressed before bearing down on the British. There is no more imposing sight in the world than an army formed in battle-line, and Morton could not withhold his admiration as he viewed the Americans, two thousand strong, marching bouncingly onward to the tune of Yankee Doodle. The stars and stripes were fluttering while their drums beat wildly and the shrill notes of their fifes mingled with the yells of the men, confident the British would fly as they got close to them. Nearer and nearer they approached the two British battalions, standing silent and unmoved. On came the enemy, shooting as they approached, but not a man moved, the British stood like a wall. Not until they were well within range did Colonel Morrison give the word, when a volley rolled from the British line as steadily delivered as if the men had been on parade. The musketry was seconded by the cannon posted near the swamp. Casualties caused by both brought the Americans to the halt, followed by the command to fire by platoons.

Finding no impression was made by their badly

aimed volleys, while the British bullets were telling on his ranks, General Boyd changed his tactics. He would attempt a flank movement. A regiment swung outwards with orders to cross the ravine as near its head as possible, and sweep down on the end of the British line. The instant Colonel Morrison perceived this move, he ordered the 89th to change its formation, in order to meet the foe face to face. This change, a difficult one to make under fire, was coolly effected, and the men of the 89th, just as the Americans drew near, poured volley after volley into their ranks, causing them to halt. They wavered for a minute or two, but being quickly reinforced, held their ground, and it became a duel between them and the 89th regiment. It was at this time the Americans suffered their severest loss. General Covington received a mortal wound. Colonel Preston, who took his place, was soon wounded and had to be carried to the rear, and Major Cumming, who succeeded him, was next hit, when General Boyd assumed the command. Being so near their boats, the Americans were constantly reinforced by volunteers from them, and there was a continuous going and coming between the flotilla and the fighting-line; the wounded men were being carried to it and skulkers joined them. The contrast between the two opposing columns was marked. The Americans, free in movement, shouted and yelled, often defying their officers, while the British regulars were silent, kept in line, and just close enough to give each man elbow room to load and fire. Once, above the din, rose an ear-piercing yell of "Murder." It came from a poor fellow pierced by a bullet, and it was his last cry.

The men in Morton's charge became excited, their blood was up, they wanted to rush to the help

of the 89th. "I ain't going to stay here," shouted a farmer. Morton gripped him as he was about to leave. "Obey orders, sir, your turn is coming." The wind blew the smoke away so that a clear view was to be had of the combat. It was man against man in the open. The side that endured longest would win, and Morrison had full faith in his men, discipline was telling. For half an hour the combat lasted, a steady fire from the British, while that of the foe was irregular and badly aimed. At one time it slackened for a few minutes, owing to cartridges running short. A fresh supply being received, the firing again became lively. Seeing no effect was visible on the British line, whose fire was dropping man after man, the Americans became restless. At the first sign of wavering, Colonel Morrison ordered his bugler to sound the advance, and the British line, with levelled bayonets, stepped forward with equal step as one man, crossed the ravine, and reformed on its east side. The Americans did not await their charge, but retreated in confusion towards their boats. Boyd saw the danger they were in and to save them from rout he must act promptly. To a body of fresh troops standing by the river he ordered an officer to gallop with a message to advance along the river bank and threaten the British flank. Morrison perceived the move and what disaster it would cause unless checked. His bugler sounded the recall, the men eager in pursuit halted, were reformed, wheeled, and advanced in line on the new force that was trying to get in their rear. At no time during that trying day did the discipline of the British regiments stand them in better stead. Undismayed by the mass of Americans whom they saw coming fast upon them, or the havoc made in their ranks by two of the enemy's cannon, which were admirably served,

they marched to meet them. At the word fire they belched forth a deadly volley. The enemy halted in their advance, fired a scattering volley and fell back. The British hurried their pace, captured one of the cannon with a number of prisoners, while the body of their assailants retreated to their boats. General Boyd, provoked by the failure and realising his critical situation, saw something desperate must be done to save his beaten columns. A squadron of cavalry, kept as a reserve, was standing near the boats awaiting orders. They might do what the infantry had failed to accomplish. A message was sent to proceed along the highway that skirted the St. Lawrence, get around the British flank, and assail them in the rear. Morton, still watching from Crysler's barn, saw the movement and guessed its purpose. He saw the flank companies of the 49th and 89th coming at the double-quick to meet the cavalry, but knew they would be too late. Shouting to all within hearing to follow he led the way to the ravine, at the bottom of which the road crossed the creek by a bridge. They had barely time to hide and get ready when the tramp of advancing hoofs thundered in their ears. Not until the leading files had galloped madly down the descent of the hollow, leapt the creek that flowed along it, and had begun to crowd up the ascent, did Morton shout "Fire." In a flash saddles were emptied and the ravine resounded with the shouts of those taken by surprise and the screams of the wounded. Terrified horses plunged, unseating their riders, and galloping back the way they had come, met the troopers who were hurrying behind, and threw them into confusion. Without waiting for word of command, they wheeled and rushed to the flotilla.

Four times that afternoon had General Boyd

tried to rout the British—he had made a frontal attack, expecting to sweep them before him by weight of numbers, and had been baffled by the steadiness of the thin red line which never wavered; he had tried a flanking movement, to turn the British left, and sustained his heaviest loss; he had endeavored a like movement on the British right, aided by cannon, and again failed. Last of all, he ordered a cavalry charge, and the sight of thirty riderless horses emerging from the ravine of death told him of failure. There was no help for it now, but to take to the boats.

Glancing over the field, the British soldiers saw that in every part of it the Americans were hurrying to where their boats lay—the highway choked by cavalry in disorder and riderless horses, the plain between the river and the swamp strewn with the dead and with moving bodies of infantry that had lost their formation. Two hours of steady fighting had wrought victory, and the men of the 49th and 89th, as they viewed the scene, raised a mighty cheer and pressed forward to tuck of drum. They were within half a mile of where the boats lay when Colonel Morrison had to give the order to halt, for he saw the Americans around the boats were being hastily formed in column to meet him, artillery ready to play upon his ranks and the gunboats swung to bring their cannon to bear. It went against the grain to check the advance of his cheering men, but prudence made it imperative. He realised that he had accomplished all that was possible with his small force. In a stand up fight in the open, that had lasted over two hours, he had repulsed three times his number, captured one cannon, made more than a hundred prisoners, shattered a cavalry charge, driven the enemy backwards three-quarters

of a mile, and now, looking from his advanced position, could see the men of the brigades he had worsted jumping into their boats, which, as they filled, made for the American side of the St. Lawrence.

By dark there was not an American in arms to be seen. The British encamped on the ground the enemy had occupied, and which they had left so hurriedly that they did not wait to ship all their stores. Wet and tired, begrimed by powder, and muddy to the knees, the victorious soldiers prepared to pass the night. There was no shelter, which was the worse to bear, seeing that the weather had become colder, with alternate showers of sleet and snow. Camp fires were soon blazing and these hardy campaigners forgot their discomforts in the joy of victory, and jest and laughter resounded.

Morton having an uneasy feeling that it was possible one or more of his men might be lying wounded in the ravine where the cavalry had met their fate, hurried back to it before daylight was gone. He had satisfied himself his fears were unfounded, and had regained the road on his return, when he heard a faint call. Looking in the direction it came from, he saw an American cavalryman on the ground. Bending over him, he asked where he was wounded.

"I ain't wounded; my horse threw me and the fall broke my back." He added he had no pain, but could not move a finger. "Put your hand inside my coat and you will get a letter in the breast pocket."

Morton did so. "Put it to my lips, it is from my mother. I want you to write her and tell how I died. I have not drawn pay since I left Buffalo, and she is to claim it."

"Tell me her address," said Morton.

"It is in the letter. You promise; I know you

will do it though you are a Britisher. We speak the same and feel the same. It is an unnatural war. The President and his party oughter have been left to fight it. Let my lips feel mother's letter again. God forgive me the sorrow I have given her, for I have been wild. Could you say a prayer, stranger?"

Kneeling beside him, Morton, with swelling heart, prayed Christ would have mercy on the passing soul.

The far off sound of a bugle was heard. "It is the recall," said the dying man. He was muttering something, the purport of which Morton could not catch. The paralysis was rising to his head. Duty called; Morton left him unconscious.

Hurrying to the camp, he tarried at the house of the widow where he had lodged with Colonel Scott. It was so crowded he could not enter, but he heard the widow telling in loud and indignant tones how the Americans had killed her only cow, cooked it and eaten it before her eyes, and when she asked payment was answered that she should thank them for not burning her house. Seeking his command, Morton rested for the night in the open with them.

Next day was one of suspense. The first despatch courier brought word that all the American cavalry and field artillery, fifteen pieces, which had gone by road to Cornwall, was now with General Brown. The next brought the information that the flotilla had tied up for the night on the American side, and after landing their wounded, had run the rapids at daylight, and that Wilkinson had established his camp on Barnhart's island. Morrison had to learn their next move before deciding whether to march to Cornwall or re-embark in his waiting boats. The day passed in burying the dead and arranging

shelter for the wounded, of whom the enemy had abandoned over two score. The muster-roll was called and told of 22 killed, 147 wounded, and 15 missing.

What the American loss was could not be ascertained. 102 of their dead were buried by the British and there were 100 prisoners. Subsequently it was heard the Americans placed their wounded at 270. Late in the evening a messenger came in hot haste with the astonishing intelligence that Wilkinson had decided to give up the expedition, that the cavalry had that afternoon been ferried from Cornwall to the American bank and begun their march to Utica. Few gave the news credence.

"It cannot be," said Colonel Pearson, "that he would give up when he has the men and equipment to capture Montreal."

A subaltern, eager to have another encounter and hopeful of promotion, cursed him for prematurely killing the campaign. "Just when we had got into good shape to follow him he gives up the game." Before many hours had passed, the news was confirmed. On landing on Barnhart's island Wilkinson had called a council-of-war and informed the officers Hampton had refused to join him at St. Regis and had gone into winter quarters. With the exception of two, who suggested an alternative, the council voted to give up the expedition. Wilkinson made one of his voluble harangues, denouncing Hampton, "by whose extraordinary, unexampled, and unwarrantable conduct I am compelled to retire when the prize is within my grasp. What a golden opportunity has been lost by the caprice of Major-General Hampton. I disclaim all shadow of blame. To General Hampton's outrage of every principle of subordination and discipline must be ascribed the

failure of the expedition. He ought to be arrested and tried for his pernicious and unwarrantable conduct and endure heavy penalties," and so on. These denunciations imposed on none of his officers, who understood Wilkinson. A few days before he had boasted "our bayonets and sabres shall remove all impediments" to reaching Montreal, and now he abandoned the expedition when within two days' sail of it. His officers knew that he was secretly rejoicing over getting quit of a task he was not fit for and in doing so to be able to throw the blame on Hampton, whose 4,000 men were not needed, and for whom, had they come, room could not have been found in the boats. The American commander, however, was not cured of boasting. He bragged that for two and a half hours the choicest of Wellington's veterans had been held up by undisciplined republicans.

"Our work is ended," said Colonel Morrison, "and it is for us to get back to Kingston at once, before winter seals the St. Lawrence, and report readiness for whatever fresh duty the General calls us."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE RAID ON MALONE

When word came that the American army had gone into winter quarters at Fort Covington—the boats moored in the Salmon river and sheds run up on its banks to answer as barracks,—it was seen a new danger had to be provided against. In a few weeks the St. Lawrence would be frozen, when the Americans would be within an easy march of Cornwall. Their occupying Cornwall would mean the cutting off of all communication between Lower and Upper Canada, for the only road that united the two provinces was that along which the straggling houses which composed Cornwall was built. The preservation of communication between Montreal and the upper provinces was vital to the British interest. So long as there was a probability of the American army making a dash across the ice, Cornwall must be defended, and to do so it was agreed sufficient men be left with Colonel Scott to defend that village. Among others ordered to stay, was Morton. In Cornwall the one subject of conversation among soldiers and civilians was the American camp. Spies told all was not going well, that there was no order maintained, and the building of huts

was being done in a bungling fashion. A fortnight after they landed the winter set in with intense frost and found nearly all in tents. Wood was abundant, for they were planted in the midst of the all prevailing forest, but it was green, and camp fires took care to give out much heat. Frostbites were common, colds universal. Before November was out sickness appeared in malignant form, typhus and pneumonia and a strange affection accompanied by paralysis of the legs, ending in mortification, caused, the doctors surmised from biscuit made from the flour of smutted wheat. By Christmas half the men were unfit for duty, and daily sleighs with the worst cases left for Malone. General Wilkinson led the way. Declaring he was unfit for duty, the day after he landed he was carried on a stretcher by six men and lodged in one of the best houses. When the ice bridged the St. Lawrence Cornwall had new visitors. Deserters dropped in and were encouraged by being paid five months' arrears of pay assumed to be due them by the U.S. government and given assurance they would not be asked to bear arms against the Republic. Colonel Scott represented to Governor Prevost the disorganized condition of the enemy, which invited attack, but was ordered not to run the hazard. After New Year conditions grew intolerable, cold, hunger, and disease made the soldiers mutinous, and their demand was that they be marched to Sackett's Harbor where they knew there was food and shelter. The authorities at Albany and Washington, hugging still the idea that the army, in the coming spring, would be available to sail to Montreal, refused permission. It was not until the men showed their determination to leave by a regiment actually starting to march from the scene of their sufferings, that the order came to break camp. One day in February

the inhabitants of Cornwall saw a huge volume of smoke rise from the vicinity of the camp, and, when night set in, the sky was red from the glow of flames that were plain to be seen. There was no sleep for Cornwall, its people intently watching the scene. A sleigh dashed up to headquarters with a spy, who told the Americans had set fire not only to their huts and storehouses but also to the 328 boats in the Salmon river. "His Excellency can no longer refuse our crossing the river," remarked Colonel Scott, and a thrill of satisfaction was felt by the officers around him, among whom was Morton. Preparations were at once set afoot. The word spread like wildfire all over the Lunenburg district, and settlers 25 miles from Cornwall got ready to join. There would be spoil left by the retreating army and they were set on getting their share of it. Colonel Scott's plans were not to collect material, but to cut off the bodies of men who were on the march to Plattsburg or Sackett's Harbor, and he chafed at the delay in getting official consent.

As the sun rose on the 18th of February it threw light on such a scene as Cornwall never knew. It was overflowing with excited men eager to get away, forming a jostling crowd of soldiers and civilians, whose shouts and cries filled the air, while restive and neighing horses, and barking dogs, added to the tumult. Women stood in the snow watching the scene and giving help when needed, adding to the clamor by their shrill exclamations of delight as they recognized acquaintances, while boys and girls darted amid the throng in exuberant spirits, wanting to join. "No, Donald, you cannot come, but I will bring you back a Yankee kebbuck, so be a good boy and take care of your mother." At the sound of the bugle the militia fell into rank and presently

Colonel Scott came, heading a body of regulars. No small effort was called for to bring order out of the confusion, for each settler wanted to be in the lead. Finally a procession was formed, Morton with a small detachment of scouts, at the head, with orders, when the river was crossed, to make sure there was no ambush. At a long interval was a company of regulars, then a body of militia, after whom followed the settlers in the sleighs which they hoped to fill with plunder. A company of militia brought up the rear. As the long line began to move the shouting and cheering of those who remained behind grew. "Bring me back a barrel of pork," cried a woman. "And me your sleigh loaded with biscuit," was the exhortation of another. "Sandy, lad, mind you, a barrel o' beef would be handy," and so the shouted orders grew amid laughter and waving of plaids. Nearly all the residents of Cornwall had suffered at the hands of Brown's cavalry or Boyd's infantry, and exulted at the thought of the Americans getting a taste of their bitterness in having outbuildings rummaged and cellars cleaned of everything eatable. "I hope they will wring the necks of the Yanks who emptied my store," said a quiet looking man who had been ruined by the invader. The settlers had all arms of some sort, many with muskets, others with pistols, swords, and dirks that might have been carried in the rebellion of 1745, while a few had only their chopping axes. Getting on the ice the procession lengthened out and moved faster as it wended its way towards the Salmon river. On nearing the southern bank Morton saw in waiting a group of St. Regis Indians in war paint. To his inquiry a chief, who spoke broken English, told him to go on as fast as he liked, for there was not a Yankee soldier nearer than six leagues. It was near noon

when the abandoned camp hove in sight. The little river, for over a mile, was filled with partly burned boats, whose charred masts and yards looked like a stretch of forest through which fire had run. Owing to being tightly frozen in thick ice, the fire that destroyed their upper works had left the hulls. As he surveyed the dismal scene Morton could not help reflecting on how the glory of the flotilla that had rode triumphantly down the St. Lawrence had come to a disgraceful end in a petty creek. Here the settlers intent on spoil, spread over the deserted camp and found not a little in the half burnt storehouses and boats. The horses, that drew the military having been fed and watered, quickly got under way again on the road that led to Malone, which was well-beaten by the traffic of the Americans in their retreat, which was a help, for it abounded in steep hills. Daylight was waning as Malone was reached. It consisted of a number of log shanties, mostly clustered round a grist mill and a sawmill that got power from the rapids. The settlement was new, barely ten years old, and had only, besides the mills, one building better than the shanties, which had been raised for a school. This was full of military stores and was taken possession of. Colonel Scott sent out small parties to sentinel the roads, for he was informed loaded teams were still trying to escape. He was advised a long train of teams had left that afternoon for Four Corners. With quick decision he directed a squad of 23 regulars to push for that place and capture them. It was nigh midnight when the place was reached. The soldiers got out of their sleighs and led by Major Sherwood, quietly surrounded the tavern Morton knew so well. The yard was seen to be full of horses, while heavily loaded teams lined the road in front of the tavern,

from which came sounds of laughter and singing and the tramp of dancers. Peeping in at a window, Morton saw the barroom filled with teamsters, who, unable to get sleeping room, were having a hilarious time. Throwing open the door he shouted, "In the name of King George I take you prisoners." Startled out of their half tipsy senses, the teamsters were thunder-struck, and made no resistance, the more so as they saw behind Morton a body of red-coats. Commanding them to hitch up, the sleighs that were pointed towards Plattsburg were swung round for Malone. There were 32 of them and, when ready, with a guard of soldiers in front and rear, they returned to Malone.

Colonel Scott was equally active in collecting spoil from other directions. Teamsters trying to escape with their loads towards villages to the west were brought in, while every house in the village and neighborhood was searched, for on hearing the British were coming stores were quickly concealed in every possible place. The school building was so packed that it looked as if teams could not be got to draw all the stores away, and that fire would have to be applied to prevent their again falling into the hands of the enemy. A deputation of the settlers waited on Colonel Scott to entreat him not to do so. He told them he wished to destroy nothing that did not belong to the military authorities, and as it was the settlers who had raised the building for a school he would leave it to them. The Indians, who had joined under the belief the village would be given over to them to loot, were disgusted at the Colonel's orders, strictly enforced, to respect private property. His order was nearly the cause of his death. One redman, inflamed with liquor and rage at being warned off from a house by a sentry with fixed bay-

onet, was about to shoot Colonel Scott when his musket was struck out of his hands.

When all the spoil in sight was gathered the order to return to Canada was given. The road from Malone to the Salmon river camp being down hill it was quickly covered. On reaching the scene of the late camp a motley assemblage of sleighs was found, ready to fall in. There was a general desire that they re-enter Cornwall in procession, and the officer-in-command was asked to arrange it. Morton was watching the movement when he heard his name called. To his astonishment it was the dwarf, who grasped both his hands and clung to him with affectionate embrace. "The preserver of my master's life and mine too," he gasped, while his voice grew inarticulate and tears filled his eyes. A letter from Grant had told Morton of his recovery and expressing his gratitude. The dwarf said he was well, but his voice was husky. Their conversation was interrupted by three Highlanders, who came to ask the dwarf to head their entry into Cornwall, along with their tallest man, whom they pointed out, a giant approaching six and a half feet. The dwarf seemed to resent the proposal as a reflection on his person until Morton said it was meant as an honor. "What do they call you at home?" asked one of the Highlanders. "John" responded the dwarf. "That is fine; your mate is John too, and when you sit side by side it will be Ian Pake and Ian More," and the three men laughed at the joke. On getting into the sleigh Ian More won the dwarf's heart by insisting he should drive. Sighted at a distance, every man, woman, and child in Cornwall came out to meet them with shouts of welcome and cheers for their victorious raid. On their seeing the occupants of the leading sleigh a perfect chorus of exclamations broke

out. "Weel done, Ian lad; the others have brought back beef and biscuit, but you have got a Yankee poy; and he is a pretty poy and will be a credit to you." Stung by being named a Yankee the little man shouted, "Is this the thanks I get for having sent the Yankees on the run and taken what they could not carry? I am no Yankee." Bristling up and throwing out his chest he tried to impress the crowd that he was the chief actor in what had been done. The conceit of the man of four feet in contrast with the man of six feet five struck the humor of the crowd and they were made the heroes of the day. There was great shaking of hands and to eager inquiries the story of the raid was told and the spoil pointed to as proof of its wonderful success. As settlers took their way homeward an exultant feeling swelled their breasts at the thought that the enemy had been overthrown and despoiled. For a generation and more they retold the story of the raid on Malone. Somewhat different was the estimate of the raid by a group of officers watching the scene. "What are two or three hundred sleighloads of stores and a few strings of horses to be compared with what might have been done? For two months the Americans were so helpless that they could have been surrounded and their surrender would have been a foregone conclusion. That would have been a set-off to the laying down of their arms by the forces of Burgoyne and Cornwallis. With a leader of our own, it would have been easily done. Macdonell the Red would have accomplished it with more ease than he captured Ogdensburg. And why was the opportunity missed? Because the home authorities sent a Swiss dancing-master to be our governor-general and commander-in-chief."

"Hush," said a comrade. "If repeated to him

his Excellency might have you tried for treason.

"I care not; he dare not touch me for saying what you all think." It was the MacIntosh who spoke.

On waking next morning Morton realized his usefulness at Cornwall was ended and that his next duty was to rejoin his regiment.

A string of sleighs coming and going between Montreal and Prescott gave an opportunity daily to go westward, and in one of these Morton took his leave of Cornwall. Desirous of calling on Grant, he had no difficulty in getting his driver to feed his horse there. He found his friend lying down reading. He was rejoiced to see him. Whether it had been the blow on the head or the claw-like grip on his throat, he could not say, but he was still suffering from the effects of that midnight encounter. It had its compensations, however. "While unable to speak and dropping off hourly into unconsciousness, I had to time to think, and got a fuller conception of the Master and his rule of the world. Lying here helpless and isolated, doubtful whether I should recover, I got nearer to him than ever. I recognized how I was merely a child before a majestic and all-powerful parent, whose injunctions I had not obeyed. It is easy for us, when well and strong, to forget the Master; to defy him, whether designedly or not, by following the bent of our own will, but when the time comes when we know not the minute we shall see him face to face we crouch and wish we had our lives to live over again. In my boyhood I was sent to Eton and from it passed to Oxford. I learned much I would not part with, and I also learnt and took part in much that was evil. How comes it that our schools, big or small, do not recognize the training of the moral nature of their scholars is of more

importance than the development of their intellects? Had the same care been bestowed on me how to control my passions and inclinations as to teach me Greek roots and to write Latin verses, I would have been a happier man. The army gives us proof that could be done. You are brought under discipline, it is irksome for a long while, and until it comes to be a second nature, and, then, you obey orders by force of habit. That discipline has for its purpose the destruction of life. Why should our institutions of learning not use methods to develop and train the moral nature and so save life?"

"The author you have been reading," remarked Morton, "had that in view when he advised us to live as ever in the great Taskmaster's eye."

"Ah, Milton needed no discipline. He was so constituted that the moral part of his nature was master of the baser. It would have been better for his fame had he never gone to Cambridge. His great poem is in Latinized English and abounds in allusions to heathen mythology, so that the general reader is repelled. I was reading when you came in his *Comus*—a pillar of purest crystal so deftly shaped that the workmanship extorts more admiration than the material. Leaving this aside, what of the war? You came through a hot battle since I saw you."

"It was hot and by military rules, we ought to have lost. The war may last some time yet, but it is won. The Americans lost their opportunity by not overwhelming us the first year. They have been beaten here in the east and they can win nothing decisive in the west. From the shape of Canada, the conquest of the Niagara district will not avail them."

"You are right," responded Grant. "If I de-

sired to burn that Lombardy poplar that stands before the window, I could not do so by setting fire to the topmost branch—the pot of coals must be applied at the base. That is what the enemy is doing by threatening to invade western Canada. They will have to leave our people to shape their own destiny. I envy you Morton in having a hand in vindicating the independence of this vast domain.”

A shout from the teamster that he was ready to start, Morton left with a promise to write. The dwarf was not so easy to leave. He clung to him as he was about to jump into the sleigh, pouring out his thanks, to which his expressive grey eyes gave the seal of sincerity. He slipped into Morton's belt a small packet. When, later in the day, he came to examine it, he found it contained a guinea. That afternoon Prescott was reached, and next day Kingston. In this volume it is not the purpose to follow him further.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FORSYTHS

Following the day of excitement from wild alarms, a strange calm ensued as the last of the Americans disappeared from the Forsyth household. Utterly worn out, the family sought rest, and it was late in the day when the father arose, and leaving the others sleeping, went out to see what of his property had been left. The more closely he examined the more fully the unwelcome fact was forced upon him, that he was destitute, and when he came upon the black head of his cow, which the soldiers had slaughtered for beef, he sat down in a despairing mood. "It's no for mysel' I'm troubled," he exclaimed, "but for my aillin' wife and puir Maggie! To face a Canadian winter wi' an empty loof is awfu'." And he gave way to a fit of despondency. "This winna do," he said with a rueful look at the devastation around him, "a stout heart to a stey brae, and wi' God's help I'll mak' the best o't." When Maggie by-and-bye appeared at the door he was industriously laboring to bring his surroundings into order.

"Weel, lass, an' hoo are ye after oor big pairty?"

"No ill; but, father, what are we to do, there's

no a bite in the house? The cellar is rookit as clean as if a pack of wolves had visited it."

The old man approached and taking his daughter by the hand drew her to the bench by the doorstep. "Maggie, I ken ye hae a brave spirit and can bear the worst. I am a ruined man. The Yankees hae eaten us oot o' house an' hold. The very boards o' the byre hae been torn awa' to licht their fires, an' the logs o' the barn. Oor coo, the young beasts, the pigs, hae a' been eaten. There's no even a chuckie left."

"O, but there is," interrupted Maggie; "see to Jenny Tapnot over there," pointing smilingly through tears to a favourite chicken that had eluded the soldiers and was eyeing them from a branch.

"Weel, weel, we hae one leevin' thing left us. Of a' oor crop there is naething to the fore but the unthreshed wheat, an' mickle o't is useless from the sojers using it to lie on."

"Was it right, father, for them to take your property without paying you?"

"Pay me! The thoct o' paying a subject o' the King never entered their heids. Micht is richt wi' them. What we are to do is, no just clear to me yet, but we'll trust in Him who has never failed to supply oor bite an' sup. Only, Maggie, ye maun, for yer mither's sake, put a cheerfu' face on't an' mak' the best o't."

"Hoot, father, what gars ye doot me? We hae aye been provided for an' sae will we yet, says the auld sang. You take the canoe an' go down to Morrison's an' see what you can get there to keep us going until the morn, an' while you're away I'll red the house an' hae a' ready gin mither wakens."

With brightened face and hopeful step the old man did as asked, and did not return empty-handed.

Over the frugal meal the situation was discussed, and both the husband and daughter were glad to see that the calamity that had overtaken them, so far from overwhelming Mrs. Forsyth, roused her, and revived the active and hopeful spirit that had been a feature in her character before ailments and age had overtaken her. Long and earnest was the consultation by the fireside that night, and many a plan was proposed to tide over the long months that must intervene before another harvest could be reaped. As bed-time drew near, the father lifted down the book, and after they had sung the 23rd psalm, he read the 17th chapter of First Kings, and poured out his heart in thanksgiving for the unnumbered blessings bestowed upon him and his—and, above all, for the departure of the invader.

Two days afterwards, when it had become assured that Hampton was in leisurely retreat whence he came, those of the militia, at Baker's camp, who wished were given leave to go to their homes, and the Forsyth lads returned. They were much exasperated at the plundered state of their home, and more provoked than before at the policy which permitted the enemy to journey back over 24 miles of Canadian territory without attempt to harass him. Leaving with their father the scanty pay they had received as soldiers, it was arranged they should go lumbering for the winter, their wages to be sent home as they got them. The winter proved a hard one. The presence of so large a body of troops had consumed much of the produce the settlers needed for themselves, and although they had been paid what they considered at the time good prices they now found it difficult to procure what they wanted, from Montreal. The result to the Forsyths was, that their neighbors were unable to give them help, and

had it not been that the miller at the nuns' mill gave credit, they would have been sometimes in actual want. Despite the barrenness of the cupboard, the winter was a happy one, the very effort to endure and make the best of their hard lot conducing to cheerfulness. When the snow began to melt, the sons returned, and the new clearing at which the father had worked all winter was made ready for seed, so that more land than before was put under crop. The pinch was worst in July and until the potatoes were fit to eat. After that there was rude plenty and an abundant harvest was reaped.

With returning comfort Mrs. Forsyth began to fail. Whether it was the effects of the lack of better food, or the strain to help the family having been beyond her strength, signified little. With the coming of winter she began to weaken and, as her husband saw with sorrow, "to dwine awa." She accepted her lot uncomplainingly, studying how to give least trouble, and spending her days between her bed and the easy chair by the fireside, generally knitting, for she said she hoped to leave them a pair of stockings apiece. The New Year had passed and the days were lengthening when it was plain her rest was near.

It was a beautiful day when she asked that her chair be moved so that she could see out at the window. The brilliant sunlight fell on the snow that shrouded the winding course of the Chateauguay and flecked the trees, while a blue haze hung in the distance that prophesied of coming spring.

"A bonnie day," she remarked.

"Ay," replied Maggie, "it is warm enough to be a sugar day."

"It's ower fine to last and there will be storms and hard frost afore the trees can be tapped," said

Mrs. Forsyth, "an' I'll no be here to help."

"Dinna say that, mither; the spring weather will bring you round."

"Na, na, my bairn. The robin's lilt will no wauken me, nor will my een again see the swelling bud, but through the mercy o' my God I trust they will be lookin' on the everlasting spring o' the abiding place o' his people."

"Oh, mither; I canna bear the thocht o' parting wi' you."

"It's natural to feel sae; my ain heart-strings were wrung when my mither deed, an' yet I see noo it was for the best. I have become a cumberer o' the ground unable to labor even for an hour a day in the vineyard, and sae the Maister o't is goin' to gie me the rest o' which, lang since, I got frae His hand the arles. Ae thing ye maun promise me, Maggie, and that is ye maun never leev your father."

"What makes you think sae o'me, mother? I hav'na even a thocht o' leevin' him."

"I ken ye hav'na a thocht the noo o' sic a thing, but the day will come when you might—when your love for anither would incline you to forget your duty. Sweet the drawing o' heart to heart in the spring o' youth, an' the upspringing, when you least expect' it, o' the flow'r o' love. The peety is, sae mony are content wi' the flow'r an' pu' it an' let the stem wither. Your faither an' I were'na o' that mind. The flow'r grew into a bauld stalk in the simmer o' affection, an' noo we reap the harvest. It's no like Scotch folk to open their mou' on sic matters but I may tell you, my lassie, that sweet an' warm as was oor love when your faither cam a coortin'; it's nae mair to be compared to oor love since syne, than the blaze o' lightnin' is to the sunshine. I thocht to hae tended him in his last days, to hae

closed his een, an' placed the last kiss on his cauld lips, but it's no to be, an' ye maun promise me to perform what your mither wad hae dune had she lived."

"I promise, mother; I promise never to leave him."

"Weel does he deserve a' you can dae for him; he's puir, he's homely in looks, he's no sae quick in the uptak or speech as mony; but he is what mony who are great an' rich an' smairt are not—an honest man, wha strives in a quiet way to do his duty by his fellowman and his Maker."

"What makes you speak so, mother? I am sure I never gave you cause to think I'd leave father."

"Your brothers will gang their ain gate by-and-bye, an' their wives nicht na want to hae the auld man at their ingle; only of you may I ask that whither you go he shall go, an' drink o' your cup an' eat o' your bread. Dinna marry ony man unless sure he will be kind to your father an' help you to do a dochter's duty by him."

"I hav'na met ony man, mother, that will hae me, except auld Milne."

"Dinna mak fun o' me, Maggie; you ken what I mean. The lad Morton will come some day—"

"Whisht, mother, he's nothing to me."

"I ken different. You lo'e him deep an' true an' he lo'es you. Whether he will pit pride o' family an' station aside to ask you to be his wife some wad doot, but I dinna. He'll be back, an' when he does, dinna forget what I have said."

The heavy step of the father was heard outside; the door opened and he came in. Drawing a chair beside his wife he sat down, and, without uttering a word, surveyed her wasted and furrowed face with tender gaze. She returned his affectionate look and

placed her hand in his. As she looked at them, sitting in the afternoon sunshine with clasped hands, and that radiant expression of mutual love, Maggie's heart, already full, was like to burst. She hastened out and flinging herself on a bench at the door wept bitterly.

Next morning when she awoke the sad truth became evident, that the mother had had a change for the worse in her sleep. Her mind wandered and her strength had completely left her. The only one she recognized was her husband, and when he spoke she smiled. The spells of unconsciousness grew longer as the day wore on and towards evening it could be seen the end was near. As often happens in the Canadian winter, a pet day had been followed by a storm. A piercing blast from the west filled the air with drift and sent the frozen snow rattling on the window-panes. They were all gathered round her bed when her eyes opened and wonderingly looking upon them, tried to make out what it all meant, and gave it up as hopeless.

"Eh, sirs, a bonnie day," she said, as if speaking to herself; "the westlin win' blows saftly frae the sea and the bit lammies rin after their mithers on the hill side. Sune the kye will be comin' hame an' after milkin' I'll snod mysel', for somebody's comin' to see somebody, an' we'll daunner doun e'e the gloamin' by the burn. Isna he a comely lad! Stracht an' supple, an' an e'e in his heid that a bairn wad trust. Tak' him? I'd gang to the warl's end wi' him. What's that! The kirk bell. I didna think it was sae late. Sure eneuch, there's the folk strachlin ower the muir an' the laird ridin' on his powny. Surely it's growin' mirk. Mither, tak' me in your airms an' pit me to sleep. What will you sing to me? The Floors o' the Forest this nicht,

mithers. Kiss me noo; I'll be a better bairn the morn and dae what you tell me. Na, na, pick yer ain flowers; this poesy is for my baby brither. Father, dinna lift your haun' to me: I'm sorry. I'll no dae it again. Whaur am I. Faither, dinna you hear me? Oh come quick an' save me, the tide is loupin' fast ower the rock. There's the boatie rowin' to us; it'll be here enow an' we'll be saved. Did you hear that? It's Sandy the piper come to the toun. Let's rin and meet him. I'm tired o' daffin' an' 'wad hae a rest. Let's creep into the kirk-yaird and sit down by granfaither's grave. Hoo sweet the merle sings, an' tak' tent to the corn-craik ower yonner. Weel, weel, I canna understan' it. His ways are no oor ways, but I'll lippen Him to the end. Maggie, Maggie, whaur are ye? I'm gaun awa', an' I want you to rin an' ask the Goodman o' the hoose to hae a chamber ready for me. What am I sayin'? God forgie me, my mind wanders. He's had ane waitin' for me this mony a day. I see you noo, my bairns. God bless you a'. Guid nicht, tae we meet again."

There was a long silence. The father rose, and closed the drooping eyelids that would never be lifted, and laid down the weary head which would never move again.

CHAPTER XX.

MORTON RETURNS

One July morning Mr. Forsyth was working in the field beside the river when he saw a canoe shoot into sight. It drew up to the bank and its occupant walked towards him.

"Man, it is you!" he exclaimed, grasping the extended hand. "At the first look I didna ken you. Hoo ye hae changed since last I saw you."

"I know I have," answered Morton; "the months since we parted have aged me more than years would in ordinary course of life. The hardships of war, the strife between life and death on the battle-field, develop fast what is good or bad in a man."

"Ye'll hae had your share of the fechtin'?"

"Yes; our regiment took part in all the movements in the Niagara district, and during the campaigning season there was not a week we did not exchange shots with the enemy or have to endure a toilsome march to check his plans."

"And were you hurt at a'?"

"Nothing to speak of; scratches that did not keep me off duty more than a few days. I may be thankful to have got off so well, for many a comrade better than myself will never see home again."

"War's a gruesome trade."

"It is that; I have witnessed scenes of horror that I try to banish from my memory. The carnage at Lundy's Lane was sickening, and the cries of the wounded for help heart-breaking, for from the darkness and the enemy's pressing us, we could not reach them."

"That brither should butcher brither is awfu' proof o' the doctrine o' total depravity. After a', thae Yankees, though their ways are not oor ways, are flesh o' oor flesh, an' we should live aside ane anither in peace."

"In this war, at least, Mr. Forsyth, they are to blame. They declared it, and if ever war is justifiable it is surely one like that we have fought and won, where a people rise to defend their native land against the invader."

"I dinna dispute you, but as I creep near to my end, my heart softens to my fellow-men o' a creeds and races and I wish to see peace and good-fellowship the warld ower."

"So do I, but sure and permanent peace is not to be won by surrender of right. It is better for all that the best blood of Canada and Britain has soaked the fields within the noise of the roar of Niagara, than that Canada should have become a conquered addition to the United States."

"You're richt in that. The sacrifice is sair, the trial bitter, but the country's independence had to be maintained. Canadians will think mair o' their country when they see what it has cost to defend it."

"It will be poor recompense to those who have taken part, should Canadians ever forget what has been secured to them at such a sacrifice. From a boy I was trained to look forward to be a soldier, but now that I have seen what war is, I no longer glory in the name. War brings out what is worst in hu-

man nature. Since I saw you last I have got a new idea of wickedness."

"Dootless the trade of killing must harden the heart," remarked Mr. Forsyth.

"That is true. If a man is inclined to evil, the license of war develops every thing in him that is bad; but if there be any root of goodness in him, the scenes of war excite disgust and hatred of sin."

"I can understand how the sight o' wickedness will give an orra man a skunner o' sin, but hoo can war mak him good?"

"In this way," replied Morton, "when a soldier wakes in his tent he does not know but he will be in his grave by night. In times of war the soldier walks hand-in-hand with Death. That either makes him a dare-devil, reckless of what he may do, or it sobers him by the thought that any hour he may be face-to-face with God, and he fights against his evil inclinations as becomes a servant who has to report to his Master."

"Noo that the war is ended you'll be leaving Canada," remarked Mr. Forsyth.

"That depends on what your daughter says. My regiment sails from Quebec the end of the month."

"What mean ye, sir, by Maggie haein' aucht to dae wi' your going?"

"Simply this, that if she will take me as her husband and you will give your consent, I shall sell my commission and remain in Canada."

"You are surely no in earnest? What has the dochter o' a backwoods farmer t' dae wi' an officer?"

"Since I landed in Canada I have had many false notions rudely torn away, and one of them is, that there is any connection between worth and station in life. I have found more to admire in the

shanty than I ever did in the parlors of the Old Country."

"That's repeatin what Rabbie Burns wrote, the rank is but the guinea stamp."

"I have proved it true; for the first time in my life I have become intimate with those whose living depends upon the labor of their hands, and my Old World notions have melted away, when I found them better than those who boast they never soiled their fingers with manual toil."

"Aye, aye; nae guid comes o' tryin' to escape the first command to fallen man, 'in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.'"

"What say you?" asked Morton.

"To your asking Maggie? Oh, dinna speak o't. She's my ae ewe lamb and I canna pairt wi' her."

"I do not mean you should; we would go to Upper Canada together."

The old man paused and leant upon his hoe and Morton stood respectfully behind him. After long silence he raised his head. "I canna answer you. It's no for me to put my ain selfish will against her good; gang and let her choose for hersel'."

"Thank you," said Morton, with emotion.

"We have had a backward spring; frost every week amaisit to the middle o' June, an' sic cauld winds since syne that naething grows. We have sown in hope, but I'm fearfu' there will be little to reap. Sic a spring the auldest settler canna mind. Look at thae tatties! What poor spindly things they are and this the first week o' July."

"It has not been so bad in the west."

"I'm glad to hear it. Weel, this being the first real warm day we've had, I tell't Maggie to busk hersel' and gang and veesit the neebors, for she's been in a sad and sorrowfu' way since her mither

dee'd. She said she had nae heart to veesit, but wad tak' a walk along the river and be back to mak' my dinner. Her brithers we expect hame every day from takin' rafts to Quebec."

"I'll go and seek her," said Morton, as he turned away, and the old man went on hoeing. Morton had gone about half a mile, when his eye caught the flutter of the linen handkerchief Maggie had pinned round her neck. She did not see him and as she sauntered before him, he marked her stately carriage, and muttered to himself. "A woman worthy to woo and win." Unwilling to startle her by going too near, he cried "Miss Forsyth."

She paused, turned in astonishment, and as her color came and went said, "Is it you?"

"Yes, and surely you will not shrink from me as you did when last we met."

She held out her hand and as he pressed it, simply said, "I'm glad you're safe and well."

"Have you no warmer greeting for me?"

"What warmer do you deserve?"

"My deservings are naught, but your own kind heart might plead for me."

"Oh, dear; the conceit of some men, who think they can pick up hearts on the banks of the Chateauguay as they would acorns."

"And what of women who pitch back rings as if they stung them?"

Maggie laughed and replied, "The gift is measured with the giver."

"When the gift is a token of the hour of peril, what then, my lady? Is it a thing to be scorned?"

"Something to be restored to the sender when he gets out of the trap, that he may bestow it on somebody else."

"I swear I never cared for anybody else."

"Who asked you? If you must needs confess, you should have visited the fathers at the Basin on your way here."

"I'm Puritan enough to desire to confess direct to the one I have offended."

"So, you have offended me!"

"You know I care for you."

"How should I? From your many messages these last twenty months?"

Morton felt vexed and Maggie observed and enjoyed his perplexity. "Come," she said, "it is wearing on to dinner-time and I know what soldiers' appetites are. We had some soldier visitors who left us nothing. We will go home."

"Not until I have said what I want to tell you," he said warmly.

"Oh, you have something to tell me! You must have. Soldiers and hunters have always long stories to tell about themselves. Keep them until you have had some of our backwoods fare."

"Tease me no more, Maggie; my heart is yours whether you accept it or not. That I have been neglectful and ungrateful I confess. How much I owe you I did not know until Mrs. Scott told me."

"You owe me nothing."

"I owe you my life."

"You owe it to Hemlock, not to me."

"I know all, brave heart. Mrs. Scott told me of your journey to Oka, but for which Hemlock would never have known of my peril. As she spoke, the smouldering love I had for you burst into flame and your image has never been absent from my mind an hour since. When my comrades caroused and spoke loosely, I turned away and tried to live worthily of you."

"You know how to praise yourself."

"No, no, Maggie; I speak it **not** in praise of myself but in proof of my devotion, for how can a man show his love for a woman better than by forcing himself to live as he knows she would wish him?"

"And if you so loved this somebody of yours, why did you not write her?"

"You forget a soldier's life is uncertain; I knew not the hour when I might fall, and wished to spare you pain. I said to myself a thousand times, if my life is spared I will seek her I love and plead my cause. When the bugle sounded the call to prepare for action I never failed to breathe an ardent prayer that Heaven's blessing might rest upon you. I have been spared, the supreme hour in my life has come, and I await your answer."

Maggie stood still. Her eyes fell to the ground and her fingers unconsciously plucked to pieces the flowers she had picked in her walk.

"Will you not speak?" pleaded Morton.

In a low voice she replied, "I cannot marry."

"Why?"

"I will never leave my father."

"I do not ask you should. I value his honest worth, and he shall be my father too, for I never saw my own, he died when I was a child. Say the word and you will make me the happiest man on the Chateauguay and we will never part."

"I say it is time to go and get dinner ready. Father, poor man, will be starving. Mr. Morton, did you ever hoe potatoes for a forenoon?"

"Nonsense; say the word and end my anxiety."

"Oh, I'm not anxious. If you had hoed for half a day you would know what hunger is."

"My hunger today is of another sort."

"Ah, well, boys ought to learn to restrain their appetites."

"Play with me no more. Let me know my fate. Give me my answer."

"Won't it be time enough when the minister asks?"

* * * * *

It was not much of a dinner that Maggie cooked, for she boiled the potatoes without salt and fried the pork to a crisp. It did not matter, however, for of the three the father was the only one who had an appetite, and he did not complain. When done, he left to resume his task, and the young couple were alone. At supper he was told all, when he quietly rose, gripped Morton by the hand and said nothing. Next day the two sons arrived, and, on learning the news, by way of congratulation, slapped Maggie on the back until she declared it was sore. There were long discussions over Morton's plans. He told them he had obtained promotion after Lundy's Lane, and, as captain, his commission was worth a good deal; he would sell it and then, as a retired officer, he would be entitled to a grant of land in Upper Canada. He proposed they should all leave and go with him. To this father and sons were much inclined, for the fact that the place they occupied was subject to seigniorial rent they did not like. In addition, the sons knew that, as discharged militiamen, they could claim lots wherever Morton might go. It was arranged Morton should go to Quebec, sell his commission, and by the time he returned they would be ready to join him.

Four days after he had left, Maggie received a letter from him, enclosing one from Mrs. Scott. He said he found that Colonel Scott had arrived at Montreal, and after winding up some ordnance business there, meant to sail for England with the Fall Fleet. Mrs. Scott sent a pressing invitation to Maggie to come and stay with her until Morton returned from,

Quebec. Maggie went, expecting to stay ten days or so, but her visit lengthened out to the end of August. They were happy weeks, spent in enjoyable society and in the delightful task of the preparation that is the prelude to a happy marriage. Morton at last got back, and had not merely the money obtained for his commission, but a patent for a large tract of land on the shore of Lake Ontario, obtained by him in an interview with the gallant Gordon Drummond, his old commander. Leaving Maggie at Montreal, he went again to the Chateauguay to tell all was ready. While there, he took a run up to Four Corners, in order to visit the poor widow whose only son had been slain in the skirmish that led to his imprisonment. He found her, and not only made sure she would be cared for but instituted steps to secure her a pension, for congress was considering the question of relief to those who had suffered by the war. During his stay at Four Corners, he lived with Mr. Douglas, and repaid with earnest gratitude the advances he had made him while living in misery in the stable, which sad abode he looked into and thanked God. That other widow, the mother of the cavalryman killed at Crysler, he had written before leaving Niagara, and received a grateful reply. On the morning after his return from Four Corners everything was ready for the final leaving of the home on the Chateauguay. The three canoes that were to convey them and their belongings, were waiting when the old man was missed. Morton, guessing where he was, went to seek for him, and found him kneeling by the grave of his wife. Reverently approaching, he whispered the boatmen were anxious to start, assisted him to rise, and, leaning heavily on his arm led him to the canoe where he was to sit. One last look at the shanty his hands had built and

the fields they had cleared, and a bend in the river shut them out from his sight forever. Resuming his wonted contented cheerfulness, he adapted himself to the change, and rose still higher in Morton's esteem. When they reached the Basin, the wind was favorable for the boat that was about to leave on her trip to Lachine, and there they arrived late in the evening. The following morning Morton left for Montreal with Mr. Forsyth, the sons remaining to stow away their outfit in the Upper Canada bateau, which done, they also journeyed to the same place. That evening there was a quiet little party at Colonel Scott's quarters, and next morning a large assemblage, for every officer off duty in the town was present, to see the army chaplain unite the happy pair. When all was over and Maggie had gone to dress for the journey, Morton received congratulations that he knew were sincere. "Why," said Major Fitzjames, "she is fit to be a Duchess."

"She is fit for a more difficult position," interjected Colonel Scott; "she has a mother-wit that stands her well alike in the circles of polished society and in the hour of danger and hardship."

"Who is this that is such a paragon?" asked Mrs. Scott, who had just come in.

"Mrs. Morton."

"Oh, say she is a true woman, and you say all. Mr. Morton you have got a treasure."

"I know it," he replied, "and I will try to be worthy of her. She will be the benediction of the life I owe her."

The day was fine and, for a wonder, the road was good, so that a large party, many of them on horseback, escorted the newly married pair to Lachine. As they drove past King's Posts Morton recalled his first visit to it, the spy, and all the painful

complications that had ensued, and now so happily ended. As they stood on the narrow deck of the bateau, and the wind, filling the huge sail, bore them away, a cheer rose, led by Colonel Scott. It was answered from the receding boat and Maggie waved her handkerchief.

The journey was tedious and toilsome, but when they sailed into the bay on which Morton's land was situated, saw its quality and fine situation, they felt they had been rewarded for coming so far. That Maggie proved an admirable help-mate need hardly be told, but what was remarkable is, that Morton became a successful farmer. Willing to put his hand to whatever there was to do, under his father-in-law's direction, he quickly became proficient, and when there was work to be done he did not say to his helpers "Go," but "Come," and set them an example of cheerful and persevering exertion. Having land and enough to spare, he induced a good class of immigrants to buy from him, so that before twenty years, his settlement was known as the most prosperous on Lake Ontario. Influential and public-spirited, Morton, as his circumstances grew easy and did not exact the same close attention to his personal affairs, took a leading part in laying the commercial and political foundations of Upper Canada, and Maggie was widely known in its best society. That they were a happy couple everybody knew, and their descendants are among the most prominent subjects of the Dominion.

The End

Note to Chapter XVII.

In the long roll of feats of arms performed by Britain's sons none excel this fight on the farm of John Crysler. With 800 infantry Colonel Morrison provoked a contest with a general who had it in his power to hurl 6,000 horse and foot against him and who did send half that number, confident it would overwhelm him. It was numbers and equipment against discipline, the wild hurrah of vainglorious brigades against the dogged determination of a solitary column, the conceit of men who assumed the name of general against the coolness and skill of a single officer who knew his business. American historians write slightly of it as a drawn battle, and Canadian histories obscure its importance with confused details. It was the most decisive, and in its results the most far-reaching, engagement in the war of 1812, for it saved Canada to Britain by causing the Americans to abandon their intention of dealing a deadly blow by capturing Montreal. For that purpose they had got together the largest army assembled during the war—over 9,000 infantry, a regiment of cavalry, an artillery-train, and at least a thousand sailors and boatmen. In 1813 that was a mighty host to assemble in the wilderness, and it invaded a portion of Canada that could not at the time, muster two thousand trained soldiers. What, in the nature of military experience, ought to have been a triumphal procession from the Thousand Islands to Montreal, was blasted midway by the stubborn stand made on the field of Crysler. It was plausibly said by Wilkinson that the event of the 11th November did not determine his abandonment of the campaign. Is it not self-evident that had the

Note to Chapter XVII.

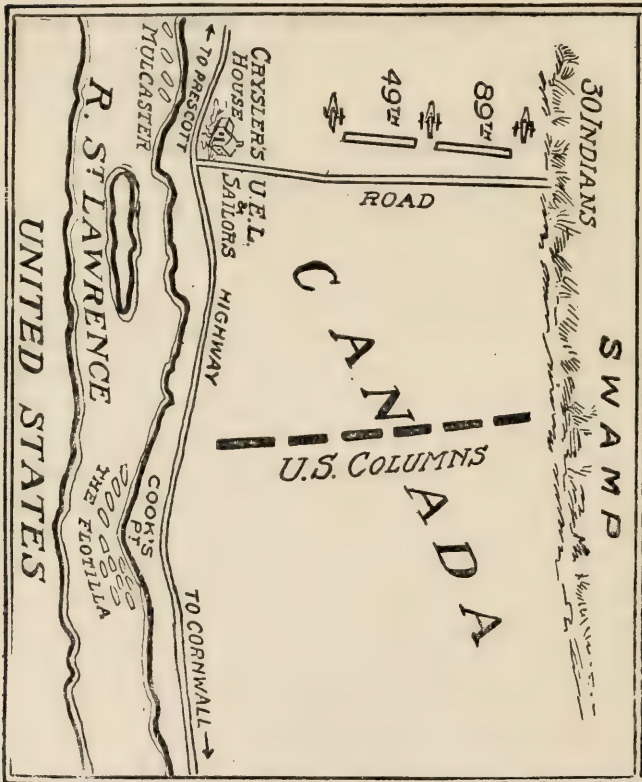
British force been routed, no excuse would have been left him to give up his expedition, and he must have gone on? Had he defeated Morrison, his way would have been left practically unobstructed until the spires of Montreal met his view. Even on the island of Montreal he would have met no opposition, for its chief defenders were a couple of hundred sailors and 400 marines drafted from the ships of war at Quebec. With the capture of Montreal, the Americans would have obtained control of Canada, for the British troops from Kingston to Niagara, and from Niagara to Sandwich, depended on the supplies and reinforcements that came from the seaboard. Consequently Montreal in American possession would have left them no other alternative than to surrender. It was the result of that fateful day that secured communication to the British between Montreal and the great lakes, and that not for a few months but to the end of the war.

Wilkinson's flight to Salmon river did not necessarily end the great project entrusted to him. With the passing out of the ice in the following spring, the flotilla under another commander might have resumed its voyage to Montreal and made an easy capture. The impression made by Morrison's stand not merely caused the American rank-and-file to be insistent in their demand to return to the United States, but extended to the members of the government at Washington, which, equally discouraged, issued the order to sink the boats and disperse both material and army. The war lasted another year without renewal of the proposal to cut Canada in twain by getting hold of Montreal. Instead, with the arrival of the spring fleet, thousands of soldiers were landed there to defend Canada and the unity of the country was secured.

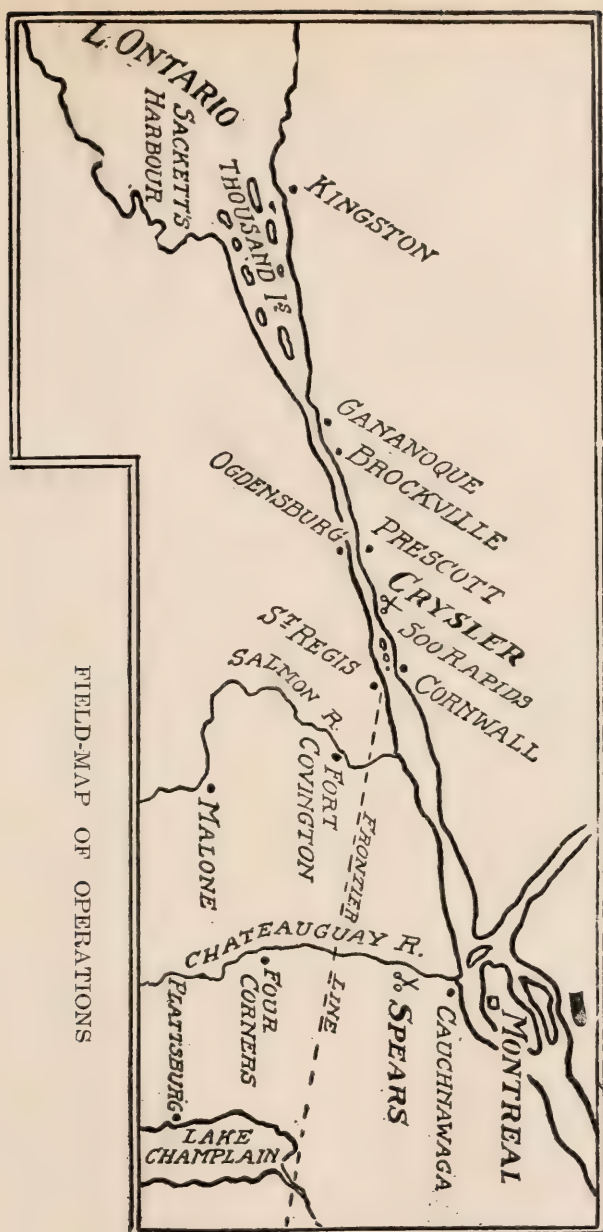
Note to Chapter XVII.

So long as Canadians rejoice in being Britons, they should cherish the memory of Crysler, of the eight hundred who defeated the purpose of the invader, and of their leader, Colonel Morrison. The morning of the 11th November, 1813, saw the invader exulting in his strength, confident of accomplishing his purpose in the capture of Montreal—the evening saw him flying across the St. Lawrence. Canada's integrity had been vindicated—her independence secured.

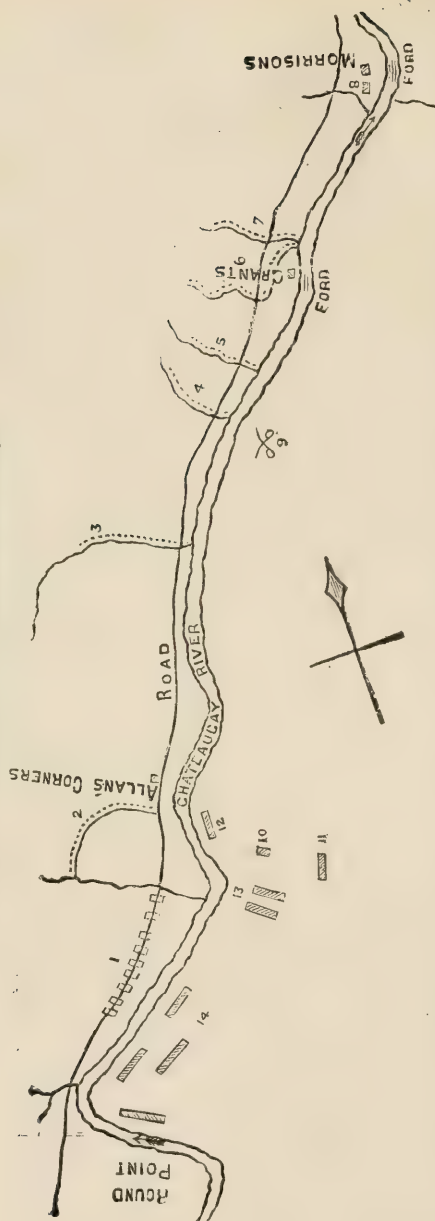
Plans that Illustrate Chapters 10—13



Map to illustrate Hampton's movements.



Plan of the Forces on the Chateauguay.



1 Column of Hampton's division that made the attack. 3 Second line, composed largely of Indians. 2 First British line of defence, in charge of Lt.-Col. de Salaberry. 8 Colonel Macdonell's position.

4, 5, 6 and 7 lines of defence, of which 4, 5, and 7 were protected by abatis. 9 Where Capt. Daly encountered the Americans advancing on the ford and defeated them. 10 Capt. Daly's position

in the afternoon. 11, 12, and 13, Americans trying to surround Daly's company. 14 Where Purdy encamped in the afternoon. Scale 1000 yards to the inch.

Other Books by Robert Sellar

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GLEANER TALES

[These Tales were written for and appeared in the Gleaner of Huntingdon, Que., many years ago. As describing phases of life that belonged to the pioneer age, it has been deemed well to preserve them in this volume. With a few exceptions, they are founded on fact.]

ARCHANGE AND MARIE

1.—THEIR DISAPPEARANCE

During the revolutionary war a number of Acadians left the New England States for Canada, preferring monarchic to republican rule. The British authorities provided for these twice-exiled refugees with liberality, giving them free grants of lands and the necessary tools and implements, also supplying them from the nearest military posts with provisions for three years, by which time they would be self-sustaining. Some half dozen families asked for and received lots in the county of Huntingdon and settled on the bank of the St. Lawrence. Accustomed to boating and lumbering in their old Acadian homes, they found profitable exercise in both pursuits in their new, and after making small

clearances, left their cultivation to the women, while they floated rafts to Montreal or manned the bateaux which carried on the traffic between that place and Upper Canada. The shanty of one of these Acadians, that of Joseph Caza, occupied a point that ran into the great river near the mouth of the LaGuerre.

It was a sunny afternoon towards the end of September and the lake-like expanse of the river, an unruffled sheet of glassy blue, was set in a frame of forest already showing the rich dyes of autumn. It was a scene of intense solitude, for, save the clearance of the hardy settler, no indication of human life met the gaze. There was the lonely stretch of water and the all-embracing forest, and that was all. Playing around the shanty were two sisters, whose gleeful shouts evoked solemn echoes from the depths of the forest, for they were engaged in a game of hide-and-seek amid the rows of tall corn, fast ripening in the sunshine. They were alone, for their father and brothers were away boating and their mother had gone to the beaver-meadow where the cows pastured. Breathless with their play the children sat down to rest, the head of the younger falling naturally into the lap of the older.

"Archangel, I know something you don't."

"What is it?"

"What we are to have for supper. Mother whispered it to me when she went to milk. Guess?"

"Oh, tell me; I won't guess."

"Wheat flour pancakes. I wish she would come; I'm hungry."

"Let us go and meet her."

The children skipped along the footpath that led through the forest from the clearance to the pasture and had gone a considerable distance before their mother came in sight, bearing a pail.

"Come to meet your mother, my doves! Ah, I have been long. The calves have broken the fence and I looked for them but did not find them. Archange, you will have to go or they may be lost. Marie, my love, you will come home with me."

"No, mother, do let me go with sister."

"No, you will get tired; take my hand. Remember the pancakes."

"I won't be tired; I want to go with Archange."

"Ah, well; the calves may not have strayed far; you may go. But haste, Archange, and find them, for the sun will set before long."

The children danced onwards and the mother listened with a smile to their shouts and chatter until the sounds were lost in the distance. On entering the house she stirred up the fire and set about preparing supper.

The sun set, leaving a trail of glory on the water, and she was still alone. The day's work was done and the simple meal was ready. The mother walked to the end of the clearance and gazed and listened; neither sight nor sound rewarded her. She shouted their names at the highest pitch of her voice. There was no response, save that a heron, scared from its roost, flapped its great wings above her head and sailed over the darkening waters for a quieter place of refuge.

"It is impossible anything can have befallen them," she said to herself; "the calves could not have gone far and the path is plain. No, they must be safe, and I am foolish to be the least anxious. Holy mother, shield them from evil!"

Returning to the house, she threw a fresh log on the fire, and placing the food where it would keep warm she closed the door, casting one disconsolate

look across the dark water at the western sky, from which the faintest glow had departed. Taking the path that led to the pasture, she hastened with hurried step to seek her children. She gained the pasture. The cows were quietly grazing; there was no other sign of life. Her heart sank within her. She shouted, and her cries pierced the dew-laden air. There was no reponse. She sank upon her knees and her prayer, oft repeated, was "Mother of Pity, have compassion on a mother's sorrow and give me back my little ones!"

The thought suddenly seized her that the children had failed to find the calves and, in returning, had not kept the path, but sought the house by a nigh cut through the woods. She sprang to her feet and hastened back. Alas! the door had not been opened, and everything was as she left it.

"My God!" she cried in the bitterness of her disappointment, "I fear me the wolf garou has met and devoured my children. What shall I do? Marie my pretty one, wilt thou not again nestle in thy mother's bosom nor press thy cheek to mine? Holy Virgin, thou who hadst a babe of thine own, look on me with compassion and give back to me my innocent lambs."

Again she sought the pasture, and even ventured, at her peril, to thread in the darkness the woods that surrounded it, shouting, in a voice shrill with agony, the names of the missing ones, but no answering sound came. Heedless of her garments wet with dew, of her weariness, her need of food and sleep, she spent the night wandering back and forth between house and pasture, hoping to find them at either place, and always disappointed. The stars melted away one by one, the twitter of the birds was heard, the tree-tops reddened, and the sun again

looked down upon her. She resumed the search with renewed hope, for now she could see. With the native confidence of one born in the bush she traversed the leafy aisles, but her search was in vain. There was only a strip of dryland to be examined, for a great swamp bounded it on one side as the St. Lawrence did on the other, and into the swamp she deemed it impossible the children could have gone. She was more convinced than before that a wild beast had killed them and dragged their bodies to its lair in the swamp. Stunned by this awful conjecture, to which all the circumstances pointed, her strength left her, and in deep anguish of spirit she tottered homewards. On coming in sight of the shanty she marked with surprise smoke rising from the chimney. Her heart gave a great leap. "They have returned!" she said joyfully. She hastened to the door. A glance brought her sorrow. She saw only her husband and her eldest son."

"What ails thee! Your face is white as Christmas snow. We came from Coteau this morning and found nobody here. What is wrong?"

"Joseph," she replied in a hollow voice, "the wolf garou hath devoured our children."

"Never! Thou art mad. There is no wolf garou."

"I leave it all with the good God: I wish there was no wolf garou." Then she told him of the disappearance of the children and of her vain search. Husband and son listened attentively.

"Pooh!" exclaimed Caza, "they are not lost forever to us. Get us breakfast and Jean and I will track them and have them back to thee before long. You do not know how to find and follow a trail."

An hour later, shouldering their rifles, they set forth. The day passed painfully for the poor moth-

er, and it was long after sunset when they returned. They had found no trace of the wanderers. They had met the calves, which, from the mud that covered them, had evidently been in the swamp and floundered there long before they got back to solid land at a point distant from the pasture. The father's idea was that the children had been stolen by Indians. Next day the search was resumed, the neighbors joining in it. At nightfall all returned baffled, perplexed and disheartened; Caza more confident than before that the Indians were to blame. After a night's rest, he set off early for St. Regis, where he got no information. Leaving there, he scoured the forest along Trout River and the Chateauguay, finding a few hunting-camps, whose dusky inmates denied all knowledge of the missing girls. He pursued his toilsome way to Caughnawaga and came back by the river St. Louis without discovering anything to throw light on the fate of his children. The grief of the mother who had been buoying herself with the expectation that he would bring back the truants, is not to be described; and she declared it would be a satisfaction to her to be assured of their death rather than longer endure the burden of suspense. Again the father left to scour the wilderness that lies between the St. Lawrence and the foot-hills of the Adirondacks, hoping to find in some wigwam buried in forest-depths the objects of his eager quest. On reaching Lake Champlain he became convinced that the captors were beyond his reach, and footsore and broken-hearted, he sought his home, to make the doleful report that he had not found the slightest trace.

The leaves fluttered from the trees, the snow came in flurries from the north, the nights grew longer and colder, and, at last, winter set in. When

the wind came howling across the icy plain into which the St. Lawrence had been transformed, and the trees around their shanty groaned and wailed, the simple couple drew closer to the blazing logs and thought sadly of their loved ones, pinched with cold and hunger, in the far-away wigwams of their heartless captors.

"They will grow up heathens," murmured the mother.

"Nay, they were baptized," suggested the father, "and that saves their souls. I hope they are dead rather than living to be abused by the savages."

"Say not that, my husband; they can never forget us, and will watch a chance to come back. Archange will sit on thy knee again, and I will once more clasp my Marie to my bosom."

When bedtime came they knelt side by side, and in their devotions the wanderers were not forgotten.

Time rolled on, and Caza and his wife became old people. Each year added some frailty, until, at a good old age, the eyes of the mother were closed without having seen what she longed for—the return of her children. The husband tarried a while longer, and when he was laid to rest the sad and strange trial of their lives grew fainter and fainter in the memories of those who succeeded them, until it became a tradition known to few—as a mystery that had never been solved.

II.—THEIR FATE

Archange, holding Marie by the hand, on reaching the pasture, followed the fence to find where the calves had broken out, and then traced their hoof prints, which led to the edge of the swamp. Here

she hesitated. "Marie, you stay here until I come back."

"No, no; I will go with you; I can jump the wet places, you know."

"Yes, and get tired before you go far. Wait; I'll not be long in turning the calves back."

Marie, however, would not part from her sister, and followed her steps as she picked her way over the swamp; now walking a fallen tree and anon leaping from one mossy tussock to another. The calves were soon sighted, but the silly creatures, after the manner of their kind, half in play and half in fright, waited until the children drew near, when they tossed up their heels and ran. In vain Archange tried to head them. Cumbered by Marie, who cried when she attempted to leave her, she could not go fast enough, and when it became so dark that it was difficult to see the sportive animals, she awakened to the fact that she must desist.

"Marie, we will go home and leave the calves until morning."

"But if we don't get them they will have no supper."

"Neither will you; let us haste home or we will not see to get out of the swamp."

"There is no hurry; I am tired," and with these words Marie sat down on a log, and, pouting at her sister's remonstrances, waited until the deepening gloom alarmed Archange, who, grasping the little hand, began, as she supposed, to retrace the way they had come. Marie was tired, and it now being dark, she slipped repeatedly into the water, until, exhausted and fretful, she flung herself on the broad trunk of a fallen hemlock and burst into tears. Archange was now dreadfully alarmed at their situation, yet it was some time before she was able to per-

suade her sister to resume their journey. They moved on with difficulty, and, after a while, the sight of solid green bush rising before them gladdened their strained eyes. "We have passed the swamp," joyfully exclaimed Archange. They reached the ridge and scrambled up its side. The heart of the elder sister sank within her for she failed to recognize, in the starlight, a single familiar landmark. Could it be that, in the darkness, she had pursued the reverse way, and, instead of going towards home, had wandered farther away and crossed an arm of the swamp?

"Are we near home, Archange? I'm hungry."

"My darling, I fear we will have to stay here until daylight. We've lost our way."

"No, no; mother is waiting for us and supper is ready; let us go."

"I wish I knew where to go, but I don't. We are lost, Marie."

"Will we have no supper?"

"Not tonight, but a nice breakfast in the morning."

"And sleep here?"

"Yes, I will clasp you and keep you warm."

"I want my own bed, Archange," and the child broke down and softly wept.

Finding a dry hemlock knoll, Archange plucked some cedar brush, and lying down upon it, folded Marie in her arms, who, wearied and faint, fell asleep. It was broad daylight when they awoke, chilled and hungry. Comforting her sister as best she could, Archange descended to the swamp, confident that they would soon be home. The treacherous morass retained no mark of their footprints of the night before, and she knew not whither to go. Long and painfully they struggled without meeting

an indication of home, and the fear grew in Archange's breast that they were going farther and farther from it. Noon had passed when they struck another long, narrow, stony ridge, which rose in the swamp like an island. Gladly they made for it, and seeking an open space, where the sunshine streamed through the interlacing foliage, enjoyed the heat, as it dried their wet garments and soothed their wearied limbs.

"If we only had something to eat," said Marie, wistfully.

"Oh, we will get plenty of nuts here. See, yonder is a butternut tree," and running to it Archange returned with a lapful, which she broke with a stone as Marie ate them. They satisfied her craving, and laying her head on the sunny bank she fell asleep from fatigue. As soon as her breathing showed that she was sleeping soundly her sister slipped from her side to explore the ridge and try to discover some trace of the way home. She found everything strange, and the conviction settled upon her mind that they were lost and that their sole hope of escape was in the searching-party, which she knew must be out, finding them. Little did she know that the morass their light steps had crossed would not bear the weight of a man, and that they were hopelessly lost and doomed to perish in the wilderness. Had she been alone she would have broken down; the care of her sister sustained her. For her she would bear up. On returning she found her still asleep, and as she bent over her tear-stained face and lightly kissed it, she murmured, "I will take care of Marie and be her little mother."

The thought of home and mother nigh overcame her. Repressing the rising lump in her throat, she busied herself against her sister's waking. She in-

creased her store of butternuts, adding beechnuts and acorns as well, and broke them and arranged the kernels on basswood leaves, as on plates. She drew several big branches together and covered them with boughs which she tore from the surrounding cedars, and when the bower was complete she strewed its floor with dry ferns. She had finished and was sitting beside Marie when the little eyes opened and were greeted with a smile.

"Oh, I have been waiting ever so long for you, Marie. We are going to have a party. I have built a bower and laid out such a nice supper. We will play at keeping house."

The child laughed gleefully on seeing the arrangements, and the forest rang with their mirth as the hours sped on. When evening approached Marie grew wistful; she wanted her mother; she wanted to go home, and Archange soothed her with patient care.

"Look at the bower, Marie! See what a nice bed; won't you lie down on it? And what stories you will have to tell mother of our happy time here!"

The child, charmed by the novelty, crept in, and laying down her curly head fell asleep to the crooning of her sister. The stars as they hung over the tree-tops gazed downwards in pity on the little girls clasped in each others' arms in the sleep of innocence, and the soft south wind sighed as it swept by, sorrowing that it could not save them. A murmuring was heard in the pine-tops.

"Must they perish?" asked the guardian angel.

"They must; no help can reach them," answered Nature with a sigh. "Unwittingly they have strayed from the fold into the wilderness, these poor, helpless lambs, and must suffer. Only to man is given the power to help in such extremity."

"Can you do nothing?" pleaded the angel.

"Yes; I shall lighten their last hours, give them a speedy death, and prevent the tooth of ravenous beast or crawling worm touching their pure bodies. Think me not cruel. I cannot perform the acts allotted to mankind, but am not, therefore, as some deem me, cruel and stolid; my spirit is tender, and what is in my power I'll do."

Sad of countenance the angel turned and glided to the side of the sleeping children. Stooping over them he whispered in their ears, and they smiled in their sleep and dreamt of home, of dancing on their father's knee, of being tossed to the rafters by their brothers, and they felt the touch of their mother's hand and heard the sound of her voice, and they were very happy.

* * * * *

When they awoke the song of a belated greybird perched overhead, greeted them, and they lay and listened and watched the movements of a brilliantly colored woodpecker, as it circled the trunk of a spruce. Looking into the face of her sister, Archangel saw that it was pale and pinched and that her smile was wan and feeble.

"Will father be here today?"

"I hope so, Marie; are you tired of me?"

"Oh, no; I do love you so, but I want mother and—a drink of warm milk and a piece of bread."

"Well, perhaps you will get them soon, and we will be happy until they come."

They rose and Archangel busied herself in setting forth breakfast, but both, though very hungry, now loathed the sight of nuts. Wandering, hand in hand, to find something more acceptable, they found in a raspberry thicket a bush with a scant crop of

second-growth berries. Making a little basket of the bark of the white birch they nearly filled it, and returning to their bower, sat down to enjoy them, fashioning out of reeds make-believe spoons and asking each other if they would have cream and sugar. The play went on and faint laughter was heard. When the last berry was gone, the gnawing hunger re-awoke and the feverish heat of tongue and palate, which the acid juice had allayed, returned. Marie would not be comforted. She wanted to go home; she wanted her mother; she wanted food, and burying her face in her sister's lap sobbed as if her heart would break and she would not be comforted. Archange felt as if she must give way to despair, but she repressed the feeling and bore up bravely. The trials and responsibilities of the past thirty-six hours had aged her, and, child as she was in years, she acted like a woman towards her sister, whom she alternately soothed and tried to divert. While leaning over her, in affected sportive mood, something soft brushed past her face and crept between them. It was a grey squirrel. Marie opened her weeping eyes, looked wonderingly for a moment, and then, with delighted gesture, grasped the little creature, and beaming with joy, pressed it to her lips.

"It is Mignon; my own dear little Mignon! What caused you to run away from me, you naughty boy?"

It was a tame squirrel, Marie's pet, which, a week before, had scampered off to the woods. There was no doubt as to his identity, for beside its evident recognition of Marie, it retained the collar of colored yarn she had braided and tied round his neck. Hunger, home and mother were forgotten in the delight of recovering her pet, for whom she busied herself in getting breakfast, and he was soon sit-

ting before her gravely disposing of the nuts she handed him, one by one.

"Cannot Mignon guide us home?" she suddenly asked.

"Oh, yes; Mignon knows the way; but we would have to follow him over the trees. I am afraid you could not jump from branch to branch; I know I could not."

"Oh, I will tie a string to him and make him walk before us," and with pretty prattle she entered into a conversation with the squirrel, telling him how they were lost and he was to guide them home, for she wanted to take dinner with mother. Mignon gravely listened and nodded his head as if he understood it all. Then he ran up a tree or two by way of exercise, frisked with another squirrel, peeped at Marie from all sorts of unexpected places, and ended his capers by jumping on to her shoulder when she was not expecting him, and pretended he was going to nibble her chin. Marie was delighted; Mignon had diverted her mind from her sufferings and Archange assisted by suggesting they should make a little house for him. Of sticks and reeds they framed it and plucking from the swamp lapfuls of ripe cat-tails they lined it with them, making a nest soft as velvet. This done, they had to fill a larder for him, and had a great hunting for all manner of nuts, and in this part of their work Mignon took great interest and pretended to assist, though despite all warnings from Marie, he persisted in clasping in his forepaws the biggest butternuts and running away to bury them in out-of-the-way places. When she became tired with her exertions, Marie took a nap and Mignon curled himself up on her breast and snoozed with one eye open.

Weak in strength and sick from hunger, Ar-

change, no longer requiring to keep up appearances, flung herself down near by and wept bitterly. Why did not father come? Were they to die there alone and from want of food? Should she not try again to find the way home? She stood up, as if to consider which way to try, when her head grew dizzy and she sank down and knew no more until she was aroused by Marie climbing over her and kissing her. She knew by the sun that it was late in the day, and rising, the sisters walked slowly and unsteadily seeking berries. They found a few only and they again tried to eat nuts. They could not. Tracing the edge of the swamp they looked for blueberries, but their season was past. Suddenly a low bush, dotted with red berries, caught their sight. They found the berries small and of so peculiar a taste that, had they not been ravenous for food, they could not have eaten them. They picked the bush bare and went to their bower, where they ate them. A feeling of satisfaction followed, and Marie grew quiet and contented.

"Sing to me, Archange; do?" and the little maid laid her down to rest and listen. Her sister sang one after another the chansons her parents had brought with them from Acadia. She ceased and marked the satisfied expression that had overspread Marie's countenance. Her eyes were closed and her hands folded. "Sing the Cedars' song?" she whispered, in the voice of one about to sleep. By that name was meant a hymn Archange had heard at Christmas tide, when for the first time to her knowledge she had been in a church, having accompanied her father to the small village of the Cedars. She knew not the words of the hymn, but had carried away the tune. High and clear rose in the air and floated far away across the desolate swamp the song

in which so many generations of believers have expressed their love for the Holy Babe—the ancient Latin hymn, *Adeste Fidelis*. She sang the strain over and over again until a strange torpor crept upon her, and her voice grew fainter until it ceased and her head sank beside that of Marie's.

All nature was hushed. The remains of trees, long since burned, now gaunt and white, stood in the swamp as sentinels to guard the sleeping babes, and the giant pines, beneath whose cover they rested, seemed to lift their hands to Heaven in silent pleading. Slowly yet surely the berries of the dread ground-hemlock did their work; steadily as juice of mandrake or of poppy. The leaden hours of the long September night passed and inky clouds blotted out the stars, and when the sun rose he shot out a purplish light, which revealed the faces of the sisters, calm and cold in death, with Mignon whisking his head against the whitened cheek of his sweet mistress.

There was a roll of distant thunder; nearer and nearer it came; it grew darker and the air was hot and stifling. The forest groaned, and then there was an appalling crash and a blaze of lightning clad the scene in dazzling sheen. There was the red glow of fire; the bolt had struck a dead pine and instantly the surrounding trees, covered with withered leaves, which caught like tinder, were in a blaze. The storm shrieked, the thunder made the earth tremble, the rain fell in torrents, but higher and higher mounted the flames. It was the funeral pyre of Archange and Marie, and when it died out not a vestige of them was to be found.

THE SETTLER'S FIRST GRIST

CHAPTER I.

Late in the fall of 1817 seven families of immigrants settled on the banks of the St. Lawrence in Dundee, close to the St. Anicet line and nearly opposite the village of Lancaster. With one exception, they had come from the Isle of Skye, and they named their settlement after their Scottish birthplace, which was not altogether inappropriate, for the strip of territory they had taken possession of was so surrounded on the land side by swamps as to be, in a sense, an island. Apart from two or three of their number who knew a little English, they spoke Gaelic and Gaelic only. They brought naught beyond strong arms and great endurance of privation, for their training as crofters and fishermen was of little use in their new surroundings. An untrodden wilderness of forest hemmed in their shanties, which were placed on the bank of the St. Lawrence, and on the other side of the great river, which here expands into a lake two miles in width, were their nearest neighbors, who had showed them great kindness. Highlanders like themselves, the people of the Glen-garry side of the river had taken a lively interest in the newcomers, had made bees to give them a fresh start in life; crossed over the river to show them how to fell trees, build shanties, and make potash,

and when spring came had, with true Highland generosity, given them seed, to be repaid at harvest time, and assisted in brushing it in or planting it amid the stumps of their clearings. In the black mould of the virgin soil the potatoes grew with an abundance that surprised the Skyemen, though their astonishment was greater at the luxuriance of the Indian corn, which they saw for the first time, and at the excellence of the wheat. When the latter was threshed the next step was to get it ground. Their nearest mill was at Williamstown, in the county of Glengarry, and to reach it involved a fatiguing journey. It was a bright morning in the first week of October, 1818, that one of the settlers placed a bag of wheat in a canoe to take to this mill. It was his first grist—the first in his life of wheat—and he looked at the bag, as he deposited it carefully in the bottom of the canoe, with satisfaction not unmingled with honest pride, which was shared in by his wife and children, who came to the water's edge to see him off. Assisted by his son, a handsome young fellow, the paddles were dipped, and the boat was soon skimming lake St. Francis, for so the expansion of the St. Lawrence between Cornwall and Coteau is named. When half-way across they paused to rest, and as they viewed the noble sheet of water, embedded in a setting of bush whose bright colors glowed in the shimmering sunshine of a true Canadian fall day, they thought they had never seen anything so beautiful. "And the best of it is, Allan, the water is fresh and not salt, and," fixing his gaze on his shanty, which he could discern beneath the trees, "the land is our own, and there will be no rent to pay at Martinmas."

When they got to the mill they found there were other customers before them, and having to wait

their turn, it was nearly dark when their canoe passed out of the river Raisin into lake St. Francis on their homeward journey. The sun had set behind a cloud, and the lake, though calm, had an oily appearance—both signs of a coming change. They had gone far enough to lose sight of the shore they had left, when a slight swell of the waters was noticed, and immediately afterwards the hollow sound of approaching wind. Both practised boatmen of the Old World, they knew what these signs meant. “Had we our old boat, Allan,” said the father, “I would not care for the squall that’s coming, but this cockle-shell will not stand a rough sea. It may soon blow over. Yonder I think I see the light your mother has set in the window to guide us. We will hurry before the waves get big.” Urged by their strong arms, the canoe flew over the lake, but swifter came the storm, and before many minutes a violent gust of wind, accompanied by pelting rain, burst upon them. Like all shallow sheets of fresh water, the lake was quickly beaten into a fury, and before long waves large enough not merely to toss the boat but to drench its occupants were coursing over it. The danger of swamping was imminent but the father’s skill averted it. Directing his son to stretch himself full length in the bottom of the canoe, using the bag of flour as a pillow, it steadied under the living ballast. Then, taking his place at one end, the father brought the other bow-on the wind and skilfully kept it, by vigorous use of the paddle, in a line with the waves, so that the canoe breasted and slipped over them, hardly shipping a drop of water. The fury of the squall soon passed, and was succeeded by a gale which blew steadily from the west. With that fine respect for parents which characterizes Highlanders, Allan had offered no suggestion,

obediently doing what his father ordered. When he heard him say to himself "My God, we are lost!" he exclaimed: "No, father, the storm will blow by, and we will then make our way home this night yet."

"Yes, the storm will blow over, but where will we be then? You forget, my poor boy, that the lake ends in rapids, and we are hurrying towards them as fast as wind and wave can drive us. Your mother and your sisters and brothers will have sore hearts tomorrow."

Allan had not thought of the rapids. On their way from Montreal he had seen them, watched their foaming surges, and knew their canoe could not live a moment among them. The thought of death was bitter to him, and as the hours passed and they went drifting downwards, amid the storm and darkness, towards the jaws of the dreaded danger, his heart was filled with anguish, not alone for his mother, his brothers and sisters, but for her with whom he had secretly plighted troth.

"Allan, I will shout to you when I see the rapids. Jump and try to make the shore, for it may be near; do not trouble with me, or we both may be lost. Be a good lad to your mother, and tell her and your brothers and sisters my last thoughts were of them."

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. McDonald had tidied up the one and only room of the shanty, and was expecting momentarily the arrival of her husband and son, when she was terror-struck by the unlooked for sound of the squall among the trees. Hurrying from the house, she stood on the beach, on which the waves were beginning to break, but the darkness and rain prevented

her seeing many yards. In her agony of apprehension she shouted, in the hope that the missing ones were near: from the stormy waters came no reply. Bidding her children, who had followed her, to go and alarm the neighbors, very soon every soul in the settlement was by her side, talking rapidly in Gaelic and excitedly suggesting what ought to be done. They were all agreed that if the canoe was on the lake when the storm burst she was lost, and their sole hope was she had not left the other shore. The only other canoe they had was no larger than the one that had gone, and to launch it in order to search the lake, would be to add to the calamity. All that could be done was to build a bonfire on the most prominent point, to guide the missing canoe if within sight, and hope for the best. Laying his hand on Mrs. McDonald's arm, as she stood wistfully gazing on the now foaming waters of the lake, the oldest man of the settlement said, "Come with us out of the cold and wet; we can do no good here." Gathered in the shanty, the fire was replenished until it roared in the ample chimney, and the neighbors talked hopefully to the family and despondently among themselves. When the hope that the storm was only a passing squall was dissipated by its settling into a gale, under the influence of which the waves lashed the sandy beach with a roar so appalling that it stifled the groanings of the forest, the men agreed among themselves that McDonald and his son were at the bottom of the lake, and their hearts grew sore for those whom they believed to be widowed and orphaned by the calamity. Fighting with her fears, Mrs. McDonald tried to persuade herself all would come right, and assumed a complacency she was far from feeling. "Often," she remarked, "has my husband been out worse nights than this in Scotland,

and surely he who could fight the Atlantic is not going to be drowned in a bit of freshwater loch in Canada. To be sure there was a winding-sheet in the candle last night, but that did not signify, seeing that it was made from the fat of a wild deer, and not from that of a Christian sheep. Not one of my family, and it goes far back, Mrs. McGillis, ever died without the wraith of Ian Ban, our forbear, who was laird of Glenish, being seen, and it is not to be said he failed to warn me when my husband and oldest son were near their end. I am not afraid of them. They will be here tomorrow—Donald, like a good man, go and see that the fire is blazing on the point—and we must keep our composure. What is that?"

Close to the dwelling rose a prolonged howl, beginning at a low pitch and rising to a piercing climax, the sound of which blanched every face. Those nearest the door opened it; none ventured out. Every ear was strained. In a few minutes the howl was repeated. "Pooh!" said a young man, "it is only a wolf."

The incident broke the tension of suspense, and one after another began telling stories of their old life in Skye, having more or less bearing on the situation of those they waited for. Thus the hours wore away, and it was noted with satisfaction that at the turn of the night the gale broke and speedily died away. The waves still ran too high for the canoe to be launched to attempt to gain the other side of the lake and make inquiries, but they were falling fast. When it was agreed it would be safe to go, the settlers again gathered on the beach, which was redened by the beacon fire that still blazed. There was unexpected delay; a paddle was found to be broken, and another had to be made, and ere all was ready a faint whitening of the eastern sky told of the com-

ing day. It was now a beautiful night, calm and still, the glassy swells of the lake reflecting the sparkle of the stars. Many a searching glance was cast across the broad lake for the missing boat, and dreadful apprehensions filled each bosom as to the secret its dark waters kept. The canoe was about to start, the two men going with her had dipped their paddles, and the group on the beach clustered closer to see her off, when, faint and from afar, came over the surface of the lake a plaintive murmur. Not a word was uttered, but every ear was strained to catch the sound. It came again fitfully. Neighbor looked with agony into the blanched face of neighbor. The one idea possessed them, that it was the dirge of the spirits of their departed friends as they were journeying to the place of souls. The mother impulsively sprang forward until the water laved her feet and cried, "My Allan, my first-born, is it you that is calling? Oh speak to me and tell where in the cold deep I will find you."

There was a shriek behind her which froze every heart. A young woman, the winsome daughter of one of the settlers, had fallen senseless on the sand.

The patriarch of the settlement who, at the first sound, had knelt and placed his ear close to the lake, rose in stern reproof. "Is it thus you welcome God's mercy? Your son, Mrs. McDonald, and your lover, Flora, for so you have just revealed to us he is, is alive and well. It is his voice singing the boat-song of the Isle of Mist, and I hear the splash of oars." And so it was, for now clear and strong came from the lake the words of the song, and soon keen eyes could detect the approaching canoe. There was a shout of joy, and tears streamed down every cheek. A few minutes more and the lost were among them.

When they had re-entered the shanty and the cup of rejoicing had gone round, Mr McDonald told his story. As time passed, and the canoe drifted farther down the lake, he had given up all hope and expected every moment to feel it caught in the strong current that leads to the rapids, and hear their dreadful roar. "I was praying for you in my heart," he said, "when I heard the sound of breaking water. Allan, I shouted, here they are at last; make ready to jump and swim for your life." No sooner said than my paddle struck bottom and I saw trees before me. Quick, Allan, jump and we will drag the canoe ashore. We both sprang out at the same time, and catching the canoe ran her through the breakers and high on to the bank. We were wet and so cold, but, oh, we were thankful that we were saved. After a while we got up and moved round to see if a house was near, when we found that we were on one of the small islands that lie at the head of the rapids. A few rods one way or the other and we would have swept past it and been lost. It was God's own hand that had steered our canoe. Well, we waited patiently till the gale went down, and as soon as we dared we launched out again and paddled homeward. And a long pull we had, but it warmed us."

The bag of flour was opened. The water had caked the outside layer, leaving the interior quite dry. The flour was examined with interest, being the first from wheat grown in the settlement.

"Well," exclaimed the patriarch, "it is time we were in our beds, though it be now broad daylight, and we will go to sleep with thankful hearts that our good neighbor is with us and not at the bottom of the lake. And you, Mrs. McDonald, we wish well to, for you have this morning found not only the

son that was lost, but a daughter you knew not of, and a good girl she is too. There is plenty of land here for all, and we will build them a house and hold our New Year in it, and, please God, we will not again risk life in these French cobbles of canoes, but build a big boat."

And so it came to pass. The New Year beheld Flora and Allan made one with a merry-making that became a tradition in the settlement, their Glengarry friends driving over the icy bosom of the lake to it in a drove, and bringing pipers to supply the music. When spring came a boat, large enough to carry half a dozen bags of wheat, built after the best Isle of Skye design, was launched in the creek beside the shanty of William McPhee, and served the settlement many a long year.

THE TRIAL OF JOHN NEWELL

Standing on the top of Mount Royal, should the day be clear, the outline of a low hill may be traced in the southwest. It is Covey Hill, distant some 30 miles from Montreal. On the northern slope of this hill lived the family whose remarkable experience is here set down in writing for the first time, though often told by many a fireside. About 1815 a young couple from Caldwell Manor, seeking a place of their own, selected a lot at the base of Covey Hill. John Newell had been brought up in the bush and his wife was in every way a fit helpmate. They had been two years in their new home, when one July morning found John hoeing corn. His heart was glad, the crop was full of promise, the clearing was larger than he had anticipated at so early a date, and the exhilaration of the freshness and beauty of the morn was in his spirit. From the house came the cheery singing of his wife, as she went about her household duties. A rustling in the woods behind him caused him to turn, and he saw a man younger than himself standing on the other side of the brush fence, leaning on his rifle. "Hard at work," remarked the visitor, "Corn looks well."

"Yes," replied John, "this hot spell is fetching it along. What are you up to? Hunting?"

"No; I came for your advice; I'm in trouble."

"Well, Dick, you know I am willing to help you."

Before Dick could speak an oldish man was seen shambling along the track that served as a road to connect the scattered houses of the settlers. "Confound it," muttered Dick, "there comes El, the last man I wanted to see."

Unaware of how unwelcome he was, El halted at the door of the shanty to shout Good morning to the young men at the end of the clearing and entered to see Mrs. Newell. "We can't speak here," said Dick, "for the sneak will be round to hear what we are saying. Come under the trees." John jumped the fence and disappeared with his friend in the woods. In less than an hour John reappeared, carrying Dick's rifle. Placing it against a stump he resumed his hoeing. El, who had remained talking to Mrs. Newell, shuffled to where he worked and tried to find out Dick's business, but John was not to be pumped, would not even tell why Dick had left his rifle, and El left without any addition to his stock of ill-natured gossip.

The fall came dry and warm, so that the crops of the primitive settlement were gathered early, and it was well, for forest-fires broke out in September, which swept around many a clearing. Winter and summer were alike busy seasons for John: in the one enlarging his clearing with his axe, in the other cultivating the larger crops he had made room for. A year elapsed, and while all was going well and John and his wife regarded with satisfaction the progress they were making, a most extraordinary calamity befell them. As the wife afterwards recalled, in telling the painful story, it was on a grey, cloudy day, in September, while spreading dinner on the table, that a lad hurried to the door and shouted, "Mrs. Newell, they have found a dead man in Stock-

well's bush." "Who is he?" she asked. "Nobody knows," was the answer, as the boy hurried on. When John, who had been repairing gaps in the fences, came in, he was told the news, and after dinner went to find out what truth there was in the report. On reaching Stockwell's he found an excited gathering. That morning three boys, while out hunting squirrels, had stumbled on a skeleton. John left with several new-comers to see it. The fire of the previous fall had cut a wide swath in the woods, and in a hollow lay the bones. They were scattered, most of them calcined by the heat of the burning brush, but the skull was intact, and it was that of a full-grown man. The fire had licked up every remnant of clothing, and only the frame of what had been a hunting-knife and bits of a broken jug had been found. On only one point were all agreed, that the scattering of the bones showed, before the fire had reached the body, it had been devoured by wolves. John returned home in time to do his chores. Before going to bed he learned from passers-by that Squire Manning had been sent for to hold an investigation.

The squire was a deliberate man, and having some harvesting on hand, set a day a fortnight after the gruesome discovery for his inquiry. On the appointed morning he arrived at Stockwell's and empanelled a dozen of the settlers as a jury. They examined the bones for the twentieth time and revisited the spot where they had been discovered. Then they assembled in Stockwell's orchard to hear the evidence. It consisted alone of that of the boys who found the bones. The squire was pedantic and thought it his duty to comply with all legal forms, so when the evidence was in, he laboriously addressed the jury. Some one in the crowd, which included

every settler within many miles, must know whose remains were there in the basket. He was convinced the bones were those of a murdered man, and he solemnly adjured the murderer to come forward then and there and make a clean breast of his crime; murder would out in time and the guilty man could save himself the torture of an accusing conscience by open confession. As the squire prosed on in this fashion a feeling of awe crept over the assembly and neighbor looked suspiciously on neighbor, presuming the squire had cause for speaking as he was doing. There being no response to his appeal he said he would adjourn the inquest until early candle-light, so that the settlers could go home and do their afternoon chores. The moment they were released there arose the confused voices of men in argument, each having his theory. Hurrying home John did what was needed, and returned to hear the finish. When he reached Stockwell's house the squire, who was seated by the fireplace, had resumed, and was addressing the crowd who packed the shanty on the heinousness of the crime which he held had been committed. He laboriously controverted the idea that the man had dropped dead from natural causes or been pounced upon by wild beasts while asleep. The insinuation that the bones were those of an Indian he scouted. He knew the skull of a red man when he saw one, and this was no Indian skull. Rising from his seat, stretching upwards over the heads of his hearers, and uplifting the skull in his right hand, he again adjured the murderer to confess. He paused, there was no response; he snuffed the solitary candle and drew it towards him to write. It seemed to the crowd an age before he finished the document; when he did, he explained, as there was no proof as to who the murderer was, the

jury would return an open verdict, that the remains were those of a man who had been murdered by some unknown person. He had finished reading the document, and was on the point of telling the jury to accept it as their verdict, when Elkanah Scollay shuffled forward.

"Say, squire, afore you finish let me have a word. It's been on my mind ever since them bones were discovered, and I've fought it down every time but it will come up and I must have my say out now or I'll bust. I know who killed the man."

A thrill went through the crowd, and many a rugged face blanched. The squire rose to his feet. "In the name of his gracious majesty, King George the third, whose commission as magistrate I hold, I require you to speak what you know, telling the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth," and forcing a bible into El's hand he swore him. Picking up his quill the squire was ready to take El's deposition, but soon found he had no straight evidence to give. Finally the squire let him speak in his own way, saying he would afterward reduce his statement to writing. El told how, one summer morning a year ago, he had gone to John Newell's house for a ball of yarn, how he found John and Dick in earnest conversation at the far end of the clearing, how he had seen John jump the fence and disappear with Dick in the bush, how, after he had waited a long while, he saw John come back with Dick's rifle. He went to him and asked what had become of Dick, when John told him to mind his own business. From that hour to this Dick had not been seen or heard of. Had he heard a shot. "Well, no; couldn't say he had, but there were other ways of killing besides putting a bullet in a man." At the first mention of his name a wave of indignation

swept through John's frame and his impulse was to rush forward and seize El by the throat. Controlling himself he listened, and as El went on he saw how appearances told against him. Warning John he was not compelled to say anything to criminate himself, the squire said he would be glad if he could clear the black cloud of suspicion resting on him. Lifting the bible from the table, John held it to his lips, declaring, as he hoped for salvation, he was innocent. He had parted with Dick the best of friends. The squire cross-questioned. How did he come to have Dick's rifle? Dick left it in his charge as he was going to Montreal. Had Dick written or sent him word? No. Had Dick given anything besides the gun at parting? John hesitated before answering he had. What was it? A package of papers. Could he produce it? No, he had burned it. What was in the package. John refused to answer. Relate the conversation you had with Dick in the bush? Again John refused to tell. "Your silence is a confession of guilt," remarked the squire. "If my neighbors among whom I have lived so long, think me a murderer," replied John defiantly, "I cannot help it; it is Dick's secret not mine that I am keeping." The end of it was that a new verdict was drafted, naming John as the murderer, and the squire committed him for trial. Asked if he would like to see his wife before being taken to jail, a tear started unbidden. "No," he answered softly, "I have it not in my heart to tell her I am accused of being a—a—" he stammered over the word until he saw the leer on El's face, when he shouted indignantly, "to tell her I am going to be hanged by my neighbors." The squire swore two men as constables to take John at daylight to Montreal. As the crowd was dispersing it cut John to the quick to

hear El boast he had treed painters afore this, but this was the plagiest varmint he had ever smelt out.

John had been in prison three days and was sitting disconsolate in his cell, brooding over his sad condition. The feeling of indignation at the wrong done him by his neighbors, which had hitherto upheld him, had died away, and was succeeded by one of despondency. The more he thought of the prospect before him the darker it looked, for he saw no chance of cutting the chain of circumstantial evidence that enwrapped him except the re-appearance of Dick, and of that he had no hope. Who can tell where he is? he repeated sadly to himself, and bending his head between his knees he sunk into the stupor of despair. "Hello, Mr. Newell; ain't yer glad to see a friend?" John started to his feet as if stung, for the voice was that of El, and, by the dim light of the cell, he perceived, pressed against the iron grating of the door, the hated features of that man. All his old feeling of indignation came back to John, and he felt as if he could choke the sneak who had blasted his hopes and plunged his wife into a sorrow that had no compensations.

"Lost yer tongue, eh; don't seem so spry as when on the Hill."

"Go away," shouted John, "I want nothing to do with you."

"Maybe, but I have had too much trouble to get in here to have a talk with yer to go away just yet."

After several trials to get John to enter into conversation with him, followed by preliminary observations to pave the way before telling his errand, El at last had to deliver it straight, for John resolutely kept silence. The purport of El's message was this. As matters stood John was sure to be convicted of murder, and the only way he could be sav-

ed from the gallows was to arrange that he, El, the chief witness should be absent at the trial. He knew John had no money to speak of, but he had a house and lot, and if he would give him a deed of them he, El knew where he could get a cash customer for them, and, pocketing the price, he would leave Canada forever and go to the States, whereupon the prosecution would have to be dropped. He urged his plan with all the cunningly devised inducements that a selfish and unscrupulous mind could devise. John, on comprehending the plan, seemed willing to entertain it. Why not thus obtain the liberty he had been unjustly deprived of and be restored to his wife and child? In a moment his better nature asserted itself. He was innocent and he was not going to buy his freedom by enriching the leering wretch before him. Better trust God would open a way of escape, than, by a criminal purchasing of the silence of a villain, slink back into society with the stigma of a charge of murder on his name. The sound of the unlocking of doors by the approaching turnkey to warn El his time was up, made him desperate. "Speak, John; it is yer last chance: do you want to hang or do what is reasonable? Say yes and I will come back with a notary and deed for you to sign."

"Go," sternly answered John, "and do yôar worst; I will not buy you."

In a voice of rage at his thwarted purpose, El, whispered, for the turnkey was now near, "You will hang as sure as the sun will rise to-morrow on Covey Hill, and I'll come to see you dangle."

Left alone John flung himself on the wretched pallet that stood for bed and chair in an agony of wretchedness. Have I done what was right by my wife and child? was his bitter cry. I fear not death for myself but them——

John had not long to wait in jail for his trial, for the fall term of the court of King's bench was at hand. One afternoon he was taken to the court house, which stood on the site of the present one, the jail adjoined it, and put in the dock. He was told the grand jury had returned a true bill against him for murder and was asked to plead. "Not guilty," he shouted. Was he ready for his trial? Yes. The judge asked who was his counsel. He had no lawyer and no money to pay for one. The judge assigned the youngest lawyer in the court for his defence, Mr. Noodle. At that time, when there was no college, no law-classes, young men qualified for the bar by serving so many years in a lawyer's office and then passing an examination before a judge. The lawyer in whose office Mr. Noodle put in his time knew he could not pass an examination, yet, anxious to gratify the ambition of his mother, a wealthy widow, whose only son he was, hit on a plan that proved successful. One of the judges was exceedingly deaf, yet resented any imputation of his infirmity. The lawyer managed to secure him as examiner, and appeared before him one morning with his student. Knowing it was useless to put questions relating to law, the lawyer began, How many chickens has your mother? Are they laying now? Who feeds them? Do you take milk or syrup to your porridge? And so on with like questions for 20 minutes, Mr. Noodle answering glibly. "May it please your honor, the young gentleman has answered my questions with remarkable accuracy." The judge nodded his head as he replied, "Exceedingly well. I took particular notice that he replied without hesitation to your numerous questions. Indeed, I thought you were too hard on him." And so Mr. Noodle became a lawyer, and it was to him the case

of John was confided. The court opened early next forenoon, when a jury was empanelled, and the crown-prosecutor stated the case, outlining the evidence he was about to lay before them, that the bones they saw on the table, and which would be given to them to examine, were those of Richard Sebright, and that he had been done to death by the prisoner. Witnesses were called. The boys who found the bones gave their evidence, Squire Manning, with emphasis and deliberation, related what had occurred at the inquest, and El put everything in the worst light for John. Two new witnesses were called, one a farmer who stated the prisoner had paid him \$20, which he had given Dick to buy some material for his new house the day before his disappearance, the other a doctor, who affirmed the skull was that of a white man and apparently had not been long exposed to the weather. The case for the crown here rested. Mr. Noodle rose, carefully arranged his gown and drew out the ends of his white tie, fixed his eye-glass, and after a verbose repetition of introductory inanities, informed the court he would call no more witnesses as there was no need, seeing his learned friend had completely failed to adduce a tittle of evidence to establish the charge the crown preferred against Newell, namely, that his client had stolen the bones now in court. The laughter that burst out was sternly checked by the judge: the crier shouted "silence." Mr Noodle stood near the dock, ready to read an extract from a big law book, when bending forward, John took hold of him by the shoulders, and stopped his continuing his address by shoving him towards a chair. The crown prosecutor was merciful. Under the circumstances, he informed the court, he would waive his right to address the jury. The judge,

consulting his watch, said he would defer his charge until after dinner, and the court was adjourned until 2 o'clock. On reassembling every one was in his place except the judge, who came in late, holding books and papers in his hands. Evidently he had been studying his charge. He minutely examined the evidence, pointing out what a strong chain of circumstantial proof it fastened around the prisoner. While he spoke John's eyes wandered round the people who crowded the courtroom: he saw the faces of neighbors, but in none could he read a trace of sympathy. The judge's views were theirs. Again he tried to concentrate his attention to listen to the judge's balancing of points until he grew tired, and sought relief by gazing at the audience. There was a new figure, that of his wife. Learning late the night before of the trial being set for that day, she had hurried to the city. John thought of how different his situation was a fortnight before, of his free life on Covey Hill, of his wife and child, and he tasted in that minute the bitterness of death. The voice of the judge ceased, the jury asked leave to retire for a few minutes, and a period of painful silence ensued. When the judge, who had withdrawn, returned to the bench, it was known the jury were coming, and as they fyled into their box John read in their faces his doom. The judge evidently expected the verdict of guilty, for he had his black cap before him on the desk. He was a severe man; the previous day he had sent to the scaffold a man for shop-lifting. Assuming the cap he sentenced John to be taken out two days hence and hanged. There was a pause, then the constables moved to take John back to prison, when the sound of hurried steps was heard in the vestibule and a man rushed in. There was a woman's shriek; John's wife had fallen from her

chair. "What's all this about?" shouted the newcomer, a strongly built and roughly clad young man. "Order." cried an official. "Take that man into custody" sternly spoke the judge. "No, you don't," said the man who was wild with excitement, shaking off the officers. Coming close to the bench he yelled, "I am Dick Sebright, your poor murdered man, and you have got to let John here, the best friend I ever had, go with me."

The judge, frowning and perplexed, hesitated as to what he should do. Squire Manning rose to his feet. "May it please your honor, I would ask your permission to speak." The judge nodded assent, and the squire continued. "I can testify and many others now in court can do likewise, that the man who has just entered and who is standing there, is Dick, or rather Richard Sebright, the person whom we believed the prisoner had murdered, and whose bones we supposed were those on the table."

"This is most extraordinary," exclaimed the judge. Addressing the crown-prosecutor he added, "What have you to say?"

"If the identity of this man who has suddenly appeared is established the trial becomes null; fortunately the sentence has not been recorded by the clerk and the jury is still in the box."

That Dick Sebright stood alive and well before them could have been testified to by a score of witnesses, but three sufficed, and the jury, without leaving the box, returned a verdict of not guilty. In another moment John was free and had his wife in his arms. The court was adjourned.

There were eager questions by the neighbors and others as to how all had come about, as they clustered round John, but he sternly refused to return their greetings much less to answer. All Dick

would say was that he had gone to Ogdensburg after leaving Russeltown and was there when he heard of John's arrest. He lost no time in hurrying to his rescue. John took the conduct of his neighbors, in so readily accepting his guilt, so much to heart, that the day after his return to the Hill he sold out and went to the Peterboro district, which had just been thrown open for settlement, and, in time, became one of the wealthiest and most respected of the farmers of that district. He never opened his mouth with regard to his trial, that episode being most painful to him. It was not until after his death that his wife's lips were unsealed and to a friend from Covey Hill, who visited her, she explained what is mysterious in the story told here. Dick was a carpenter and a clever tradesman. He was rather wild, however, and unsettled, until he fell in love with the daughter of a Russeltown settler. She was plain with him, saying he must give up drinking and begin to save before she would be his wife. This put him on his good behaviour and for over three months he kept steady. He was working for a settler who was putting up a better house than his first shanty, who gave him \$20 to go to Chateaugay Four Corners to get nails, glass, hinges and the like. At that village he met a man at the tavern who engaged Dick in conversation and learned his errand, which the stranger suggested he could attend to after dinner. They had a glass or two before and after dinner, when the fellow took Dick into the stable and whispered he had a package of counterfeit money that nobody could tell from genuine Boston bills, and as he was going into the lumber woods for a spell he would let him have it for \$20. The proposal caused no surprise to Dick, for counterfeiting was then common and he knew only coin passed in

the woods with lumbermen. In his muddled condition he saw a prospect of getting enough money to marry at once. He handed over the 20 silver dollars he had in his pocket and received the package of bills. Highly elated, Dick went to the store, selected what he wanted, and threw down four \$5 bills in payment. The storekeeper tossed them back with the remark, "You cannot come that game on me." A customer standing by picked up a bill and said it would not impose upon a baby. Mad with vexation Dick hurried to the tavern—the stranger had left. To the bar he went and drank until his loose change was gone. That night he passed in the woods, maddened by his thoughts. What would the girl he loved think of him when she would hear he had broken his pledge, and, worse even, that he was a thief, had spent \$20 that did not belong to him, and had tried to pass bad money? He could not stand the exposure and resolved to leave. At daylight he went to his lodging, put together what he wanted, and taking his rifle said he was going to hunt. Knowing John as a friend he could rely on, he determined to see him, and made his way through the woods to his clearing, and, finding him at work as related, unbosomed himself. The young man's agonies of remorse and his distress at losing the hand of the girl he loved, touched John, and he dealt with him as with a brother. Exacting a promise he would never touch liquor and giving him advice Dick never forgot, John undertook to repay the \$20 with an explanation that would allay enquiry, to have his wife take a message to his sweetheart that would secure her being faithful to her promise, and received the counterfeit bills to burn. Humiliated and wiser Dick left, resolved on leading a new life, and he kept his resolve. He wrote John two letters from

Ogdensburg; the crudeness of the postal service of those days, and perhaps the fact that money was enclosed in them, explained their not reaching him. By merest chance he heard of John's being committed for trial and hastened to his rescue. Dick did not go back to Ogdensburg. Offered work in Montreal he remained there, and rose to be a prosperous contractor. Claiming the hand of his sweetheart who had stood true, there were such great doings at the wedding that it was spoken of for a score of years as the biggest known on the Flats. Finding every door closed against him, El returned to Massachusetts, whence he had come. As to the bones they were never conclusively accounted for. The general belief was they were those of a travelling fiddler, who, after stealing a jar of whiskey from the shanty where he lodged overnight, went to the woods to enjoy it by himself, and was not again seen.

JEANIE MORISON

CHAPTER I.

Only those who have lived in a country with long winters can realize the pleasurable sensations which attend the opening of spring. The weary monotony of winter, with its unvarying aspect of white fields, and steady frost, often so intense as to make exposure painful, gives way to freedom and life. With feelings akin to those which stir the heart of the prisoner, when he exchanges his darksome cell for sunshine and green fields, does the dweller of Canada hail the time when the snowbanks disappear and when he can, without wraps, move whether he will in the genial atmosphere. It was at that period of the year when the simple incidents I am going to relate took place.

Amid the unbroken forest which covered the county of Huntingdon in the year 1820, a log shanty stood on the west bank of Oak creek, at a point where the beavers had by their industry formed a small meadow. The shanty was rudely made of unsquared logs, with a roof of basswood slabs, and a stickehimney. The interior consisted of a single room, and a small one at that. The inmates were a mother and daughter. The mother, engaged in spinning, sat in the sunshine which streamed through the open door, brightening the few pieces

of furniture it fell upon and whitening still more the heap of ashes in the open fire-place, behind which smouldered a huge backlog. She had evidently passed her fiftieth year, while the pressed lips and look of patient reserve told of the endurance of a lifelong sorrow.

"Dae ye no see or hear ocht?" she asked, looking through the doorway to the woods beyond, to which she often turned her eyes.

"No, mother," replied the girl addressed, who was sitting on the doorstep.

"What can hae come ower him!" said the woman in a low voice.

"Dinna fret; he'll be here soon," said Jeanie in a tone that spoke more of a desire to comfort her mother than faith in her statement.

As if not heeding her, the mother resumed, "He said he would be back last nicht, and he should hae been. I sair misdoot ill has befaen him."

It was of her husband of whom she spoke. He had worked all winter for a party of Americans, who were cutting the best of the timber along the banks of the creek, and had gone Monday morning to aid them in driving the logs to the point on the Chateauguay where they were to be formed into rafts and taken to Quebec. His last words had been that he would, at the latest, be back the following evening and it was now the third day.

Jeanie strained eyes and ears to catch the faintest sign of her father's approach. The quaver of the grey-bird and the chirrup of the chipmunk came occasionally from the recesses of the woods, which lay sleeping in the April sunshine that glorified everything, but no rustle of branch or cracking of dried stick that would indicate an approaching footstep. The usually stagnant creek, now swollen by

melted snow, lapped its banks in pursuing its tortuous course, murmuring a soothing lullaby to the genial day; and that great peace, to be found only in mountain recesses or forest depth, brooded over the scene. But here, where all the influences of nature were so soothing, were two hearts filled with anxious care.

“Jeanie,” suddenly exclaimed the mother, after a long pause, and staying the whirr of the wheel, “you maun gang and seek your father. Gae down to Palmer’s. There you’ll find the rafts, and the men will tell you whether he left for hame or no.”

“But I dinna like to leave you, mother, and I am sure you are taking trouble without need. He will be here by dark.”

The mother understood the affectionate motive of her child in trying to make light of her fears, but well knew her anxiety was no less than her own.

“Say nae mair, my lassie, but gang while there is time for you to get back. You ken the yarn for the Yankee wife at the Fort is ready and there is no flour until he gangs there for it.”

Casting one long eager glance down the creek, along which her father should come, the girl rose and made ready for the journey. Her preparations were easily made. The slipping on of her stoutest pair of shoes and throwing a plaid over her arm, as a hap from the cold after sunset, comprised them, and bidding her mother not to fret, for she would bring back good news, she started. She did not follow the creek, but struck northward across the peninsula that forms the township of Elgin, her design being to reach Trout river, as being more fordable than the wider Chateauguay. The path was, probably, at first a deer run, which the few who travelled it, chiefly lumbermen, had roughly brushed. Only

one accustomed to the woods could have kept the track, for, to a stranger's eye, it differed little from the openings which appeared among the trees. Jeanie, however, was no novice to the path or to the bush, and she stepped quickly and with confidence on her way. She had walked about half an hour beneath the solemn gloom of the primeval forest when she saw an opening ahead, and knew she was approaching Trout river. On reaching it, she followed its bank, until, with one end grounded in a little bay, she found a large log. Grasping the first straight stick she saw lying about to serve as a pole, she pushed the log from its anchorage, and stepping on it guided it across the narrow river. From the liability of the log to roll, such a mode of ferrying is dangerous to those unused to it, but Jeanie knew how to place her feet and keep her balance and speedily gained the other bank and resumed her journey. On reaching the place where the two rivers unite, she could not, despite her anxiety, help pausing to admire the beautiful expanse of water, which, unruffled by a breath of wind, lay glassing itself in the sunshine, while the forest, which rose from its margin on either side, formed no unfit setting. Presently she saw a ripple upon its surface, and perceived the black head of a muskrat, which was making its way to the opposite bank. While she followed the rapid movements of the little creature, there was the flash and smoke of a gun, and, while the woods were still echoing the report, a dog jumped into the water to bring in the rat, which was floating dead upon the current. A few steps brought Jeanie to the marksman, a tall, wiry man, of rather prepossessing appearance. His dog had returned and laid the rat at his master's feet, who was encouraging him with exclamations of "Good dog!

good dog!" when he caught sight of her.

"Waal neow, who would a thought it? Miss Jeanie herself and nobody else. How do you do?" And stretching forth his sinewy arm, he grasped her hand in a clutch that would have made a bear shed tears.

"Oh, I'm well, thank you, Mr. Palmer, and my mother, but we're in sore trouble."

"Don't say the old man is sick?" and an anxious look passed over the kindly face of the honest Yankee.

"Oh, dear sir, we dinna ken whether he's sick or well. He left home Monday morning and was to be back next night and he hasna come yet, and I've come to ask after him and get help to find him, if nobody knows where he is?" As she spoke there was a tremor in Jeanie's voice, and a tear glistened on her drooping eyelashes.

"Ha, do tell; this is serious," and the hunter leant upon his rifle and gazed abstractedly upon the river, as if trying to conjecture what could have become of the lost man, until, noting Jeanie's distress, he aroused himself, and, exhorting her to keep up heart, led the way to his house.

"You see," he said, as they picked their way along the rough path by the river's edge, "there ain't much to shoot yet and what there is ain't worth killing, but I kinder felt lonesome to be about doors so fine a day, and I took a stroll, tho' all I came across was that mushrat, which, darn its skin, ain't worth the lead that killed it."

"If the shooting is poor, the fishing will be good," said Jeanie, who humored the spirit of the sportsman.

"Couldn't be better," answered Mr. Palmer, "I speared seven salmon at the foot of the rapids last

night, and this morning I drew my seine full of as pretty fish as you would want to clap your eyes on."

The sound of rushing water told of their approach to the rapids, at the head of which, on a knoll a few rods to the left, stood Mr. Palmer's house, which was a comfortable log one, overshadowed by majestic pines. On entering, they found Mrs. Palmer, a rather delicate-looking woman, engaged in baking. Uttering an exclamation of surprise at the sight of Jeanie, she wiped her dusty hands and gave her a cordial welcome, as well she might, for the visits she had received from members of her own sex, since she had taken up her abode by the Chateauguay, might have been counted on her fingers without exhausting them. On learning the cause of Jeanie's journey, she received the tidings with the same anxious look as her husband. Evidently both entertained the worst forebodings, while both had a delicacy in speaking of what they believed to be the cause of his absence. Neither had seen him, but the gang of lumbermen he had helped were now forming a raft half a mile below the house and it was arranged that Mr. Palmer should go and see them while Jeanie waited. Her hostess resumed her baking, and Jeanie, feeling the heat indoors oppressive on so fine a day, stepped out and sat on a log, near enough to keep up the conversation yet sufficiently far to enjoy the balmy atmosphere and the beauty of the scene before her. And here, let me tell what manner of woman Jeanie was. She had that first quality of a handsome girl, stature—she was tall, with a form instinct with life—lithe and graceful, which, when matured by age, would become dignified also. She had no pretension to beauty, beyond what the liveliness of youth and a sweet temper can give to the countenance, but still her well-formed

mouth, gray eyes, a forehead broad though not too high, and a wealth of light brown hair went to form a face that was pleasant to look upon. She had been a visitor at Palmer's house before, but its surroundings were still sufficiently novel to engage her even in her present distracted frame of mind, for, as became a Scotchwoman, she loved whatever is beautiful in nature. Above, and until directly opposite her, the Chateauguay came sweeping, with graceful curve, a wide, unruffled sheet of water, until suddenly it fell over a rocky ledge and became a mass of foaming rapids, which brattled between banks, covered by trees and overhung by hazel bushes, until lost to sight by a sharp bend a considerable distance below. Being at flood height, the rapids were seen at their best, and Jeanie never wearied admiring the graceful sweep of the smooth water as it neared the ledge that preceded its fall, or the tumult of breakers into which, a moment after, it was tossed. It flashed upon her that the river was, perhaps, to prove a true type of her own and her mother's fate,—the even tenor of their life hitherto was about to be suddenly broken by her father's disappearance, and then the water, tossed from rock to rock, broken into spray and driven in every direction, except upward, would too truly represent their life hereafter. Raising her gaze to the south, she caught a glimpse, through a gash among the trees on the opposite bank where fire had levelled them, of a range of smoothly moulded hills, which, blue and soft in the spring sunshine, brought back to memory the dear old hills of her native land, and joy mingled with her sorrow.

The afternoon wore away apace and still Mr. Palmer did not return. Above the noise of the rapids Jeanie heard, now and then, the shouts of the

lumbermen as they heaved the logs in forming their raft, and whom Mr. Palmer had gone down to see. Having finished her household duties and spread the supper on the table, Mrs. Palmer sat down beside Jeanie and, with kindly craft, by talking of commonplace matters, strove to divert her mind. By-and-by the appearance of a spaniel, the same that had swam for the rat, indicated the approach of Mr. Palmer, who, when he came up to them, leading his eldest girl, a chattering child, seemed in no hurry to answer the questioning eyes of the two women.

"Blessed if the dog don't scent something," said the worthy man, as he watched the animal creeping to a clump of underbrush to the right.

"Bother the dog," exclaimed Mrs. Palmer, "what did the men tell you?"

"Waal, they ain't jest sure, you know, but they guess 'tis all right," and as he drawled out the words slowly and reluctantly, Jeanie could see that he was far from thinking it was all right.

"Oh, sir," she said, "you are a father yourself and you are as dear to your child as she is to you. Tell me the worst, and be done with it."

"Don't take on, Jeanie; it may be all right yet. Your father helped to tote the logs to the foot of the rapids, and left them, well and strong, to walk home Tuesday night. I rather conjecture he lost his way, but he will be home by this time.

This was all Mr. Palmer seemed disposed to tell, and, hoping for the best, she tried to share in her host's affected confidence as to her father's safety, and followed him in answer to his wife's call "That supper was ready." A capital cook, and having a larder to draw from replenished by the gun and rod of her husband, Mrs. Palmer, in honor of her guest, had spread a table that contrasted pain-

fully with the meagre fare to which Jeanie was accustomed, and made her think of the mess of boiled corn of which her mother would then be partaking. After supper, the canoe was launched, and bidding farewell to her hostess and her little girl on the river's bank, Jeanie stepped in, when driven by the paddle of Mr. Palmer, it began steadily to stem the current.

Who that has undergone the agony of sorrowful apprehension has not noted how every trifling incident that may have occurred during that period has become imprinted indelibly upon the memory? The watcher by the sick-bed, over which death hovers, is puzzled how, at a time when the mind is absorbed with one thought, the perceptions should be so sharpened as to note trivial events and objects, down to the very furniture and pattern of the wall-paper, which on ordinary occasions leave no trace upon the memory. On that April evening Jeanie's mind was brooding continually over her father's probable fate, yet to her dying day she remembered every feature of the scenery she was now passing. The smooth flowing river, swollen and discolored by the melted snow from the hills, hemmed in on either side by a thick growth of trees, many of which, as if enamored with the beautiful sheet of water by which they grew, bent over it until, in their leafy prime, their branches almost kissed its surface. Now, though leafless, their tops were glorified by the setting sun, which filled the still air with the lambent blue haze which distinguishes the evenings of early spring in Canada. Keeping to the Chateauguay at its union with Trout river, the canoe stole silently beneath the shadow of the overhanging trees until the mouth of Oak creek was reached, when Jeanie stepped ashore to pursue the rest of her way on foot.

Before bidding her goodbye, Mr. Palmer paused and said. "Now, you keep up a good heart, and we'll be up tomorrow to search the woods. Give that to your mother and—God bless you." Without giving her time to say a word, he pushed his canoe into the stream and speedily glided out of sight, leaving Jeanie standing on the bank perplexed by what he had said and holding the basket he had thrust into her hands, which contained a loaf of bread and a string of fish. With a heavier heart than ever, she began to trace her way homeward by the creek. Once in her lonely walk she thought she saw her father walking ahead of her, and once she thought she heard his voice. She called out and paused to listen for a reply. The only sound that reached her was the dismal croakings of the frogs. Knowing that her imagination was deceiving her, she hurried on and, when she caught the first glimpse of light gleaming from her humble home, it outlined her mother's figure seated on the doorstep waiting her return.

"You hav'na found him, Jeanie?"

"No, mother; and he hasna come hame?"

"What can hae come ower him!?" exclaimed the mother, as she sank into a seat by the open fire-place.

It was remarkable that in their conversation no conjecture was hazarded by either as to the probable fate of the missing one. Both, plainly, entertained the same painful surmise, which they were alike ashamed to breathe. They sat by the glowing back-log for many hours, hoping against hope that the wanderer might return, until Jeanie overcome by fatigue sought her bed. Once she awoke during the night, thinking she heard a voice. She listened in the darkness. It was her mother wrestling with God on behalf of her father.

CHAPTER II.

Early next day Jeanie and her mother saw a short, stout man emerge from the woods. He was a stranger to them, but his aspect indicated he was a lumberman. He had a towsey head of reddish hair and a matted beard and whiskers of the same hue.

"A pleasant day, ma'am," he said, in a voice soft and insinuating, which in contrast with the roughness of his appearance, well nigh startled Mrs. Morison. "It is, indeed, a fine spring day," she replied,

"And the water is high, ma'am, and the rafts are getting away finely—oh, very finely," and the man stood complacently eyeing the mother and daughter, and rubbing his hands.

"Hae ye seen ocht o' my husband? Ye'll hae ecme about him?"

"Oh, my dear ma'am, don't fret; take it coolly and comfortable like."

"I see ye ken aboot him; oh, dinna play wi' me, and fell upon the corpse.

Not in the least discomposel, the little man, in more oily tones than ever, replied, "Well, well, ma'am, there is no denying it, accidents will happen, you know. You shouldn't be supposing the worst, and be taking it easy, for—"

Before he could finish his sentence there was heard a heavy trampling in the woods, and soon there came from beneath their cover half a dozen men, four of them carrying a burden laid on two poles. They came in silence to the door, when Mrs. Morison saw their burden was her husband. She snatched away the red handkerchief that covered his face, a glance at which showed her he was dead. She gave a shriek that resounded through the forest, and fell senseless upon the corpse.

The career of the dead man can be briefly told. He had been the son of a small farmer in the south of Scotland, a strapping, lively fellow, who won the good graces of the daughter of a draper in the neighboring village. Her parents opposed her keeping company with him, not merely because his circumstances were indifferent but because his habits were not steady, he being fond of convivial gatherings, at which, more than once, he had got overcome by drink. Their opposition only strengthened their daughter's affection for the free-hearted, good tempered young fellow, and the upshot was, that one morning she was not to be found, and before evening they learned she had been married. The imprudent match resulted as the parents had anticipated; the young man was unequal to the task of supporting a wife and his habits did not mend. Moving to a mining village, he got work as a laborer, and out of his earnings a large share went into the till of the whisky shop every Saturday night, so that his wife, to eke out a living, had to exert herself to do something also. Quietly and uncomplainingly she took in sewing, washed, or spun, as opportunity offered, to earn an honest shilling, and did what lay in her power to keep things decent. Children came but none lived past infancy save Jeanie. The village was unhealthy, its fumes and murky smoke were not favorable to childhood, typhus was a regular winter visitor, and, more than all, narrow means could not secure the necessaries of life in the abundance children need, so, to her heart-sorrow, one after another was taken away. Time passed, and her father died, leaving her a small legacy, and with this she determined they should emigrate. She fondly thought were her husband removed from his boon companions, were all his old associations broken,

and he transplanted into a new sphere, he might reform. Often had she striven with him, often had hope kindled in her bosom that he was going to keep the good resolutions he so often formed; always doomed to bitter disappointment. To emigrate was the last chance, it seemed to her, and for Canada they accordingly sailed. On the day of their arrival at Quebec her husband got drunk with several of his fellow-passengers who went to take, as they termed it, a parting glass, and before he got over his spree the greater part of their little stock of money was gone. Instead, therefore, of being in a position to go to Upper Canada and take up land, as intended, he had to engage at Quebec with a lumberman who was getting out masts and square timber on the Chateauguay, and thus it came that, two years before the opening of our narrative, he had made a home, a poor one as we have seen, in what is now the township of Elgin. Altho their privations were great, Mrs. Morison did not regret the change from the dirty, squalid, mining village in Scotland to the woods of Canada. Her husband had fewer opportunities of getting drink and, on the whole, they lived happily. Possessing a superior education herself and having moved before her marriage in respectable society, she brought up her daughter differently from what might have been expected from their circumstances, and Jeanie, despite her home-spun dress, had acquirements and manners that qualified her to move in a higher station of life. As already stated, on the Monday morning Morison had gone to assist in running logs out of the creek. On the afternoon of the succeeding day his employer settled with him for the season's work, and, in addition to the small balance of wages that was coming to him, gave him a few pieces of pork to take home and, fat-

al parting gift, a bottle of rum. He left the raftsmen in high spirits, an able-bodied if not very active man, taking the track that led to his humble dwelling. What followed no human eye witnessed. He never reached his home, and the searching-party that morning had discovered his body a few yards from the creek, stretched upon the ground, with his face immersed in a pail of water—a pool only an inch or so in depth, left by the melting of the snow and gathered in a cavity formed by the roots of a tree. Had he, when he stumbled and fell, moved his head ever so little, he would have breathed and lived. The more than half empty bottle, found in his stony grasp, showed he had been too overcome to stir a hairsbreadth, and there, in a basin of water, so small that a squirrel could have leaped it; so shallow that a robin, in pruning his wings, could have stepped through without wetting a feather; this stalwart man, before whose axe the loftiest pines had fallen and whose vigorous oar had stemmed the rapids of the Chateauguay, had ignominiously met his death, within hail of the faithful wife and loving daughter who were anxiously waiting his return. Jeanie, in returning home the preceding evening, had unconsciously passed within a few paces of the body. On finding it, damp from the exposure of two days and two nights, the searching party had made the body as presentable as possible, and sent ahead one of their number to break, as gently as possible, the news to the wife and daughter. With what success he, who was chosen on account of his smooth tongue, acquitted himself, the reader knows.

So long did Mrs. Morison remain unconscious that once the dreadful thought darted through Jeanie's mind that she was not going to recover, and at one fell swoop she was to be deprived of both

parents. She did not cease her exertions, however, and while bathing the rigid temples she rejoiced to see the flush of returning animation. Slowly did Mrs. Morison raise herself to a sitting posture, and looked in a dazed manner, as if wondering why they were there, at the rough lumbermen grouped around her, who stood in silence and with the awkwardness of people who were anxious to help but did not know how. Unconsciously she moved her glance from one to the other until it fell upon the body of her husband. Recollection returned in a flash, and drawing the inanimate head to her lap she pressed the bloated and discolored features to her lips.

“Oh, Willie,” she exclaimed, unconscious in her overwhelming passion of sorrow that there was a listening ear, “lang did we ken ane anither and braw and gallant were you ance; my pride and joy. Sair hae oor trials been and muckle hae ye been misguided, but aye faithfu and true to me. Ah, that I had been wi’ you; oh, that ye had given me your last kiss and dead in my arms! There hae been those wha despised you, wha tauld me to leave you; little did they ken o’ the love that bound me to you. Oh, that we should hae partit thus.”

Here she paused, and turning her eyes upwards she slowly and reverently said: “Merciful God, as in your wise decree you have been pleased to bring this affliction upon me, grant, in your pity, that I tarry not long behind him whom ye hae taen awa.”

The solemn petition calmed the tumult of her mind, and reverently disposing of the body, she rose to her feet and said modestly—

“You will excuse me, freens, for taking on sae sairly afore you, but I couldna help it; this misfortune has come so sudden. I thank you for what you hae dune, and, gin it be your pleasure, as you can do

nae mair noo, leave us alane and come the morn to bury him wha's gane."

The red-whiskered man was about to make a voluble reply, when he was cut short by a tall lumberman, in whose eye there glistened a tear, with the remark, "Yes, ma'am, we are at your service and mean to do all we can for you." Then, looking at his comrades, he said, "Let us go," and turning abruptly he led the way, leaving the mother and daughter alone with their dead.

CHAPTER III.

It is true in the moral world as in the material that after a storm comes a calm. The agony of suspense, the wild burst of passionate sorrow had swept over them, and the morning succeeding the sad discovery found mother and daughter composed and resigned. The worst was now known, a worst there was no remedying, and so they bowed, without needless fret or repining, beneath the stroke. The sun had risen in an unclouded sky and his beams were warmer than on the preceding days, and as they came pouring down unstintingly on the turbid waters of the creek and the uplifted branches of the forest, it seemed as if summer was nigh and buds and leaves and green sward would speedily succeed the birds whose noisy concert ushered in the rosy dawn. Everything had been arranged in the humble shanty with all the deftness of order-loving hands. On one side of it, beneath a white cloth, was the corpse. Mrs Morison was seated on the chair at the window; Jeanie sat at her feet on the doorstep.

“Wasna father a braw man when you first fore-gathered?”

“He was the handsomest lad in the countryside; a very pleasure for the ee to rest on. Little dae they ken what he was like that didna see him then, and a kinder or truer heart couldna be. O, Jeanie, I just worshipped him when we were lad and lass.”

“But your father didna like him?”

“Dinna put it that way, Jeanie. He liked him but he saw a faut in him that spoiled a’. I was wilfu. I said Willie would gie up the company he keppt when he was merrit, and that it was guid-fellowship and no love o’ the drink that enticed him. I dinna say that I regret what I did, or that my lot hasna been such as I deserved—God forgive me should I repine or say an unkindly word o’ him that lies there—but young folks dinna lippen to their parents in choosing partners as they ocht.”

“Why, mother; when a lad or lass hae found their hearts’ love, what for should father or mother interfere?”

“Easy said, Jeanie, but think ye there is ony body in the wide world loes son or dochter as a parent does? They are as the apple o’ their ee, and his or her happiness is all they seek. Dootless there are world’s worms o’ parents who only look to the suit-or’s gear and wad break off the truest love-match that ever was gin he were pair. I dinna speak o’ them, for they are out o’ the question. But take parents by ordinar, who only seek their bairns’ welfare, and the son or dochter wha disregards their advice in choosing a life-mate will hae mickle to repent o’.”

“How is that,” said Jeanie, “for surely their marriage concerns only themselves?”

“True in a sense, Jeanie, that as we mak oor bed we maun lie on’t. Think ye, though, o’ the parents’

experience, that nae glamor o' love blinds them, that their haill concern is for their bairn's happiness, and they may see fauts in the would-be partner o' their child that can only result in meesery. Young folks shouldna think their parents are obstinate or stupid when they oppose their marrying this one or that one. In maist cases they hae solid reason for their opposition, and the son is foolish that winna get his parents' consent before he gangs too far and the dochter silly indeed who says Yes without taking counsel o' her mother."

"Oh, but that wadna do always," responded Jeanie, deprecatingly, in a tone as if such a course would rob love of its romance.

"Come, noo, Jeanie, tell me what better adviser can a dochter hae than her mother, and hasna the father a richt to hae some say in a match seeing that, if it disna turn out weel, he may hae a useless son-in-law to sorn on him or, in his auld days, hae his dochter or a tawpy of a son's wife come wi' a wheen bairns to seek shelter in his hame? Na, na, the first commandment wi' promise requires obedience in this as in ither concerns o' life, and happy is the wedding whaur the true love o' the young couple is crooned wi' the blessings o' their parents, for there is, then, a reasonable prospect that the match will prove what a' should be—a heaven upon earth."

"Mightna the parents be mistaen, mother?"

"Aye, and so might the lad or lass, and far mair likely that the young should err than the auld. Had I taen the advice my father and mother pressed on me, advice that came frae their long experience and their affection for me, it wad hae been different—no that I regret what has happened for myself but for you, Jeanie, that maun grow up in this wilderness, and for your brithers and sisters wha hae gane to a

better land." And here, as the remembrance of the years of poverty and of wretchedness caused by her husband's intemperate habits flashed upon her, she burst into tears.

"Oh, mother," exclaimed Jeanie, as rising and standing beside her she clasped her bowed head to her bosom. "dinna tak on so. I wadna hae had it otherwise, and wad suner hae bided wi' you than had the queen on the throne for my mother. We hae been very happy for a' that has come and gone, and sae will we yet. Were it to part us, I wadna marry the best man in a' Canada; I will aye be wi' you and will aye be obedient to your will."

"I ken that, my bairn, but," said the mother, "promise me this—and it is a promise that him wha lies there wad hae backed, for weel he kent his ain faut—that, nae matter hoo ye may be drawn to him, you will never marry a man that likes his glass."

"I promise," said Jeanie with simple solemnity, and drawing up her graceful figure to its full height, she, as if anxious to break off the subject, turned to get a wet towel, with which she wiped her mother's face, "for," as she remarked, "ye maun be decent when the folk come."

It was nigh noon before any of the visitors made their appearance. In the then unsettled state of the country news spread slowly even when messengers were sent out expressly to carry it. Everybody came that heard of the melancholy occurrence, for in those primitive days, when only the young and healthy inhabited this section of country, deaths were so rare that a funeral was regarded as an important event which nobody missed. Straggling in from different points they came in twos and threes, except the lumbering party with whom the deceased had been connected, who appeared in a body march-

ing up the creek, carrying the coffin—a rude box of unplanned boards—with Mr. Palmer leading. Two features in the assemblage were noticeable, one being that hardly a man among them had a coat, the other the fewness of the women. The men, great brawny fellows in home-made shirts and pants fastened by belts, gathered in clusters in the clearing to exchange news and talk over the circumstances attending the event that had brought them together, while the women went into the house. The sun was sinking fast towards the west before the preparations necessary for the burial were completed. When the word went round that the grave was ready, one by one they fyled into the house to take a last look of the face of their late neighbor, after which the lid of the coffin was nailed down. There was no clergyman to be had far and near, and among those present there was no one inclined, even if capable, to conduct religious services. If the solemn observances of such occasions were absent, those present had not come unprepared to maintain a custom which in those days was universal in Canada, and for all the writer knows, may still be in the Mother Country—that of passing a glass of liquor before lifting the coffin. A man, with a jar in one hand and a tin cup in the other, went round the company, tendering the filled cup to each, which it would have been bad manners to refuse and which nearly all emptied before returning. When all out of doors had been helped, the man, a well-meaning, kindly fellow, stepped into the shanty to regale those inside. Thinking it good manners, he went to where Mrs. Morison was sitting and, deliberately filling the cup, tendered it to her first.

Mrs. Morison gave him a piercing look. “What!” she exclaimed in a low voice, so emphasiz-

ed by deep feeling that every word sunk into the minds of those present; "What! Do you ask me to take that which has murdered my husband?"

"Take a taste, ma'am," said the red-whiskered man, who was at the door, "it will do you good."

"Do me good!" she re-echoed, "then it will be for the first time in my life. That do me good that took away the bread for lack of which my bairns, noo saints in glory, perished! That do me good that robbed my husband of his usefulness and good name; that made him fit for only orra jobs and to be despised as a drunkard! That do me good the love of which supplanted his love for me, for it was the stronger o' the twa or wad he no hae left it for my sake? That do me good that filled his bosom with remorse, which hurt his health, and, last of all, has taen his life! Oh, that it hasna caused the loss of his soul; that, in the moment of his passing breath, he found time to seek acceptance with God for the Redeemer's sake! Take it away," she screamed with the energy of one who shrinks at the sight of a snake, "take it away, and may the curse of the widow and the orphan rest upon them that make and sell it—wha tempt decent men to destruction in order that they may have an easy living."

Abashed at so unexpected a reception, the man continued to stand stupidly before her, holding the cup and jar. Seeing his puzzled look, Mrs. Morison, who had recovered her composure, quietly said, "I ken you mean it kindly, and sae far I thank you, but gin you think o' it, you will see that the bottle may be your own worst enemy and they are safest and happiest who leave it alone. As a favor, freen, I ask you no to offer it in this house."

A few minutes afterwards the coffin was borne out of doors, when four lumberers lifted it on their

shoulders, and, leading the straggling procession, walked to the grave, which had been dug on a knoll close to the creek, the only spot that could be found convenient sufficiently free of trees and their roots. When the coffin was lowered, each man lifted his hat for a moment, there was a pause, and then the grave was filled in.

With thoughtful kindness those who came had brought some gift of food to replenish the widow's larder, and now, while all the rest departed the lumbermen remained, until sunset, chopping firewood and putting the house and its surroundings to rights, so that, before they lay down to sleep that night, Mrs. Morison and Jeanie included in their prayer thanks to God for having so bountifully provided for them.

ABNER'S DEVICE

"Abner, I want you to go a message for me after breakfast."

"Yes, mother. Is it to Four Corners?"

"No; you are to go to the Blands, with a basket for old Mrs. Whiting."

"Why, that's in Canada, and they're our enemies."

"Our governments are at war, but we old neighbors are not."

"But the Indian guard may catch me."

"If they do, they'll not harm a boy like you."

"Yes, they would, mother. They'd scalp anything that's Yankee, and I hate them and every Britisher. I don't see why you want to do a good turn to those who've been trying these two years to cut our throats and burn our houses."

"Abner!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith reproachfully.

"I want to hit them every time, mother, and if I have got to go, you'll let me take father's rifle."

"No, Abner; you'll go as you are, and if the Indian guard fall in with you, their captain will let you go when you tell your errand. If congress want to fight king George, that's not to say we are to hate and hurt those we have lived beside so long and who've done us many a kindness."

This conversation took place in the shanty of a first settler in northern New York in the fall of 1813. A few days before General Hampton had returned from his attempt to reach Montreal, and with his withdrawal to winter quarters the settlers along the

frontier supposed hostilities were ended for the season. When war was declared the settlers on the American side of the lines were in terror of the Indians, whom both governments had enrolled, but as time proved their apprehensions groundless, they were little affected by the contest beyond having their intercourse with the settlers on the Canadian side restricted. That intercourse had been close and frequent, for the difference in allegiance did not affect their friendship. In the bush distance goes for little, and though four miles apart, the Blands were Mrs. Smith's nearest neighbors to the north, and their relation had been of the warmest kind. Unable, owing to the presence of Hampton's camp at Four Corners, to do their trading there, Mrs. Smith knew the Blands must be without groceries and even flour, and, at this, the first opportunity, she was eager to send them some little comforts to vary their coarse fare, especially for Mrs. Whiting, the grandmother of the household, who was often bedridden from rheumatism.

The basket was ready for Abner by the time he had finished breakfast. His imagination had been fired by seeing the soldiers at fort Hickory and at Four Corners, and to carry the basket in the usual way was out of the question. Securing thin witheropes, made from the bark of the moosewood, he slung the basket on his shoulders like a knapsack, and catching up a cedar pole he grasped it as if it were a musket, and shouting to himself the order, "Eyes front; right foot forward; quick march!" off he set, fancying himself one of Colonel Purdy's crack brigade. As from the door Mrs. Smith watched her boy depart on his errand she smiled at his wayward fancy, but could not help feeling a thrill of pride in his lithe, active figure, giving promise of

a handsome man. That he was shrewd and quick-witted, as well as tall and strong, for his years, she knew.

The weather had been extremely wet for the season; the ground was soaked and the leaves had long ago been washed from all the trees except the beech. During the night the rain had ceased, and the morning, dull and hazy, gave promise of a dry day. Once out of his father's clearance, Abner's way lay through the bush. There was a foot-track that led to the Blands, but now it was so hidden by the litter of leaves that it was indiscernible. That did not signify. Born in the woods, they were so familiar that Abner could find his way in any direction he chose, with the same ease as dwellers in cities traverse their intricacies of streets and lanes. As he threaded his way among the trees, the chatter of the chip-munk, the whirr of the partridge, and the tapping of a belated woodpecker were the only sounds that fell on his ear, and no sight more unusual than an occasional grey-squirrel or troop of deer. When he had crossed the line that divides Chateaugay from Hinchinbrook, and was fairly on Canadian territory, he became more circumspect, and his fancy changed. He was no longer the right-hand man of a file of soldiers, but a scout, sent into the enemy's country to get information. Keeping under every cover that offered, looking furtively around before venturing to cross any open space that came in his way, treading on the hardest ground he could find, and doubling on his track where the soil treacherously retained his footprints, he found playing at Abner the spy much more exciting than that of Abner the soldier. Suddenly a crackling sound halted his footsteps. It was, he knew, no noise made by any denizen of the forest, and he turned towards whence it came. Soon

he caught the faint odor of smoke, and then he knew there was a fire near—probably the camp-fire of the British guard. Prudence whispered to him to turn away and pass on; curiosity, to go and have a peep at the camp. He was only a boy of fourteen, and curiosity carried the day. He crept towards the point whence the crackling sound of blazing branches came, and so noiselessly that even the squirrels failed to start at his approach until he passed their perch. Now he could see the smoke, and next the glare of the embers. He thought he saw the figure of a man, but as, when he looked again, the shape was gone, he decided he had been mistaken. He paused to listen. There was no sound save the drumming of a partridge behind him. Redoubling his caution, he crawled towards the spot whence the smoke rose, and when he lifted his head from behind a thicket, he was startled to find himself looking into a camp of the dreaded Indian guard, of whom he had so often heard but had never seen. There they were, 21 in number, lying prostrate in sleep in a circle around the fire and the pale autumn sunshine streaming down upon them. Uncouth looking men they were, with daubs of paint on their faces that made them hideous. Beside each one lay his musket, and some even, in their sleep, grasped their hatchets, prepared, if surprised, for immediate combat. Their captain, Abner recognized from his being white and wearing the sword and red sash of a British officer. With eager eye Abner scanned the unexpected scene, and when the first feeling of fear died away, he grew bold and thought of what he might have accomplished had his mother allowed him to take his father's rifle with him. The exploits of Robert Rogers and Ethan Allen floated before his mind's eye and he planned how, had he been armed,

he might have shot the captain through the heart and have disappeared before any of the sleeping group knew what had happened. Satisfied with the sight, he moved to resume his journey. At the first attempt to turn around, his arms were seized with a grip of iron, and, looking up, he saw he was in the hands of an Indian, whose painted visage glared with ferocity. Appalled for a moment, Abner stood still, then he made a wrench to get away. It was in vain. Drawing the boy's arms together, the Indian held them by the wrists with his left hand, while his right hand he thrust into the folds of his belt of wampum. Abner's eyes followed the movement, and when the hand was withdrawn grasping a short, thick knife, which he recognized as the scalping-knife he had heard so much of, a paroxysm of terror smote him, and he gave a piercing shriek. With a diabolical grin, as if he enjoyed the boy's terror, the Indian passed the knife before Abner's eyes and tried its edge on his soft chubby cheek, then flourished it before plunging into his scalp. As he made the motion, a billet of wood came hurtling along and striking the Indian on the head, he fell, dragging Abner down with him. He was lifted by the captain, whom Abner had seen asleep a minute before, and as he passed his hand over him to make sure he was unhurt, he poured forth a torrent of angry words, in his own language, at the Indian, who gave no sign that the knockdown blow he had received had hurt him. As the captain led Abner into the circle of Indians, who had been awakened by his shriek, he told him he had been scolding his assailant for attempting to scalp him, and said in apology that he was a heathen Indian of the far west, a Blackfoot who had strayed to the Ottawa, and joined a band of the Iroquois. "I do not allow my men

to be cruel; my orders be to watch the frontier to prevent invasion by your soldiers, and not to hurt anybody." Then he asked Abner who he was and why he had come nigh their camp, and was answered frankly.

"Ah, my leetle man," said the captain, who spoke with a French accent, "if you tell me true you get away; but I'm afraid you carry letter,—despatch—eh!" Taking the basket from his back, the captain lifted out its contents, among which were half-a-dozen apples, then a luxury in the new settlement, where the few fruit trees planted had not begun to bear. An Indian snatched up one and took a bite, laughingly saying, "Yankee apple better nor Yankee bullet." The other contents were of as innocent a description: a few little luxuries that might tempt an invalid, a small bag of flour, and a bottle of liniment. The captain, satisfied there was no letter in the basket carefully replaced its contents, and then examined Abner's clothing, making him even take off his shoes. While thus engaged an Indian slouched up beside the captain and, throwing down his musket, began to speak to him, and Abner listened to the guttural sounds with awe.

"Dis man," said the captain, "tell me he see you leave clearance and follow you. He say, when you come to Canada side you act as 'fraid, hide behind bush, and walk ve-ray fooney. Fooney. Why you no want to be seen?"

Abner blushed at this description of his enacting the role of Indian scout and perceived how his conduct could be misconstrued. He remembered, also, his mother's repeated injunction that truth is better under any circumstances, and, with a shamed smile on his face, he told what he was doing. The captain grinned as he listened and patting Abner on

the back said: "I know; boy once myself and now fadder of four; you play one leetle game of Indian spy, not tinkin'g real Indian watch you. You one good, honest-faced boy. Pity you're Yankee."

The Indian who had tracked him, smiled as the captain spoke, showing he understood English, and, like all his race, enjoyed banter. "You smell smoke, eh?" he said, "hold up nose and go on. Then you hear partridge drum (here he imitated the sound) me partridge and signal to Joe; Joe steal up behind, catch arms, pull out knife, you—squeal," and here, as if overcome by the ludicrousness of the scene, the Indian grinned from ear to ear without emitting a single sound of laughter, and poked Abner in the side.

"You make big mistake tink you come to Indian camp without he know," remarked the captain, "when we sleep, sentinel all round like fox." Changing the subject, the captain tried to get from Abner what he knew of the movements and whereabouts of the American army, particularly of the number still in camp at Four Corners, which Abner admitted he had visited the day before. It was without avail. The boy realized any information might be used against his countrymen, and he answered evasively. "Ah, well," exclaimed the captain, "it no matter, we've our spies in your camp so well as in de bush."

The Indians were now busily preparing breakfast, and Abner watched them with curious eyes as they placed potatoes and pieces of pork to cook upon the hot embers, while a copper-kettle with tea was slung on a crooked stick. Their duties required them to be on patrol along the frontier during the night, which accounted for their sleeping so late.

"Vell," said the captain, "what you tink of dese Indian? Yankee able to catch 'em? Eh? You

tell, when you get home, what great fellow Indian be. Now you may go, and give Mrs. Bland de compliment of Captain de Versailles and say he will do her de honor of taking supper with her."

Thus permitted to resume his journey, Abner struck into the bush, and in half an hour had reached the house of the Blands. He was hailed with an uproarious welcome from every member of the large household, for there was the delight not only of resuming long-suspended friendly intercourse, but the proof in his appearance that the war had not lessened the goodwill of their neighbors. Unpacking the basket, it was found to contain a little of everything they had been so long deprived from being shut out from the American stores. On the cork being drawn from the bottle of liniment, granny declared that the very smell had done her rheumatics good. As the contents of the basket lay spread on the table, a sudden thought seemed to strike Mrs. Bland, which she communicated in a whisper to her husband. There was a quiet consultation, and then she addressed Abner.

"We have something strange to tell you, and mum's the word. Night before last, when we were asleep, a knock came to the door, and then it was pushed open. Father rose, stirred the fire, and got a light, when we saw it was an American soldier. He was drenched to the skin, for it was pouring rain, and, oh, what a pale, thin ghost he looked! He crept up to the fire and sank in a heap beside it, muttering 'Thank God.' I saw he was perishing, and got a hot drink for him, and after a while he told his story. He had been with Hampton's army in the fight where he had received a flesh wound in the side, and when Purdy's brigade fell back he was unable to keep up with them, got separated from his company, and in

the dark, lost his way. Next morning he tried to find the trail of the army, but failed, and then, guided by the sun, struck south, knowing he would in time reach the States. Too weak to carry them, he threw away his musket and ammunition, and crawled rather than walked. When the last biscuit in his haversack was eaten, he had to trust to beech and butternuts, though he was not hungry, for his wound fevered him. Often he lay down, thinking he would never rise again, but he was young and strong, and when he revived a little he pushed on, until, to his great joy, he struck our clearing. He thought he was in the States, and when we told him our house was on the Canada side he was dreadful afraid we would give him up, and he would be sent to Montreal as a prisoner. We soon eased him on that score; our big trouble was to hide him from the Indian guard until we could get him sent across the lines.

"Yes, mother," interrupted one of her sons, "they came to our house the next day, and are close by yet." Abner shivered.

"Well," resumed Mrs. Bland, "I made the poor Yank take off his wet clothes and lie down in our warm bed. I dressed his wound, and it was raw and nasty, and then he fell asleep like a baby, poor fellow. I cleaned and set his clothes to dry, and as I sat mending them next morning father and I consulted. To keep him in the house was to give him up to the Indians, and he was too weak to travel farther. Where to hide him until he was able to leave bothered us, when, all of a sudden, father thought of the big platform that stands near the spring in the bush, two acres back, which the Indians raised last year for still hunting. It was late in the day when he awoke, and he found himself weak as water

but the fever had left him. We told him what we intended, and, after he had eaten something, father and the boys carried him to the platform, rolled him in a blanket and covered him with elm bark and cedar brush. We have taken him victuals after dark, and last night, seeing it was wet, we fetched him over and gave him a night's rest in bed. He eats little, for his stomach is turned against our common food and he'll be glad of what your mother has sent. Now, Ab, can't you think of some way to get this poor fellow across the lines?"

He could not think of any, for the woods were full of Indians, but he would like to visit the wounded soldier. Preparing as tasty a repast as she could out of the victuals sent by Mrs. Smith, Abner and Mrs. Bland started for his place of concealment. As is their custom, the Indians had raised the platform in a thicket, which commanded a runway, and was therefore well concealed, and, what was of equal consequence at that season, sheltered from the wind. On coming beneath it, Mrs. Bland spoke, when there was a movement above, and a face, so ashy pale and wasted that Abner felt a creeping feeling pass over him, peered from beyond the edge. "Here's a boy from Yankeetown and a dinner cooked from the provisions he has brought."

"He's welcome," faintly whispered the soldier. "I wish I could go back with him."

Taking the basket in one hand, Abner climbed to the platform with the agility of a squirrel, and helped the soldier to raise himself and arrange the food. When he saw the wheaten bread, he said it put him in mind of home, and he fell to and made the best meal he had partaken of since the fatal day on the Chateauguay. His strength returned with the grateful food and he asked Abner many ques-

tions, what Hampton had done after the battle, where he was now, were many killed, did the British follow him up, and were there many Indians in the woods. When he heard of Abner's encountering the Indians that morning, he shuddered, and Abner could not help thinking of what his fate would be did one of them ferret out his retreat, a reflection that increased his desire to save him. Leaving the soldier in a cheerful and hopeful mood, he slipped back to the Blands, puzzling his head to devise some plan of rescuing his countryman.

After dinner, which consisted of corn boiled in milk, and potatoes with fried venison, the Bland boys proposed to go partridge shooting, and Abner agreed, as he was in no hurry to return home. So off they went. In beating the woods, a coon was started, and it supplied the idea Abner had been seeking for. Before they returned he had worked it out and determined to submit it to Mrs. Bland. On approaching the door they heard peals of laughter, when one of the boys remarked, "The captain has come; he's a jolly one with the girls," and on entering, they found that personage entertaining the family in his liveliest style. Abner bit his lip and saw he must bide his time. Supper is an early meal in the backwoods, and after enjoying it to the full, and diverting and flattering each of the household, Captain Versailles, with many apologies for duty requiring him to leave such delightful company, left to return to his Indians. No sooner had he gone, than Abner asked abruptly, "These moonlight nights don't you go coon-hunting?"

"Don't we, Ab, answered one of the boys, "think you'd say so if you saw the skins nailed on the barn-door."

"Well, then, I've a plan to get the soldier

away with me," which he proceeded to lay before them. Briefly it was, that the boys should go with their guns a mile or so east and close to the boundary-line, when they would begin firing and shouting. The Indians, thinking it was an attack from Fort Hickory, would hurry to meet the invaders, leaving the western part of the frontier unguarded, and let Abner slip across with the soldier.

"It's feasible," said Mr. Bland, "the trouble is the poor fellow isn't able to walk a rod, let alone five miles."

"He'll die from cold if left out longer," remarked his wife; "we must run some risk. He might be able to keep on the back of the old white mare."

"That's so," answered her husband, "we'll try Ab's plan."

As no time was to be lost, it being essential to make the diversion before the Indians were detailed by Captain Versailles to their posts for the night, the boys caught up their guns and left, while Abner and Mr. Bland slipped over to the hiding-place of the soldier, told him what was intended, and helped him down from his perch. The prospect of speedy escape gave him unwonted strength, and leaning on his friends he managed to walk to the house, where Mrs. Bland, after dressing his wound, insisted on washing his face and tidying him up. "For sure," she said, "you're going home to your friends, and you mustn't give Canada a bad name."

"That I never will," murmured the grateful soldier, "God has anointed the hearts of both peoples with the same oil of kindness, and it's only the politicians on both sides that make trouble between us."

The evening was calm and mild for the season, and Mr. Bland sat listening by the open door. Presently, there burst from a remote corner of the woods,

a sharp volley, followed by such shouts and cries as would lead the listener to fancy a fierce fight was in progress. "There they are!" exclaimed Mr. Bland, while the shots and uproar continued to increase, "let 'em keep that up for five minutes, and there won't be an Indian within earshot who won't be running to the spot."

The noise did continue that long and longer too, while, with skilful imitation, it subsided and increased, and passed from one part of the woods to another, the cheers of soldiers mingling with equally good imitations of Indian yells, giving the impression of a running fight between a detachment of the American garrison and the Indian guard. When Mr. Bland considered all the Indians had left for the neighborhood of the supposed fight, the old mare was brought to the door, which the soldier was helped to mount, and, Abner, grasping the bridle, led the way. By this time the moon was high enough to be pouring down its rays through the tree-tops, and though its light was useful in showing him how to avoid obstacles and to go much faster than they otherwise could have done, Abner would have dispensed with it for fear of its revealing their presence to the Indians. His fear was groundless. His device was a complete success. Not an Indian was met, the woods were traversed in safety, and Abner exulted in the thought how he had tricked the Indians, and almost laughed right out when he pictured to himself their disgust, on reaching the scene of the supposed fight, to find it to be only a coon-hunt. If they had trapped him in the morning, he had outwitted them in the evening. When the light of his father's house was discerned, Abner relieved his feelings by a great shout of exultation, that drew his parents to the door.

"Well, Abner, you see the Indians did not catch you?"

"Didn't they mother! I feel the clutch of one of 'em at my scalp yet. Won't you help the stranger down, father? He is a soldier and wounded."

"Wounded! Poor critter, I must get the bed ready," and Mrs. Smith darted indoors.

Stiff and sore from the exertion and cold, the poor soldier was like to fall when they helped him off the mare, and, gently, father and son carried him to the bed.

"Poor man, ain't he tuckered out!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, as she approached him when his head had been laid on the pillow. Shading the candle she glanced at him, stared, looked again, and crying out, "Blesst, if it ben't my own brother Bill from Varmont!" she fell on his neck in a paroxysm of hysterical sobs. And so it turned out to be. He had been among those last drafted to reinforce Hampton, and had never dreamt his sister lived so near the camp at Four Corners. Abner was the hero of the night when the soldier told how he had been the means of saving him. "No," said the lad modestly, "it was mother's sending me against my will to the Blands that saved you."

"That's so, Abner, and you never forget it, that blood is thicker than water, and in doing a kind deed to those you considered an enemy we were serving ourselves."

A SETTLER'S STORY

After the stifling heat and blinding glare of a Canadian mid summer day, it is most refreshing to walk forth as the sun, shorn of its strength, sinks a glowing ball of fire, behind the forest that edges the landscape. Vegetation, wilted by the day's glaring heat, revives with the dewy coolness of the hour, and from the neighboring bush comes the song of the greybird. As the glow fades from the sky, nowhere else in the world of tenderer blue or more translucent depth, the stars drop into sight, and should Venus be in the ascendant, she burns with a white flame unknown at any other season. Generally, with the setting of the sun a light breeze springs up from the west or northwest, refreshing to the farmers who toiled throughout the sultry day, and swaying the heads of timothy until the meadows seem to be swept by billows. The eye of the saunterer takes in the scene, passing over the great flat fields of grain and grass, until ended by the recurring belt of bush; the snug farm-houses set amid shade-trees and orchards; the pond-like reaches of the Chateauguay, sleeping peacefully in the hollows of its rounded banks, unruffled save as the wing of one of the swallows, that skim its glassy surface, frets it for a moment, or from the leap of a dweller in its clear waters; and, in the finished beauty of the picture, he finds it hard to realize that he is looking upon the results of the labor of scarce half a century, that un-

derneath the roofs before him still live men and women who saw the country when a wilderness of forest and swamp, and who are survivors of the generation who wrought the wondrous change—men and women who underwent privations the most painful and labors the most exhausting in making the country what it is. To give those who have inherited the fruits of their sacrifices some idea of what the first settlers underwent, I submit the narrative of one of them, as nearly as may be, in the words I was told it:

You have driven a long way to see me, sir, and I am afraid I can tell you little worth the hearing. It is strange you should go to so much trouble to gather these old-time stories, but if I can tell you anything that will be of use to you I am willing. You want me to begin with our leaving the Old Country and go on in order, as you can recollect best that way. Very well, only you will have to come and see me again, for it is a long story, and if you print any of it, you are to change it so that nobody will know who told you. I don't mind myself, but some of my children might not like it.

We belonged to the Border, and the first sight that met my eyes every morning was the Eildon hills. My husband was a shepherd and we lived well enough until our family began to grow large, and then we thought it would be well for their sake to try Canada. We had a little saved and that, with what we got from the roup of our furniture, paid our passage and plenishing. We sailed from the Solway, into which a big ship from Liverpool called for a party of emigrants. We were rowed out in small boats, and when I got on her deck my heart failed me, for such dirt and confusion I never saw the like, crowded as she was with 242 emigrants from county Kerry.

who had gone on board at Liverpool. This we never expected, but it was too late now, and we had to make the best of it. The sight below was worse than above, and I turned fairly sick when I went down the ladder to our berths. The noise was bad enough but the smell was just awful. The mate, a swearing character, was not without a show of decency, and did the great favor of allotting to us Border folks, who numbered an even six dozen, the row of berths aft the main hatchway, so that we were kept together. We slipped out of the firth that night with the tide, and next morning, which was a most beautiful day, we kept tacking off and on the coast of the North of Ireland. As we got to the ocean swell I grew sea-sick, and for a few days I was just in misery; having to attend the children yet hardly able to raise my head. The ship's provisions were scanty and very bad, which did not matter much to us, for we had taken a good deal with us, but the poor Irish, who had brought nothing, were always wanting to borrow, and as we, not having more than enough to serve ourselves, had to refuse, they abused us for being proud, and tried to pick quarrels, but both the Scotch and English of us kept our tempers and gave no offence. Their jealousy and ill-feeling grew, and one morning they banded together to prevent our getting hot water at the galley. This we could not stand, for the water was bad and only fit to drink when boiled and made into tea or gruel. The captain refused to interfere, being afraid, we thought, of having trouble with the Kerry men, and when we told the mate he only swore at our lads for a cowardly lot of sheep-tenders. When dinner-time came, our men got out their crooks, and, going quietly on deck, formed in a column and, laying about them right and left, cleared a road to the galley. There were

fearful threats made, but nothing came of them, and after that we were respected and left alone.

The ship made little headway owing to the wind keeping in the west, and it was on the eighth day of our voyage that it became known to us that a woman, who had been sick for some time, was ill of the fever. On that day she got delirious and her people could not hide the truth longer. Four of the oldest men of our party were sent to tell the captain. He made light of their news and said they were mistaken about the disease, but he refused to come and see the woman or to erect a partition across the hold to separate us from the rest of the passengers. We took his treatment sore to heart. When ship-owners get his passage-money, they don't care what becomes of the poor emigrant, and would just as soon he would die on the voyage as land him. We went to sleep that night sad and frightened, for we knew by report what ship-fever meant. Well, next day the woman was worse, and on the evening of the third she died. We were all anxious that the corpse should be buried at once, so that the infection might not spread, and two of our folk, taking some things that might be useful in preparing the body, went over to where it lay to advise that that be done. The poor creatures got angry at once, and drove them back, and cursed us for a set of heretics, who would put the decent woman out of sight without waking her. They laid the corpse on top of some chests in the centre of the ship, surrounded it by candles, and then the keening began, which drove me nearly into hysterics. The captain, hearing what was going on, sent down a keg of rum, which made matters worse. Towards morning, when the drink had taken effect, they began to quarrel, and the noise and confusion was terrible. There being no

partition, we could see the whole length of the hold, with the rows of berths on either side, and towards the far end, in the middle of the ship, was the white heap formed by the corpse and lighted by candles, with the women sitting around it, wailing in the most unearthly way, and taking no heed of the men and children who swarmed outside of them, talking, shouting, pushing, and fighting. A candle was knocked down and there was a cry of fire, but an old woman smothered it with her cloak. As we could not sleep, and were afraid they might come to our end of the ship and give us trouble, we went on deck to wait till all was over. It was a cold, raw morning, with not enough of wind to keep the ship from pitching, but anything was better than being below. When the eight o'clock bell struck, the Irish came swarming up bearing the corpse. They rested it awhile by the bulwarks, when all, even to the smallest child, fell on their knees in prayer. Then it was lifted over and let drop into the ocean. The sailors would not help, keeping to themselves on the fore-castle, for they were afraid of the infection. As four days passed without a new case, we were beginning to hope the danger was past, but on the fifth three children took ill, and before the week was done there were 17 down. After that the disease had its own way, and deaths became so frequent that it was impossible to hold wakes. We pitied the poor creatures, and gave them more than we could spare to help them. The worst want of the sick was water and though it smelt so that a horse would not have touched it and not worth the saving, for there was plenty on board, such as it was, the captain would not order that the allowance be increased, but he encouraged the steward to sell liquor, in the profit of which he shared. I cannot begin to tell you of the

scenes we had to endure; it was of God's mercy that they did not take away our senses. If the ship was dirty before the fever broke out, it was worse now, and the smell, as you stepped from the deck, was like to knock you down. None of our folk, with one sorrowful exception, took the disease, which was not considered strange by the Irish, for they accounted the taking away by the sickness, especially of the young, as a sign of favor by the saints, who carried them to glory. The exception was my husband. When about to raise a tin of tea to his lips one morning, he saw a child looking at him from her berth with such entreating eyes, that he went over and held the vessel to the girl's mouth. When she was satisfied, he drank what was left. Three days after he complained of a racking headache, which was followed by a chill, after that the fever set in. Just because he was such a lusty man the disease was hard with him, and on the tenth day of his illness I saw there was no hope. It was in the afternoon as I sat by him, listening to his ravings, that he suddenly sat up, and pointing to the shaft of sunshine that poured down the hatchway into the dark and loathsome hold, he said, "It fa's on the Cheviots and glints on the Tweed e'noo; let me bask in't once mair." We carried him over and laid him in the sunlight. The delirium left him, and a sweet smile came to his face. "Hae ye onything to say?" I whispered in his ear. "No, Maillie," he answered softly, "I am quite happy an' feel the grip o' my Saviour's han': God will be wi' you and the bairns." He never opened his een mair, but the smile lingered on his lips until the sun beams moved away, and as he felt the glow leave his cheek, he muttered. 'It's growin' late and the nicht will be ower cauld for the lammies; I'll ca' the ewes frae the knowes," and

so saying he slipped awa wi' the Great Shepherd o' the Sheep to the lown valley and the still waters. Though my sorrow was like to rive my head, I kept my composure, for there was work to be done, and there is nothing can excuse neglect of duty. I prepared him for burial, and when all was ready, an old friend, a brother shepherd of my husband from a boy, gave out the 90th psalm, and when it had been sung, he read the 14th chapter of John, and offered up a most soul-striving prayer, so that, when the corpse was lifted, there was not a dry cheek. We followed as it was carried to the deck. The ship was on the banks of Newfoundland, and the ocean was a dead calm, the new moon lighting up the thin haze of mist that lay upon it. I had wrapped my husband in his plaid, and thrust his crook lengthwise through the outer fold. Holding each an end of it, two of the strongest of our men swung the body well out from the ship's side. As it disappeared I felt that my love for man as wife had gone with it, and such a sense of desolation came over me as words cannot tell.

Five days after we came to quarantine, where the sick were landed, and, just five weeks and two days from the time we left Scotland we sailed into Quebec harbor. We were a small and heartbroken handful. Our chests had been brought on deck and we sat on them, waiting for the steamer to come alongside that was to carry us to Montreal. None of our folk had asked me what I was going to do, and I knew the reason. It was not that they were unwilling to help me, but because they had more than they could do to mind themselves. They felt for me sore, but they could not take the bite out of their own children's mouths to give to mine. Indeed, there was hardly any of them who knew what they

were going to do, for they had come to Canada to seek new homes on chance. I had had my own thoughts and had marked out what I would try to do.

"There's the steamer; get yer bairns thegither and I'll look to yer kists."

It was a hard-favored man that spoke, a shepherd named Braxton from Cumberland, who all the voyage had hardly said a word. Glad of his help I followed him. He bought milk and bread for us when the steamer called at Three Rivers, but never saying aught until Montreal was in sight.

"What beest thou gaun to do?" he asked. I said I was going to bide in Montreal and try to get something to do. I was strong and had a pair of good hands. He gave a kind of snort.

"Ye canna mak eneu to keep five bairns; ye'd better come wi' me."

"Where till?" I asked.

"I dinna knaw yet, but I'se get lan' somewhere near and ye'se keep house for me."

"Are ye a single man?" He nodded. I sat thinking. He was a stranger to me beyond what I had seen of him on the ship. Could I trust him? Here was a home for my children in the meanwhile. For their sake would I do right to refuse the offer? My mind was made up, and I told him I would go with him.

"I canna offer thee wages," he said.

"I want none."

"Very well," he replied, and no more was said.

By this time they had yoked the steamer to a string of oxen, which helped it up the current into the harbor, and in course of an hour we were in Sandy Shaw's tavern. In answer to Braxton, the landlord told him of bush land easy to be had near

the city. Next day at sunrise he left to see it, and it was after dark on the third day when he came back. He had got a lot on the Chateauguay, and we were to start for it next day. I had the children dressed soon after daylight, and the three youngest rode on the French cart that was hired to take our chests to Lachine. The rest of us followed on foot. It was a fine morning, but very warm, and the road was deep with dust, which the wind raised in clouds like to smoor us. When we got to Lachine we were disappointed to find that the ferryboat was unable to leave her wharf owing to the strong wind blowing down the lake and which had raised a heavy sea. We sat on our boxes and spent a weary day, my head being just like to split with the heat and the shouting and jabbering of the bateau men. There were several hundred emigrants waiting besides ourselves, for the Durham boats could not start until the wind changed. We could not get a bite to buy, for the Canadians were afraid of us on account of the fever, and they had reason, for among those waiting were many who had been sick of it, and there were some who were so white and wasted that you would say the hand of death was upon them. Towards sunset the wind fell and the lake got calmer, so the ferry boat started. Her paddles were not driven by a steam-engine but by a pair of horses, which went round and round. It was going to be moonlight, so when we got to the basin, we thought we would push on to Reeves's, for it would be cooler than to walk next day, and we might thereby catch the canoes Braxton had bespoke. A cart was hired to convey our chests and the younger children, and we set off. We got along very well for about five miles, when we heard distant thunder, and half an hour after the sky was clouded and we saw a storm would

soon burst. We knocked at the doors of several houses, but none would let us in. As soon as the habitants saw we were emigrants, they shut the door in our face, being afraid of the fever. When the rain began the boy who was driving halted beneath a clump of trees by the river-side, and I got under the cart with the children. It just poured for about half an hour and the lightning and thunder were dreadful. We were soon wet to the skin, and I felt so desolate and lonesome, that I drew my shawl over my head, and, hugging my youngest child to my breast had a good cry. Those born here cannot understand how cast-down and solitary newcomers feel. For months after I came, the tear would start to my eye whenever I thought of Scotland. Well, the storm passed, and the moon came out bright in a clear sky. It was much cooler, but the roads were awful, and we went on, slipping at every step or splashing through mud-holes. Had I not been so much concerned about the children, I could never have got through that night. Helping and cheering them made me forget my own weariness. It was getting to be daylight when the cart at last stopped in front of a stone house, in which there was not a soul stirring, though the doors were all open. The boy pointed to where the kitchen was and turned to unyoke his horse. I found four men sleeping on the floor, who woke up as we went in. They were French and very civil, giving up the buffaloes they had been sleeping upon for the children. I sat down on a rocking chair, and fell at once asleep. The sound of somebody stamping past woke me with a start. It was the master of the house, a lame man, whom I found out afterwards to be very keen but honest and kind in his way. It was well on in the day, and breakfast was on the table. I was so tired and sore

that I could hardly move. Braxton came in and asked if we were able to go on, for the canoes would be ready to start in an hour. I was determined he should not be hindered by me, so I woke up the children, washed and tidied them as I best could, and then we had breakfast, which did us a deal of good. There were two canoes, which were just long flat-bottomed boats, with two men in each to manage them. Our baggage and ourselves were divided equally between them, and we started, everything looking most fresh and beautiful, but the mosquitoes were perfectly awful, the children's faces swelling into lumps, and between them and the heat they grew fretful. For a long way after leaving Reeves's there were breaks in the bush that lined the river banks—the clearances of settlers with shanties in front—but they grew fewer as we went on, until we would go a long way without seeing anything but the trees, that grew down to the water's edge. Getting round the rapids was very tiresome, and it was late in the day when the men turned the canoes into a creek and pulled up alongside its west bank. This was our lot and where we were to stay. Placing our boxes so as to form a sort of wall, the canoemen felled some small cedars for a roof, and, lighting a fire, they left us. I watched the boats until they had gone out of sight and the sound of their paddles died away, and then felt, for the first time, what it is to be alone in the backwoods. There was so much to do that I had no time to think of anything, and the children were happy, everything being new to them. The kettle was put on and tea made, and we had our first meal on our farm—if you had seen it, with the underbrush around us so thick that we could not go six rods, you would have said it never could be made a farm.

We slept that night under our cover of cedar bushes and slept soundly. In the morning Braxton and my oldest boy started down the track, for it was no road, that followed the bank of the Chateauguay, to see if our neighbors below would help to raise a shanty, and while they were gone I did my best to get things into order. For all I had come through, there was lightness in my heart, for there is a freedom and hopefulness in living in the woods that nothing else seems to give one, and I made child's play of discomforts that would have disheartened me had I been told of them before leaving Scotland. It was nigh noon when Braxton came back. He had been made welcome everywhere, for all were glad to have a new neighbor, and the promise given that word would be sent to all within reach to come to a bee next day. After dinner he took the axe and tried his hand at chopping. He began on a tree about half a foot thick and was nicking it all round, we looking on and admiring.

"Ye'll kill somebody with that tree," said a voice behind us, and turning, to our astonishment we saw a tall woman, in a poke-bonnet. Explaining that it was necessary to know how a tree would fall, she pointed how any direction could be secured by the way it was chopped, and, seizing the axe, she showed how, and, under her strokes, the first tree fell, amid the shouts of the children. She was the wife of our nearest neighbor, and, on hearing of our arrival, had come to see us, "Being real glad," as she said, "to have a woman so near." She stayed an hour, and after finding out all about us, showed me how to do a great many things needful in bush-life. Among the rest, how to make a smudge to protect us from the mosquitoes, which was a real comfort.

Next morning six men came and spent the day

in clearing space for the shanty and in making logs for it. The day after, Braxton with two of the men went to Todd's to buy boards and rafted them down the river. On the third day the raising took place, and that night, though it was not finished, we slept in it, and proud we were, for the house as well as the land was our own. It was quite a while before Braxton could finish it, for there was more pressing work to do, and for a month and more our door was a blanket. The fire was on the hearth with an open chimney made of poles plastered with clay. And here I must tell of my first trial at baking. We had bought a bag of flour from Reeves and I resolved to make a loaf. As you know, in Scotland there is no baking of bread in the houses of the commonality, and though nobody could beat me at scones or oat cake, I had never seen a loaf made. I thought, however, there was no great knack about it. I knew hops were needed, and sent one of my boys with a pail to borrow some from my neighbor, who sent it back half full. I set to work, and after making a nice dough I mixed the hops with it, and moulded a loaf, which my oldest son, who had seen how it was done while visiting round, undertook to bake. He put it into a Dutch oven, or chaudron, and heaping hot ashes over it, we waited for an hour, when the chaudron was taken out and the cover lifted. Instead of a nice, well-raised loaf, there was at the bottom of it a flat black cake. "Maybe it will taste better than it looks," says I, thrusting a knife at it, but the point was turned, and we found our loaf to be so hard that you could have broken it with a hammer. And the taste. It was bitter as gall. Well, that was a good lesson to me, and I was not above asking my neighbors after that about matters in which I was ignorant.

No sooner had shelter been provided for us, than we all turned to with hearty will to clear up a bit of land. My boys were a great help, and the oldest got to be very handy with the axe, which was well, for Braxton never got into the right hang of using it, and spent double the strength in doing the same work my boy did. There is quite an art in chopping. It was exhausting work clearing up the land, the more so being quite new to us and the weather very hot. Often had Braxton to lay down his axe and bathe his head in the creek, but he never stopped, working from dawn to darkening, and when it was moonlight still longer. I helped to brush and log, as much to encourage my boys to work as for all I could do. When ready to burn, three neighbors came to show us how to do it. The logs being large and full of sap, it was a slow and laborious job. The men looked like Blackamoors, being blacker than any sweeps, from smoke and the coom that rubbed off the logs, while the sweat just rolled down them, owing to the heat of the fires and the weather. We came on to our lot on the 29th May and it was well on in June when the remains of the logs were hand-spiked out of the way and the ground was clear in a sort of a way between the stumps on half an acre. In the ashes we planted potatoes, and a week after, when a bit more land was taken in, we put in a few more. This done, we turned to make potash. Except along the creek there was no timber on our lot fit for making ashes but on its banks there was a fine cut of swale elm. The chopping of the trees was the easiest part of the work, the getting of the logs together and burning them being difficult, we being so short of help in handling the felled trees. A neighbor showed us how to make a plan-heap and skid logs, but from awkwardness we did not work to

advantage that summer. We, however, wrought with a will and kept at it, even my youngest, Ailie, helping by fetching water to drink. Young people nowadays have no idea of what work is, and I don't suppose that one in twenty of them would go through what their fathers and mothers did. Although it was a dry summer, the banks of the creek were soft, so our feet were wet all the time and we had to raise the heaps on beds of logs to get them to burn. Our first lot of sashes we lost. Before they could be lifted into the leaches, a thunderstorm came on and in a few minutes the labor of a week was spoiled. After that, we kept them covered with strips of bark.

The neighbors were very kind. They had little and had not an hour to spare, but they never grudged lending us a hand or sharing with us anything we could not do without. There was no pride of ceremony then, and neighbors lived as if they were one family. One of them, who had a potash kettle, lent it to us, and it was fetched on a float or sort of raft, which was pushed up the creek as far as it would go. Then the kettle was lifted out and carried by main strength, suspended on a pole. We had thought the chopping, the logging, and the burning bad enough, (the carrying of water to the leaches and the boiling of the lye was child's play) but the melting of the salts was awful. Between the exertion in stirring, the heat of the sun and of the fire, flesh and blood could hardly bear up. How we ever managed I do not know, unless it was by keeping at it and aye at it, but on the first week of October we had filled a barrel with potash, and Reeves took it away in one of his canoes and sold it in town for us, on the understanding that we were to take the pay out of his store. He made thus both ways, and everything he

kept in his store was very dear. I have paid him 25 cents a yard for common calico and a dollar a pound for tea. We could not help ourselves just then.

I should have told you our potatoes grew wonderfully. There is a warmth in newly-burned land or nourishment in ashes. I don't know which, that makes everything grow on new land far beyond what they do elsewhere. The frost held off well that fall, and we lifted our crop in good order, except a few that were very late planted, which did not ripen properly. When we landed on our lot, Braxton used his last dollar to pay the canoemen, and I had just 15 shillings left after paying the boards we got at Todd's mill, so all we had to put us over until another crop would be raised, was the potatoes and what we could make out of potash. We were in no way discouraged. The work was slavish, but we were working for ourselves in making a home; the land was our own, and every day the clearing was growing. The children took to the country and its ways at once and were quite contented. We were cheerful and hopeful, feeling we had something to work for and it was worth our while to put up with present hardships. I remember a neighbor's wife, who was always miscalling Canada and regretting she had come to it, being satisfied with nothing here. She said to her husband one day, in my hearing, "In Scotland you had your two cows' grass and besides your wage sae muckle meal and potatoes; and we were bien and comfortable; but you wad leave, and dae better, and this is your Canada for you!" "Can you no haud your tongue, woman," he replied, "we hae a prospect here, and that is what we hadna in Scotland." That was just it, we had a prospect before us that cheered us on to thole our hardships.

I counted not the least of the drawbacks of the bush, the lack of public ordinances. There was no church to go to on Sabbath, and the day was spent in idleness, mostly in visiting. Sometimes the young men went fishing or hunting, but that was not common in our neighborhood, where the settlers respected it as a day of rest, though without religious observance of any kind. Accustomed from a child to go to kirk regularly in Scotland, I felt out of my ordinary as each Sabbath came round. To be sure I taught the children their catechism and we read the story of Joseph and the two books of Kings before the winter set in, but that did not satisfy me. The nearest preaching was at South Georgetown, and tho' I heard no good of the minister I wanted to go. Somehow, something aye came in the way every Sabbath morning I set. At last, it was after the potatoes had been lifted and the outdoor work about over one Sabbath morning in October, a canoe, on its way down, stopped to leave a message for us. This was my chance, and getting ready I and my two oldest children went, leaving the others in charge of Braxton, and, for a quiet man, he got on well with children, for he was fond of them. I remember that sail as if it were yesterday—the glow of the hazy sunlight, the river smooth as a looking-glass, in which the trees, new clad in red and yellow claes, keeked at themselves, and the very spirit of peace seemed to hover in the air. Oh it was soothing, and I thought over all I had come through since I left Scotland. Tho' I could not help thinking how different it had been with me six months before, yet my heart welled up as I thought of all the blessings showered on me and mine and thanked God for his goodness. It was late when we came in sight of the church, for the sound of singing told us worship had begun.

Dundee was the tune, and as the voices came softly ower the water my heart so melted within me to hear once again and in a strange land the psalmody of Scotland that I had to turn away my head to greet. Stepping ashore, where the church stood on the river bank, we went quietly in. It was a bare shed of a place, with planks set up for seats, and there were not over thirty present. The minister was a fresh-colored, presentable enough man, and gave a very good sermon, from the 11th chapter of Second Corinthians. While he was expatiating on what the apostle had suffered, something seemed to strike him, and he said, "Aye, aye, Paul, ye went through much but you never cut down trees in Canada." He spoke feelingly, for he had to work like the rest of his neighbors to earn his bread. One end of the church was boarded off, and in it he and his wife lived. I will say no more about Mr. McWattie; his failing was lamentable. When worship was over, it was a great treat to mix with the folk. That I did not know a soul present made no difference, for all were free then and I made friendships that day that have lasted to this. When he heard that I was from the south of Scotland, Mr. Brodie would take no refusal and I had to go with him across the river to his house, where we had dinner, and soon after set out to walk home. People now-a-days think it a hardship to walk a mile to church, but I knew many then who went four or five, let the weather be what it might. It was dark before we got home, and that night there was a frost that killed everything. The weather kept fine, however, until December, and we had no severe cold until the week before New Year.

I cannot think of anything out of the common that first winter. Our neighbors wrought at chopping cordwood to raft to Montreal in the spring, but

Braxton could not, for he had no oxen to draw the wood to the river-bank, so we went on enlarging our clearance. I forgot to say, that one of our North Georgetown acquaintances gave my eldest boy a pig in a present, and we managed to keep the little creature alive with the house-slop and boiling the potatoes that had not ripened well.

We all suffered from the cold, which was past anything we had any conception of before coming to Canada. Our shanty was so open that it did little more than break the wind, and water spilled on the floor at once froze. We had plenty of wood, but it was green, and the logs were fizzing and boiling out sap the day long, and it took Braxton quite a while to learn that some kinds of wood burn better than others. At first he was just as likely to bring in a basswood or elm log as one of maple or hemlock. Most of the heat went up the big chimney, so that while our faces would be burning, our backs were cold. It was worst in the mornings, for I would rise to find everything solid, even the bread having to be thawed, and the blankets so stiff from our breaths and the snow that had sifted in that I had to hang them near the fire to dry. We kept our health, however, and after the middle of February the weather moderated. In March a deer, while crossing our clearance, broke through the crust, and while floundering in the snow was killed by two of my boys. After that they were on the watch, and ran down and killed two more with their axes. I salted and dried the hams, and but for them we would have fared poorly. Having no kettle, we made only a little maple sugar that spring by boiling the sap in the kailpot. There was no sugar to be seen then like what is to be seen now, it was black and had a smoky flavor.

The spring was late and wet, which was a great disappointment, for Braxton could not burn the log-heaps he had ready and make potash, on the money for which he counted to buy provisions to put us over until harvest. To make matters worse, provisions got to be scarce and dear, so that flour and oatmeal sold at \$5 the quintal, and sometimes was not to be had. One day, when quite out, I went down to Ruthersford's, who kept a bit of a store, and he had neither meal nor flour. He went into the kitchen and brought out a bowlful of the meal they had kept for themselves. I went over the potatoes we had cut for seed, and sliced off enough around the eyes to make a dinner for us. In June provisions became more plentiful, for the boats had begun to bring supplies from Upper Canada to Montréal. It was the middle of that month before Braxton had a barrel of potash ready, and the money it brought did not pay what we were due the storekeepers. We were kept very bare that summer, but had a prospect before us in the three acres of crops which we had got in and which were doing finely.

I can never forget that summer from the fright I had about Ailie. She was as sweet a wee dot as there was in the world, so loving and confiding that she made friends with everybody at sight. I was never tired of watching her pretty ways and listening to her merry prattle. We were busy one afternoon leaching ashes, when suddenly my oldest boy asked, "Where's Ailie?" I started, and remembered that it was more than an hour since I had seen her. "She'll have gone back to the house to take a sleep," I said, and I told one of her sisters to go and see. We went on again, carrying water to the leach, when after a while, the lassie came back with the word that she could find Ailie nowhere. We threw

down our tubs and dishes, and I shouted her name as loud as I could, thinking she was nearby in the woods. No answer came. "She'll have fallen asleep under some bush, and doesna hear us," I said, and, with my children, we went here and there searching for her, calling her name, and all without finding Ailie. Braxton was an immovable man, who seldom spoke or gave a sign of what he was thinking about, but when we were together again and all had the same report, his mouth quivered. Turning down the wooden scoop with which he had been shovelling ashes, he said, "We'll dae nae mae wark till we find the bairn." This time we went more systematically about our search, but again it was without avail. It was a hot afternoon, and the sunshine was so bright it lighted up the darkest nooks of the forest, but in none we explored was Ailie. When we met one another in our search and learned not a trace had been found, a pang of agony went through our hearts. Braxton followed the creek and looked well along the bank of the Chateauguay. It was not until it had become too dark to see that our shouts of "Ailie" ceased to sound through the bush. When we had returned to the house, I stirred up the fire and made supper. When we sat down, not one of us could eat. Braxton bit a piece of bread, but could not swallow it, and with a groan he left the table. We talked over what should be done next, and agreed to warn our neighbors to come and help at daylight, which Braxton and the boys went to do. None of us liked to speak of what may have befallen the child, though we all had our fears, that she had strayed down to the Chateauguay and been drowned or gone into the woods and a wild beast had devoured her. Although they had not troubled us, we knew there were bears and wolves in the swamps to the

north of us and there had been even talk of a catamount having been seen. While there was hope I was not going to lose heart, and when I besought the Lord to restore my last born to my arms I thanked Him that the night was so dry and warm that she could come by no ill from the weather. I did not sleep a wink that night, sitting on the door-step and straining my hearing in the hope that I might catch the cry of my Ailie. Beside the croaking of the frogs and the bit chirrup of some mother-bird that awakened in its nest and tucked her young closer under her wings, I heard nothing. When the stars were beginning to go away I set about getting breakfast ready and wakened the children. I had no need to call Braxton. Poor man, though he said not a word, I knew he had not closed an eye. I insisted on their making a hearty breakfast so as to be strong for the work before them, and in the pockets of each I put a slice of bread and a bit of maple sugar for Ailie, should they find her, for I knew she would be perishing from hunger. Soon after sunrise the neighbors began to drop in until there was a party of over twenty. All had their dogs and some of them had brought axes and guns. It was arranged we should start out in every direction, yet keeping so near as to be always within hearing. By spreading out this way in a circle we would be sure to examine every part of the bush, while two men were to search the river bank in a canoe. We started, some calling aloud, others blowing horns or ringing ox-bells until the woods echoed again, and all without avail, for no Ailie was to be found. What could have become of the bairn? It was as if the earth had opened and swallowed her up. After beating the bush for miles around we gathered together at noon, as had been arranged. Not a trace had been found.

We talked it over and over and were at our wits' end. One lad, new come out with his head full about Indians, suggested that one of them might have stolen her, and, indeed, it looked feasible, did we not know that the few Indians left were civil and harmless. Had a wild beast taken her, we would have found some fragments of her bit dress. I was dumb with disappointment and sorrow, and had begun to think I would never see her alive. It was agreed among the men it would be useless to spread out farther, that we had gone deeper in the woods than it was possible for her to have wandered, and that we should use the afternoon in going back over the ground we had passed, making a better examination of it. We went back slowly, stopping to look at every log and going through every hollow, and, though there was once a shout that her trail had been struck, it proved a mistake, and our second scouring of the woods was as fruitless as the first. The sun was fast westering when we drew nigh our shanty. About three acres back of it there was a waterhole, a low wet spot which all of us had gone round, nobody deeming it possible for the child to have put foot upon it. As I looked at the black oozy muck, half floating in water, the thought struck me, the toddler could walk where a grown up person would sink, and without saying a word to the lad who was with me, I drew off my shoes and stockings, and, kilting my petticoat, stepped in. How I wrestled through I do not know, but once in I had to scramble as I best could until I reached a dry spot in the centre that was like an island, and on which there was a thicket of bushes. Daubed with muck and wringing wet, I paused when I got my footing. I heard a rustle. I was panting for breath, so exhausted that I was about to sit down for a little, but

that sound revived hope in me. I peered through the bushes and saw a deer gazing at me. The creature stared, without moving, which was strange for so timid an animal. I slipped through an opening in the bushes and there, on a grassy plot, lay my Ailie asleep, crusted with muck, and with her arms clasped round the neck of a baby deer; her wee bit face black with dirt and streaked where the tears had been running down. I snatched her to my bosom and sinking down I hugged and cried over her like one demented. Oh, had you heard her joyful cry of "Mammie, mammie!" and seen her lift her bit pinched mou to mine, you would have cried with us. The deer did not stir but stood looking on, startled and

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 This was a mystery, which I soon solved, for I found the fawn could not move from having a broken leg, and the faithful mother deer would not leave her young one. My shout that Ailie had been found soon brought plenty of help, and the first man that came made to kill the deer, but I prevented him and could not, ever after, bear him near me. There are savages among us who cannot see any of God's creatures, however harmless, in a state of nature, without trying to take their lives. Sportsmen indeed! Useless louts who would do the country a service were they to use their powder and shot in killing one another. The fallen tree, by which the deer got across the swale to its well-hidden nest, was found, and I returned by it, carrying Ailie, while Braxton took the fawn in his arms, the deer following. There was much rejoicing in our humble shanty before our neighbors left, and many attempts to account for Ailie's wandering to where she did. She was weak from want of food and I feared she might be the worse of her exposure, but next day, beyond that

she was pale, she was well as ever. From what we could gather from her, we made out tolerably plain how her disappearance had come about. While playing near the house, she saw the deer come out of the woods, jump the fence at our clearance, and begin to browse on the oats. Ailie seeing the fawn ran to catch the bonnie creature, when the mother took the alarm, and bounded back into the woods. In attempting to follow, the fawn struck one of its hind feet against the top rail of the fence, and broke the bone. Ailie caught the wee beastie, and held it in her arms, when the doe returned, bunted her away and managed to induce its young one to hirple after it on three legs to its lair in the swamp. Ailie, wanting to get the fawn, followed, which she could do, for it must have gone slowly. When tired of fondling the creature, she would have returned home, but could not find the way out, and cried and slept, and slept and cried, croodling down beside the wounded fawn as it nestled under its mother, which, from its concern for its injured offspring, never tried to drive Ailie away. Well, Braxton set the broken bone and the leg got strong again, but before it did the fawn got so attached to Ailie that it would not leave her, and the mother, which had watched over her offspring in the most touching way, had become so accustomed to us and so tame that it did not offer to leave, running in the woods when it had a mind, and making her home in a shed my boys put up for her. She was torn to death, two years after, by a hound that a Yankee neer-do-weel brought in, but the fawn lived with us until she died a natural death.

We had a fair harvest that fall, and when it was got in, we had the satisfaction of knowing that we would have enough to eat until another was ready.

There being no oatmeal-mill then in the country, Braxton traded half of the oats for wheat with a neighbor who wanted them for a lumber-camp. There was a grist mill convenient at the Portage, which was burned the following summer, after which we had to send all the way to Huntingdon, where there was a poor sort of a mill. Having no horse, the bag was carried by Braxton on his shoulder. The want of a yoke of oxen was so much against our getting on, that we determined to run some risk in getting one, and saved in every possible way with that in view. The week before New Year we hired a horse and traineau from a neighbor, paying him in work, and Braxton went to Montreal with two barrels of potash. On his way down he had the offer at the Basin of a heifer that was coming in, and instead of buying the cloth intended, he saved the money, and took her on the way home. She was a real beauty, and, out of all the cows we had after, there was not one to me like her, she was so kindly and proved such a grand milker. We were all so proud of her that for a week after she came, we never tired looking at her, and the children were comforted for the want of the clothing they needed by having her for a pet. You may not think it, but the sorest want of our settlement was clothes. When those brought from the Old Country were done, there was no money to spare to buy others, and families who had plenty to eat were nigh half-naked, you may say, and on very cold days did not venture out. I did the best I could, patching and darning, yet we all suffered much from cold that winter on account of want of sufficient clothing. Braxton, poor man, had only a thickness of cloth between him and the weather, yet he ever complained and went to his work in the bush on the coldest days. The exposure, togeth-

er with hard work, told on him afterwards and shortened his life. When the lumber-camps were breaking up, we had a chance of a yoke of oxen within our ability to pay for, and they were brought to the barn that had been raised before the snow came. We had not straw enough for three head, but managed to keep them alive by cutting down trees for them to eat the tender ends of the branches. Many a pailful of browse I snapped off for my bossie that spring. It was well for us the grass came early.

I do not know that I have much more to tell that would interest you. The oxen gave us a great start in clearing the land, and that season we did more than all we had done before. We paid the seignior regularly. Once we were a little ahead it was wonderful how fast we got on. Then you must bear in mind, that, as my boys grew up, we were strong in help, and our place improved quickly compared with the generality of those beside us. That fall we got another cow and two sheep, so that we never afterwards wanted for milk or yarn. It was a hard struggle with many ups and downs, much slavish work and pinching and paring, but in course of time we had all we could reasonably wish and were content.

I was long concerned about the schooling of my children, of whom only two had got any before leaving Scotland. We could not help ourselves until the fourth year of our coming, when a man, lame of a leg, came round and told us he was a schoolmaster. The neighbors consulted and one of them gave a log stable he was not using, which was fitted up, and the man set to work. He could teach his scholars little, and tried to cover up his deficiencies by threshing them unmercifully. He was got rid of and another hired, who was more qualified but was given to

drink. They were a miserable lot of teachers in those days, being either lazy or drunken fellows who took to keeping school without considering whether they were qualified. In course of time we had a church at Ormstown, Mr. Colquhoun, a proud Highlander, being the first minister. When we came, there was only one (old Jones) living where Ormstown stands, now it is a large village, with buildings the like of which nobody ever expected to see. There has been a wonderful improvement all over, from when I first saw the country. To have foretold it would become what it now is, nobody would have believed. That the people have improved correspondingly I do not think. The money, scraped together by the hard work of their fathers, I have seen squandered by lads who despised the plow, and the upsetting ways of many families are pitiful to see. Folk in the old times lived far more simply and happily.

You want to know what became of Braxton. He died 14 years after we came here. It was in the winter and I thought he had caught cold while skidding logs in the bush. Any way, inflammation set in and he died within a week of his first complaining. We mourned sorely for him. A more patient or truer soul never breathed, and to the example he set my boys, who have all done well, I set down much of the credit. We counted up his share of the property, and, adding £20 to it, sent it to his sister in England, who was his only relative. I may say all my old acquaintances are gone, for there are few now on the river who were there when I came, and I wait patiently to follow them, living happily, as you see, with Ailie and her children until the Lord is pleased to call me.

LOST

You have heard of my passing a night in the bush, and want me to tell you about it. When we came to Hinchinbrook, which was in July, 1831, the shanty my husband put up did not stand where this house is, but on a ridge at the end of the lot. For the first two years we had no neighbors nearer than half a mile, for though the lots on each side of us were granted, nobody was then living upon them. From morning to dark I saw nothing but the bush that encircled our house and our little clearance of blackened stumps. Oh, but it was lonely! It was worse than a jail, for the prisoner gets a blink out of his cell window of the wide prospect without, and of houses and people. But I saw nothing for three years but trees, and trees, until our clearance so grew that it met that on the east side of our lot, and all at once we, one fine day, came in sight of a neighbor's house. The second Spring we were on the lot, my husband left to help to take a raft down to the Basin, leaving me alone with Henry, who was then the baby. He expected to be back in four days, or by the end of the week at the furthest. If it had not been that I had so much work to do I would have cried my eyes out, it was so miserable to be left alone in the woods, and William had never been away so long before. The four days passed and Sabbath came, but he did not. I got very anxious, and all day could scarcely keep my eyes off the spot at which he would come out of the bush, and where the track from the river crossed our lot, and at night

I could not sleep a wink, thinking every moment I heard his footsteps. Once I was sure I heard him moving outside. I got up and opened the door and called his name. There was no answer, and it was so dark I could not see a rod off. Lighting a bit of pitch pine at the fire, I held it up to look again, when there was a patter of feet and something bounded by me. It was sugar-time and there were a few trees tapped around the house. The noise I heard was deer drinking the sap out of the troughs. I knew not what to do. I wanted to go in search of William, but how could I leave our small stock? They might starve before I got back, and that would ruin us. It happened Monday afternoon, just when I had determined to go over to the nearest neighbor and see if I could get some one to go and enquire for my husband, though I knew it would be useless, for every man and boy old enough had gone with the rafts. I was wrapping baby in a shawl, when the door darkened and a strange voice bade me good-day. It was that of a young lad from the second concession. He was on his way home, and had a message from William. In running Dumouchel's rapids the raft had bunted on a stone, throwing her crew off their feet. In falling, William's oar had struck his left arm and broken it. I thanked God it was no worse. He told the boy I was not to be anxious, that he felt so well he hoped to be able to leave for home in a few days. I questioned the lad, and from what he told me, I guessed my husband was worse than he let on. My resolution was made; I would go and see him. The lad said he had to go home first, but promised to come back next morning and tend the stock till I returned. Before going, I got him to fell a few saplings for the beasts to browse on their tops, for the fodder was nearly done. Then I

prepared for my journey; cooking enough to keep the lad while away, and baking some cakes to take to my husband. It would be past 5 o'clock in the afternoon when I was ready to leave, but I considered I would be able to reach the Chateauguay before dark, and once on its banks I would be safe to get a night's rest. With baby in my arms I started brave enough, but had not gone many acres in the woods until I felt I had acted rashly. I had gone over the path only a few times and never alone, so that I was not so well acquainted with it as I thought I was, and, from the snow having newly melted, it was not as plain as usual. I pressed on until I felt that I had walked so far that, if on the right track, I should have reached the river, while I had not even come to the Outarde. The sunlight had long left the treetops and the stars had begun to glimmer, when I gave it up, convinced that, likely in going to one side to pass a wet spot, I had left the track, and that I was lost in the woods. Assured I had lost my way, I knew it would be madness to walk farther, and so, while I could see, I picked out a dry knoll, and choosing a big hemlock that had some cedar bushes growing near, I sat down beneath it. It was not very cold, though in the clearances I daresay there was frost. Taking a cake out of my pocket I made my supper. Baby was good as gold and lay asleep in his shawl. Wrapping him more warmly in the long plaid I had around my shoulders, I clasped him to my bosom and, so wearied was I, that I fell asleep. I awoke with a start. I thought I heard some one calling. I listened and the sound came again. It was the cry of a wolf at some distance. Another answered from some other part of the woods, and another and another. You have noticed, on a calm night, how, if a dog barks, every

dog within hearing answers; it is the same with wolves, only their cries are more varied, ranging from a deep howl to a whine like that of a child in pain. I shuddered for my babe, who still slept, and, kissing him, resolved I should die before the brutes would reach him. For a long time I sat and listened, until the cries died away, the beasts apparently hurrying to some distant point in pursuit of their prey. I again slept, how long I do not know, but was awakened by something warm stroking my cheek. It was our dog licking my face. I had shut him in the house to be a watch on it, but he had broken out some way and, scenting my steps, had overtaken us. I was so desolate and lonesome, and so glad to have Collie's company, that my heart leaped with happiness as he cuddled down beside me and would not give over licking my hands and face for very joy. I should be ashamed to tell it, but, sir, a good dog is better than a false friend, and Collie was a most faithful beast. After that I slept with confidence, and it was good daylight when I awoke, cold and stiff with my first and last night's rest in the woods, but refreshed and confident. I would not touch more of my cakes, for I wanted them for my husband, so, thanking God for preserving me so far, I went on my way, baby crowing at the sight of Collie, as he gamboled around us with yelps. Marking as well as I could from the way his rays fell, where the sun rose, I went north, for I knew that in that direction I would soon come across the Outarde. Sure enough, I had not gone a quarter of a mile, when I came upon it, flowing red and full, for it was high water. Knowing I was safe, and that I would quickly come upon one of the settlers by its banks, I hurried on in great spirits, and came out on John Hughes' clearing, and was

speedily seated by their blazing log fire at breakfast. My troubles were now over, and I saw that, instead of going north, I had wandered to the east. A little boy went with me to Strachan's rapids, where I crossed the Chateauguay, and, resuming my walk got to the house, near Ste. Martine, where my husband lay, in the afternoon. It was well I went, for his bruises and hurt had brought on a slight fever, and though the habitant's family were kind, they had not the help to nurse him. These were anxious but happy days, for William was overjoyed to have me beside him, and I was glad to be of service to him. In a few days Dr. Syme told me he would bear the journey, and getting a cast in one of Reeves's canoes as far as the Portage, we were safe back in our own house before night, to find everything better than we expected. It was a drawback William's arm, for it was some time before he could do hard work with it, but we got over that and many another backset, and, if we are now well-to-do, we earned all we've got.

AN INCIDENT OF HUNTINGDON FAIR

A LOST CHILD

It was wearing on to three o'clock on the first day of the Huntingdon fair, and the crowd was at its height. At a corner of the main building, where the throng was thickest, stood a child, a girl of some four summers, sobbing, not loudly or obtrusively, but with her face buried in her pinafore. The passers-by, intent on their own pleasure, took no notice of her, until a gaunt, elderly man halted in front of her with the query, "What are you crying for?" "For ma," said the child raising her tear-stained face from behind her pinafore. "Don't you know where she is?" "No," sobbed the little one, "she's gone away," and here her grief broke out afresh. Attention being thus directed to the child, the standers-by grew interested. Among them were two young ladies in rather loud costume. "Guess she's lost," remarked one of them. "Want to know?" queried the other. "Ain't she sweet?" "Some; should say her mother don't know much; such a looking hat." "You mightn't do better, Ethie." "I'd be sick if I couldn't."—"Well what's to be done?" asked the man who first noticed the child. "Has anybody seen anybody looking for a little girl?" Nobody had, and then suggestions as to what to do were volunteered. "Ask her name?" was one of them. "What's your name, sis?" "Roose," sobbed the child. "And where do you live?" "With ma." "And where does she live?" "At home." "That's not the way to ask her," ex-

claimed a brawny young man, whose lowest whisper would startle a horse, and bending over her he asked, "How did ma come to the fair?" "With me and Toby." "Is Toby your father?" "No," said the child, smiling through her tears, "Toby's a dear little dog." "Did mama walk to the fair?" "We's drove in a wagon and Toby too, ever so long ways." "What's the name of the place you came from?" The question was beyond the child, who simply shook her head. "Don't bother her," interjected a bystander, "get your wagon and drive her round the ground and the mother will see her." "I can't very well," said the man of the loud voice. "My horse has got the goorum, and I want to watch the sheep judges." "Well, take her home with you; you've neither chick nor child." At this a laugh rose, and suggestions as to what should be done, each more senseless and impracticable than the other, began again. To send her to Gramie as lost baggage, to seat her in the centre of the horse-ring, at the head of the show-house stairs, with the band, or among the fancy articles, where her mother would be sure to go, were among the more reasonable. Each one was clear that it was the duty of somebody else to find the mother, and each one was equally clear he was not called upon to undertake the task. And so precious time was slipping, and what to do with the child remained undecided. At this juncture, a short and somewhat stout woman broke through the ring. "Hech, what's a' this about? A lost bairn, say ye?" Bending over, she lifted the child, and sitting down on a bench pressed her to her bosom. "My bonnie doo, and hae ye lost your mammie! Wha oecht ye?" The child, with staring eyes, answered not. "You might as well speak Greek," grimly remarked the gaunt man. "Eh, what's that! Do you think she

disna understan the English lang'age? Na, na, thae bonny blue een are no French. An hoo did you lose yer mammie, my pet?" "Ma gave me penny to get candy, and Toby ran after other dog, and I tried to catch Toby but he run a long way and was bad, and—and—I couldn't find ma or Toby," and the recollection of her misfortune renewed her grief. "Eh, ma wee bit lady," exclaimed the good-hearted woman, as she clasped the sobbing child more closely, "but who are we in this thrang to find Toby or yer mither either. Hech but her heart will be sair for the loss o' ye. Will na some o' ye gang and see if ye canna fin a woman lookin' for her bairn, instead o' gapin like so mony gomerils."

"If you'll give me ten cents I'll go," said a pert boy.

"Ha, ha, my man, ye'll be a Conservative; ye want an office."

"There's the president," remarked one of the by-standers.

"What! yon black-a-vised man wi the bit red ribbon? Hey, Mr. Praseedent; come yon't: I want yer advice."

"What's this; what's this?" asked the president.

"Jist a lost bairn, an hoo to fin the mother o't I dinna ken."

"Couldn't be in better hands," said the president.

"She micht be in waur, tho I say't mysell. But that's no what I'm drivin at. Hoo am I to get her mither!"

"Oh, that's not hard to do. You have seen a lamb lose its mother, but did you ever see the ewe that failed to find her? You just sit where you are, and the mother will come along."

"I've seen the ewie seek her bit lammie ower knowe and heugh an never fail to find the wanderer, but what could she do were as mony auld tups thanging roun as are here? Na, na; yer compareson winna stan, Mr President." Jes tell me what I'm to dae, an no be stanin' there twirlin yer whisker."

"I'll tell you what to do." Take the child home with you; she is tired and not fit to stay here longer. The mother will be sure to come to the office, and we will know where to send her. I'll take your address," and he pulled out his notebook.

Glancing at the child, which had fallen asleep on her bosom, the woman kissed the peaceful little face, and replied, "that's guid advice. Everybody kens me. I'm Mrs. Crowdie, and I live on the—concession of Hinchinbrook, and if ye want to ken mair o' me ye can speer at that decent man, Mr. Herdman, yonner, wha lifts my taxes, and as oor waggin is ready, I'll gang noo. Sae gude day to ye."

Tired with the day's fatigue and grief, the child did not waken until the wagon halted at Mrs Crowdie's door, when, seeing everything new and strange, she cried a little for her mother, but was easily soothed, and, on supper appearing, she forgot her little sorrows in satisfying her appetite. Though Mrs. Crowdie had much to do "in settin things to richts," as she termed it, about the house, and scolded the man-servant for "thinkin mair o' what he saw at the fair than o' his wark," she found time to lavish much attention on the waif, so curiously left on her hands, and beguiled the smiles to her cheeks by kindly arts. When it grew dark, she cried for her mother, but accepting Mrs. Crowdie's promise that "she would see her the morn," and that she would "let pooshack sleep with her," she lisped her artless

prayer at her knee and, laid in bed, dropped into the land of Nod with her arms around Mrs. Crowdie's big black cat.

A NEEBOR LADDIE

Little Roose was up by times next morning, and thought it grand fun to help Mrs. Crowdie to milk, to feed the poultry, and to get breakfast ready. Everything was new to her, and enjoyed with such a zest as to show that it was her first taste of country-life. To keep her company, Mrs. Crowdie had sent word to a neighbor to let their son come and play with her, and by-and-by Jonnie made his appearance, and the two had a rare time of it. It was in the afternoon, when, tired with play, and to rest and enjoy the pieces Mrs. Crowdie had given them, they snuggled down behind a clump of bushes in the orchard.

"When I'm a man, Roose, I'll have sugar on my bread like this all the time."

"When you're a man, will you have a horse?"

"Yes; two of them and whiskers too."

"And a farm like this?"

"A bigger farm than this, an' a big house an' a buggy, an' pigs an' sheep an' hens."

"And may I come to see you?"

"You'll milk the cows and make butter."

"Will it be long time 'fore you're a man?"

"When I'm growed; two or three year; I'm six now."

"How do cows make butter?"

"My, don't you know? It ain't the cows that make the butter, it's the girls."

"And will you show me when I'm big?"

"Yes, an lots o' things."

"My ma has no cows."

"Haint she? Why, my dad has lots o' em and a bull, too."

"I'd be 'fraid."

"O, you are not a man like me. I could fire a gun an shoot a bear."

"Has God cows?"

"Why, He makes em, an the horses, an the elephants, an everything. Don't you go to Sabbath school?"

"No."

"My! I went when littler than you, an learnt heaps o' things, an got raisins and candy at Christmas."

"Without a penny?"

"Gimme for nothing."

"My."

"I was to have spoke a piece but got afraid."

"I wouldn't be 'fraid."

"Oh, that's nothing; you're a girl."

Here the conference was broken by Jonnie's offering to show where the ground hogs kept house, and off he and his companion trotted to a remote stone-pile, and did not turn up till supper time, when they burst in upon Mrs. Crowdie with the appetite of hawks, and the girl so full of the wonders she had seen that her tongue never rested until she became sleepy. When laid away for the night, Mrs. Crowdie sat in the gathering gloom to think over what she should do. The day had passed without any one coming to enquire for a lost girl, which very much surprised her. So far as her own inclinations went, she would rather nobody ever came, but she knew that somewhere a mother's heart was in agony over the loss, and she resolved that, next morning, after breakfast she would drive to Huntingdon to find out if there had been any inquiries.

A SHADE OF MYSTERY

With many injunctions to Roose, that she was to "be a guid bairn till she got back, an no go near the soos or the wall," Mrs. Crowdie next day be-took herself to the village, where she arrived in due course and went first to the office of the president to find out whether he had heard aught. Entering she spied through the net-work that surmounted the counter a man in his shirt-sleeves leaning over a desk writing, with his head turned away from her.

"Hey, man!" No response.

"Whar will I find your maister?" No response.

"Whatna ticket is this?" as her eye fell on a card hung to the wire-netting, and she spelt out slowly, "This—is—my—busy—day. Fegs, by the look o' him I should say it is. Hey, man!" No response, the man of the big ledger calmly continuing to write.

"Eh, puir chiel!" exclaimed Mrs Crowdie, "he maun hae a hard maister or be dull o' hearin'," and she thereupon rattled on the counter with her umbrella.

"Oh, were you wanting me. Want to pay your church seat, eh?"

"What na kirk? St. Andrew's, say ye? Na, na, I dinna gang there. Dod! You dinna need to have a seat in ony kirk, for there are a' kin o' bodies that ca' themselves preachers rinnin about. Says I to ane that pit maist impertinent questions to me about my saul—an us Scotch folk dinna show our hearts to every Jock and Tam—My man, ye pit me in mind o' a finger-post, ye pint the way ye dinna gang yoursel. Ye see, I kent ocht o' him."

"That's a good one," exclaimed the man of the pen as he rubbed his left arm.

"Gin I had my way, there wad be a riddel afore every college door to try the coofs wha wad wag their heids in a poopit. I ken o' some chukie heids it wad hae thrown to ae side."

"Not a bad idea. And what can I do for you? You'll want an organ?"

"Me an organ! I'd suner tryst a parritch pat."

"It's a nice thing to have a little music, and the young ladies soon learn to play."

"I'se ken ye noo. I saw ye on the bandstand at the show. Ye can blaw a horn, but ye canna blaw my lug. I want to see your maister."

"What name?"

"My name's Mrs. Crowdie, kent by her neebors as ane that pays as she buys an is due naebody."

"Oh, yes, I have a memorandum. The boss left word you were not to trouble yourself; it would be all right."

"I'll gang hame we nae such assurance. I have come ane errand to see him and I wull see him."

"We had a fine show, Mrs. Crowdie?"

"Whaur's your maister?"

"What did you think of the flowers?"

"Whaur's yer maister?"

"Oh, it's the boss you want."

"Ay, an I'll no gang till I see him."

Calling a chubby-faced lad, he sent him in search, and the desired gentleman soon entered.

"And how are you today, Mrs. Crowdie?"

"I've naething to complain o' except o' sin an a touch o' the rheumatics."

"And what can we do for you to-day?"

"Ye ken my errand, an I see by yer man ye've something ye dinna want to tell me. Wha's bairn is she?"

"We'll speak about that by-and-by."

“We’ll speak about it noo.”

“Is the little girl well?”

“The lassie’s weel an I’d be laith to pairt wi her did I no ken there are they wha hae a better richt to her. Noo, tell me; what hae ye learned about her folks?”

“There have been some inquiries; her people know that she is safe.”

“Wha are they? I’ll gang an see them.”

“There’s no need. You go home and you’ll hear from them.”

A good deal of conversation followed, but Mrs. Crowdie could get no particular information about the pearents, further than that they wre satisfied she was in safe hands, and they would call or send for their child in a short time. Forced to be satisfied with this, she returned home, and when Roose threw her arms round her neck in welcome, she could not forbear the secret wish that the parents might never come. There was some mystery and she hoped that it might so result. She watched the child pattering about during the afternoon, listened to her prattle, and helped to amuse her, and when the evening gathered, and the sun set beyond the forest, leaving the clouds gilt in crimson, she sat with her in her lap. Something in the peaceful scene stirred up old memories, and, with thin and quavering voice, the old woman began the 23rd psalm. To her surprise, the child chimed in, knowing both the words and the old world tune Mrs. Crowdie sang them to. “Wha taught ye that, ma dawtie?” she asked, as finishing the psalm, she hugged the child in closer embrace, moisture glistening in her eyes. “Ma,” said the child. “She maun be a guid woman, and a Presbyterian, too.” And clasping the child, Mrs. Crowdie sat thinking in silence

and did not move into the house until it grew chill, when she said "the bairn micht catch cauld."

THE MYSTERY IS CLEARED UP

The section of Hinchinbrook in which Mrs. Crowdie lives is a very pleasant one to look upon; the landscape being relieved from monotony by low knolls and ridges which break the wide intervalles. In mid September, the bush, that runs as a straggling and somewhat ragged fringe over the ridges, was still green, with only here and there a branch whose brilliant red foretold the coming glory. The day was bright and warm, the sun's rays being chastened by the faint smoky haze that softened the distant features of the landscape. Her work being over until milking time came round, Mrs. Crowdie took a seat by the open window and began knitting. Her little charge had gone to watch a preposterous hen, which, after being given up as having furnished supper to a fox, had appeared that morning clucking with joy over the solitary chicken that followed her; the little yellow hairy thing a source of delight to the child. While Mrs. Crowdie's fingers moved actively with the needles, her thoughts were wandering away to the past. The advent of the child had stirred her nature and wakened memories, she knew not how, that she had stifled so long ago that she thought they were dead. And to judge by her face, they were not pleasant memories. Casually raising her head, she was astounded to see a woman standing at the door intently watching her; a comely woman neatly dressed.

"What's brocht you back?" demanded Mrs. Crowdie, breaking silence. "I told you I was dune wi' you; that gin ye had made yer bed, you could lie on it."

"O, mother."

"Na, ye needna beg; gin that useless man ye wad marry in spite o' me has failed to provide for you, you maun look for help anither gate."

"I have not come to beg; we have made ends meet so far."

"Ay, by your wark. A fauchless smooth-tongued haveril; hoo he threw a glamor ower ye I ken na."

"You are too sore on him."

"Ower sair! A useless being that wad talk an flee round the kintry; onything but wark. To think that ye wad prefer sic na ane to yer ane mither, you ungrateful hussy. But its aye the way; the best o' women get the leevins o' men."

"It's not for me to listen to such talk of my husband," said the daughter, coloring.

"A bonny husband! Merry't ye, thinking he could hang up his hat in my hoose and sorn on me. My certie, I sorted him! Gang back to yer husband an wark yer finger-nails aff to make up for his laziness. You made your choice, an I'm dune with baith o' you."

Resentment struggled in the breast of the young woman with affection; it was for a moment only; her better nature triumphed.

"I have not come, mother, to ask of you anything but your love and"—

"An what?" asked the mother, in a voice shrill from suppressed emotion, "Did I no nestle you in my bosom an care for you as dearer than my life? When, ane by ane, your brithers an sisters gaed awa to fend for themselves and you were left the ae lam oot o' the flock; when God in his providence took your faither to Himsel an I was left alane, it was you that gied me heart to wrastle wi' the warl, an I watched ower you an thoct you wad be a prop to

my auld age. Oh, hoo could ye have the heart to leave me?"

"I love you better than I ever did, mother, but you wouldn't think much of me as a wife were I to say I did wrong in marrying."

"Aye, there it is; the shuffling creature wi' his sleek manners that cam between you an me."

"Oh, mother, leave that alone. I am sorry to have vexed you today. I never meant to trouble you, until you sent for me or I thought you needed my help."

"An what has brocht ye, then?"

"I've come for Ruth."

The old woman sank back in her chair in speechless astonishment. At last she whispered, "An she's your bairn! I thocht there was something aboot her that was familiar to me: That explains it a'. She's yerself ower again when ye were a bit toddler. O that thae days were back again! An hoo did ye lose her?"

"It's six years since I left you, and my heart wearied among the Yankees to see dear old Huntingdon again. I watched the Gleaner when the show was to be, and, arranging to be away a fortnight, I came with Ruth and stayed with cousin on the river. I saw you at the show, but you did not see me. In the crowd I lost Ruth. I was here and there seeking for her, when a man told me he had seen a little girl dressed like mine, in a wagon that drove towards the village. I followed and found he was wrong. Thinking she had driven home with our friends, I hastened to cousin's, but she was not there. What a night I spent! Next morning I went back to the show grounds, and was struck dumb when the president told me where she was. I explained it all to him. He was very kind and said if I would leave it in his

hands he would manage it. Last night he sent me word things had worked well, and I was to go out to you myself. If there is any plot about it to bring us together without your will, it's none o' mine," and sinking before her mother she buried her head in her lap and wept.

What Mrs. Crowdie would have done; whether her resentment would have returned and she again have driven away her daughter, God alone knows, but at this juncture the patter of little feet was heard on the gallery and Ruth, with her pinafore full of golden-rod, came shouting, "See what I have got." One glance at the tearful face upraised to see her, and there was a glad scream of "Ma." Clasp- ing her child and grandchild in her arms Mrs. Crowdie broke down. "It's the Lord's wark; nane save Himsel could hae brocht us thus thegither, an I'se no fecht against His will. By a lost child I've found my ain, an we'll never pairt. Ay, my bonnie Ruth, I'm your grannie, and ye'll bide we me, an help me tak care o' the hens an the turkeys, and the lave."

"And pa."

"I'll thole him for your sake; dootless I have wranged him in my anger. We'll sen for him."

"An Toby, too?"

"That's cousin's dog, Ruth," said her mother, smiling in her tears.

"Ay, Ruth," said Mrs. Crowdie, "we'll get the dowg too, and we'll let byganes be byganes and begin a new life an ther'll no be a happier family in a' Hinchinbrook. Eh, hoo true's the Scripiter in mair senses than ane, An a little child shall lead them. Hech, but this'll no dae. There's the nock chappin five, an the coos are comin up the lane, an the fire's to kinle. Let's be steerin an get the wark dune an then we'll hae supper ance mair thegither."

THE SUMMER OF SORROW

SEEKING FOR THE BOOK

You want to see the little buk I have? An who tould you about it? You'll do it no harm. Maybe you won't get the chance. It's not the likes of you that should have it. You've driven from Huntingdon on purpose and are sure I won't disappoint you. I didn't ax you to come, did I? You'll print it. Yis, what suits you; laving out all that tells how Catholics were used in Ireland. Honor bright, you'll print every word of the little buk. Maybe you would and maybe you wouldn't, but it is not to everybody I would give a reading of my poor nevy's buk, and, if you plaze, we'll say no more about that same. Well, then, I might at least tell you what I saw myself, at the favor sheds. Did you ever know anybody who had seen a ghost like to talk about it? I tries to forget what I saw and heard, an thank nobody that brings me in mind o't. Come now, I'll tell you a better shtory than about poor women and childer a dyin by the score of favor an shtroug men alayin aside them too wake to git thim a cup o' wather. An its a thrue story, which is more than can be said about some you've prented. Whin I wint to William Bowron to buy my lot, I paid my money down for't in goold. He wrote my ticket for the lot an' whin he hands it to me, says he, Now you've got a farrum, my man, you'll want a cow. Thru for you,

says I, I had always a cow in Ireland an my father afore me. Confound it all, says he, then you must have one in Canada; I have a heifer that'll suit you. Gittin aff his chair, he placed his stick across his back and hooked his elbows over it, an tuk me into his yard, where he pointed to a beauty av a crathur. How much? says I. Three pounds, says he, Done, says I, an' puttin my hand in my pocket I give him the money in his fisht. Sure the baste wud have cost tin poun in Ireland. Confound it all, says he, ye're a dacint fellow; come in an have a bit to ate. An afther I had my dinner I started for my farm, adrivin my springer afore me through the woods, feelin proud as Punch over my bargain. It was not until I stood afore the bit shanty I had got raised, that the thought came on me all at once, that I had nothing to feed the baste. Och, it takes an Irishman to jump before seeing where his feet will fall. Well, I held my whisht, and my woman and her good mother comes out and falls admirin the baste. There was was only another cow in the settlement; wan ould Armstrong had. Sure, I cries, won't the nabors be invying us! Thim here long afore us an widout a four-footed baste. barrin pigs an dogs an cats, an here, the firsht month we come, we have an illigant heifer, new come in. "She's a beauty, sure," says my wife's mother, "an as like the wan I sould when I left the Ould Counthry (bad luck to the day I left it) as a red wan can be like a black; lave her to me, I'll look afther her." Indeed an I will, says I, for if you don't she'll die, for sorra a bite hev I got for her. An so it was, the ould woman took charge and tended her as if she had been her child, herdin her in the woods an atakin her to the creeks where she could get a bellyful, a drivin her home against nightfall. It divarted the ould woman, who had all the time

been lamenting laving Ireland, and sarved us, for me wife and mesilf were workin hard in makin a clear-ance to get in a few praties. It was on in August that wan night the ould woman an the cow did not come home. She'll hev lost her way, says my wife to me. Not at all, I tells her, she knows the woods as well by this time as ever she did the bog of Dorrogmore. Thin, why's she not here? asks she. Och, she'll have shtrayed funder than ordinar an daylight has failed her. Niver throuble yer mind; she'll be here with the sun tomorrow. I was more consarned than I let on, but what could I do? It was dark an there was no use going looking for her in the woods wid a candle, seein' we hadn't wan. My wife couldn't get a wink o' sleep, an sot by the door, shouting whiniver she thought she heard a rustlin in the bush. The day broke an the sun climbed until he was high enough to look over the tree tops at us an say Good mornin, an nivir a sign o' the ould woman or the cow. We waited an waited, expectin ivery minute to see her, until I got afeard, an wint an tould the nearest nabors. They were consarned at the news an agreed if she did not come back afore, they would warn the settlement an ivery man jack o' thim would turn out next mornin to luk. An they did; och but there was a crowd ov them, some wid guns an some wid horns an some wid pitchforks. There was grain awaitin to be shore, but not a sowl of mankind stayed away. What's that you say They'd be Arangemen? What ilse was there in the sittlemint then? We didn't talk in thim days about what makes strife, but lived as friendly as nabors could, helpin wan another, an niver askin what you were. It was niver a bit o' use. Hours wint by an we travelled miles on miles an niver a sign. Whin we found a track we soon lost it, for the woods were

cut up by slues. It was agrowin late whin a few o' us met to talk it over. "We've gone north an east an wist," says Sam Foster, the ouldest settler ov us all an a knowledgable man, "an havn't found her or the cow. That shows me she has crossed the swamp to the south an gone towards the lines." We agreed to this rasonin an shtarted off for the swamp, which was as dirthy a puddle o' black wather an green scum as there was in Ameriky. Sam was our guide or we might av been thryin to crass it to this day. He knew where it was narrowest an by creepin along fallen trees we reached the ridge beyant, an hadn't gone a wee bit afore we struck the footprints of an ould woman an a cow. How did I know it was the footprints ov an ould woman? Hould yer whisht or I won't be atellin you any more. It was a blessin we did, for it wad soon hev been too dark to have followed them up. I tell ye, we forgot our tiredness an hunger, an hurried on in great spirits, an in half an hour Sam shouts. "There she is," apointin through the trees. I shouts Whuroo an dashes ahead o' them all an in a minit I had the ould woman in my arms an the cow a lookin on as innocint as if it had niver played thricks whin a calf. The saints be praised ye are not kilt and ded, I cries, as I hugged her, for sure, though she was ould an wrinkled, she was the mother o' my darlin wife. Ded I wad hev been, says she, cryin wid joy, but for the crathur, an niver ben waked or buried. By this time the rist o' the min kem up an awl sat down to hear the ould woman's sh'tory. She tould us how, from the drouth, the cow found little to pick and kept amovin on and on until she was floundering in the swamp, an whin they got on solid land sorra the wan of thim knew where they were. "How did ye keep alive?" asks a man, "for ye are spry and hearty." "I wunna tell ye,"

says she. "Two days and two nights in the bush," says another, "an you not hungry: it's a mystery." "Hould yer whisht," says another, "it's a miracle: there be good people in thim woods as well as on the hills ov Ould Oireland." It was growin late an there was no time for more talk an we shtarted for home, an, bedad, the ould woman bate us all wid the nimbleness she tripped through the bush an over the logs. Whin we got home, an glad my wife was when she hugged her ould mother, an the nabors left, I axed again how she had kept body an sowl so well together in the bush. "I wunna tell ye," says she again, an aff she wint to bed. I tould all to my wife an axed her to find out, and by-and-bye she got it as a great saycret—the ould woman sucked the cow for food an purtieted herself from the cowl'd ov the night by sleeping aside her."

"Are you done, grandpa?"

I turned, a girl stood behind us, having come unnoticed.

"Yis, yis; what is it?"

"Supper is ready, and I'e been waiting ever so long to tell you."

"Come," said the old man to me as he rose, "an have a bite."

I followed and when we were done I rose to take my horse for my homeward journey. My eyes must have expressed what courtesy kept my tongue from asking. "Och, the little buk, is it. Well, I'll trust ye wid it." Leaving the room he returned with what looked like a greasy and much handled pass-book. "Take care of it," he exclaimed with emotion, "an don't keep it long." Placing it in my pocket we parted.

HOW THE BOOK WAS GOT

On retiring to my bedroom that night, I examined the book given me with such reluctance and read every word before I slept. I found it to be the diary of an Irishman who had left his country during the famine. In the ship on which he embarked for Canada typhus fever broke out and the incidents of the horrors of the voyage and of the equal horrors of the quarantine sheds were told with a simplicity and directness that alternately moved me to tears and filled my bosom with indignation. Next day I set to work to copy the diary. Before printing it I saw it would be necessary to learn somewhat of the writer, who he was, whether he survived the plague, and if he did, where he was now. The first day I could get away from duty found me on the road to interview the old man a second time. On restoring to him the book I expressed freely my indignation at the conduct of the landlords, of the ship-agents, and of the quarantine officers, and my pity for those whom they oppressed. My words seemed to be unlooked for.

“Begorra,” said the old man, “I didn’t exspect this aff ye. I tuk ye for wan that thought anything good enough for the likes of us.”

Explaining my wish to publish the diary I asked him to tell me what he knew about its writer.

“Sure I will; he was my nevy, an I will tell ye awl about him.”

Though it was mid-October the day was warm and the sun unpleasantly hot, and the old man suggested we should go to the orchard, where he could tell me what he knew without interruption. It proved a long interview for I had many questions to

ask and the substance of his statement, though not in his words, I will now give as an introduction to the diary.

It was in the year 1847 myself and wife were behind this house cutting hay. There was no mowing machine those days; no, not even a scythe could be used because of the stumps, and we were picking the locks of hay out atween the stones and stumps with our hooks. It was a hot day and we had been at work since sunrise, so our backs were tired enough, but we could not rest, for there was much to do and we had no help beside ourselves. We were working hard and fast, when a voice came ahint us that made us start.

“Uncle, wanna you look roun at me?”

There stood a girl, with a bundle in her right hand. By her figure you might say she was 17 or thereabout; by her face she was an old woman, for the bones were sticking out of the tight drawn cheeks and her skin was a deadly grey, with black streaks above and below the eyes. My first thought was the colleen was demented.

“God save you kindly,” says I, “but why do you name me uncle?”

“I am your bròther’s child.”

You might have knocked me down with a feather. I was so astonished.

“What! me brother Jerry?”

“That same,” answers she in a wake voice.

“Where is he?” shouts I, throwing down my hook. “Lade me to him. Niver a line did he send to tell us he was laving Ireland, but welkim he and his as the flowers in May to the best I have.”

The girl didn’t stir; she seemed numbed and dead like and answered in her hollow voice, “He’s dead thim three weeks.”

"God save us all," I shouted, "you are mad my colleen, and ye're mind's awandering. My brother Jerry is in Ireland with his wife and the children, and ye're mistaen when you call me uncle."

"No, no," she says to me, "ye're my own uncle for I axed at the house next you. My mother, my father, my brothers and sisters are wid the saints in glory," and wid that she lifted her eyes and crosses herself.

"When and where?" I shouted in desperation.

"They died ov the ship favor, part are buried in the say and part at the favor sheds."

With those words the truth of all she said broke on me and I staggered, for my head swam, and I had to throw myself down on the meadow, but my wife rushed past and clasped the poor child in her arms, "I'll be mother to you, and, God help us, it won't be on our account if the tear o' sorrow come again to your eye."

The poor thing didn't respond as you might expect, but sank on my wife's bosom and looked about with that stony stare of hers. My wife's hot tears were raining on her face, when she whispered, "Wad ye give me a bite to eat?"

Then we saw it all. The girl was starving. I caught her up in my arms—she was no heavier than many a baby—a bag of bones—and I ran with her to the house, crying to my wife to hurry and get something ready. Had ye seen her look at the food as my wife brought it out of the cellar, with the eye of a wild beast, you would have shivered. "Draw in," says I, "it's coorse, but it is the best we have, an there's plenty av it."

"Is the mate for me?" she asks doubtful like.

"Sure," says I.

"I havn't put a tooth mark on mate for three years," says she simple like.

I reached her a rib of cold boiled pork and she smiled for the first time, and sucked it as a child does the orange it wants to have the taste of as long as possible. When she had eaten as much as my wife thought safe, she took and laid her on our own bed, and willing she was, for she was clean beat out, and went to sleep as her head touched the pillow. Then we had a talk. She had come from the fever sheds and might give the disease to the children, who had gone berrying, so I goes, as agreed on, and meets them, tells them of their new cousin from Ireland, who had come to us sick, and takes them to stay with a neighbor for the night. Next morning I off to the hay before sunrise and worked excited like till the sun got high and overpowering, when I says to myself, "I'll take a rest and go and see my brother's child." She was sitting at the door, where the hops clustered round her, and looked another crathur. The fearsome glare of hunger in the eye was gone and there was a glint of color in the cheek as she rose to welcome me. "You don't think me mad to-day, uncle?" she asks me. "God forgive me," says I. "for the word—." With that she puts her hand over my mouth. Oh she was the kindly crathur, and now that she was clean and right dressed I could see would be a handsome lass when there was more mate on her bones. My wife had been looking for my coming and had the table spread, and after we had eaten we sat again in the shade at the door and as I smoked my pipe Ellen told her story. It was, more the pity, a common enough one in them days. The failure of the potatoes had left my brother unable to get enough for his family to eat let alone pay the rent. On the back of the hunger came sickness and when things had got to be as bad as they could, the agent comes round and tells him if he would give up

his holding and go to Canada the landlord would forgive him the rent, pay the passage-money and a pound ahead on landing at Quebec. He took the offer as his neighbors did and went to Dublin, where they found a ship waiting for them. They were not out of sight of land when the fever broke out and the children, one after another, took it, and three died at sea. When quarantine was reached they were all sent ashore, and there the rest of the children, saving Ellen, died, with the father and mother. When the fever left her she was put on board a steamer for Montreal, and got sorra a bite from the hour she left until she landed, though it took the boat 36 hours. Faint and sick she was hurried ashore and when she made for the city a policeman turned her back and she sat down on the wharf, wishing to die. By and by a man comes along and by his dress she knew he was a minister, though not of our sort. He spoke to her and she told him she wanted to get to me, and showed my address on a bit of paper she carried in her bosom. He read it and saying to follow him, led to a steamer lying in the canal. He sought out the captain and told him to take the girl and land her at Beauharnois, and the captain promised he would to oblige the minister and refused the dollar he offered. The stranger handed it to her with the words, "I must leave you, for others are perishing," and slipped away before she could thank him. That evening she was landed at Beauharnois and when the steamer left the wharf for the Cascades she felt more lost than ever, for she heard nothing but French, and not a word she understood. She spied a man putting bags of flour in a cart with a face that she thought was that of an Old Countryman. She went up to him and he answered her in English, or rather Scotch, for I know him

well; he lives near the Meadows. She told where she wanted to go. "You'll be ane o' thae emigrants," says he, "an may hae the fever." "I've had it," says Ellen, "an am well again." "Aye, but ye may give it to ither folk." At this a Frenchman came up to speak to the man and on seeing Ellen, put his hand to his mouth and drew back. "Louis," says the Scotchman, "tak this lassie hame wi you and give her a nicht's lodgin." Louis shook his head. "I'll pay you, man," shouted the Scotchman. "No, no," said Louis, making a sign of horror, "me not let her in my house." "You are a' o' ae kirk and suld be kind to ane anither." Without replying, Louis left. "Weel, lassie, gin they'll no gie you cover in this town, ye maun gae wi me," and with that he went into the tavern at the head of the wharf and came back with some bread in his hand for her. He spread his horse blanket on the bags for her to sit on and off they started. It was a long drive in the dark, for the horse walked every step of the way, and Ellen fell asleep. On waking at the rumbling of the cart ceasing, she found they were standing in a farm-yard. The night was clear but cold, but she had not felt it, for the Scotchman had tucked his big coat around her. He told her he dare not take her to the house for fear of infecting the children. Lighting a lantern he showed her to a corner of the barn, where she lay down to sleep, while he went to unyoke his horse. On waking in the morning she stepped into the yard, where she found the Scotchman unloading his cart. "I've been waitin' for you," says he, "an dinna tak it unkind if I say you maun go at ance on yer way. Were my naebors to hear o' ane wha has been sick o' the fever bein here, my place wad be shunned." Putting something to eat in her hand he bade her follow him,

and pointed out the road she was to take for her uncle's place, and by observing his directions she succeeded.

"An so there's only yirsilf left?" asked my wife.

"Av our family," says she?, "but unless he's dead since I left, there's my cousin Gerald in the fever sheds at quarantine."

Gerald was my sister's only child and I had heard after her death he had gone to Maynooth to be a priest.

"Do you tell me my nevy, that rode on my knee the day I left Ireland, is in Canada? Why did he not come wid you?"

Then she explained; told us of what he had been to the sick and dying and how the day before she left he had been stricken himself. She wanted to stay with him, but he told her to hasten to her uncle and if he had a mind he might come and help him; she could do no good to stay. I jumps up. "I'll go," I cries, "and will bring him back wid me here safe and sound." As I said that I caught my wife's eye so pleading like, not to go. But I did. I got my neighbors to look after my hay and off I started next morning, bright and early, to catch the stage at the Potash. When ould Mr. Oliver heard my errand, he told me to go back to my family, but my mind was made up. When my own brother was adying I was in comfort. I was determined my nevy would not suffer like him and me so near. When the stage came along I jumped into a seat and before darkening I was in the city. All the talk there was about the fever, and how the poor creatures were dying by the hundred in the sheds at Point St. Charles. Everybody was in mortal dread of infection and the police had orders to watch that none of the emi-

grants got past the wharves or out of the sheds, but some did, and they were hunted down and taken back. I kept my whisht as to my errand and listened in the bar-room of the tavern to one story after another, that made the blood run cold to my heart. After an early breakfast next day I left the tavern and walked down to where the steamer sailed for Quebec. It was a beautiful morning and I thought it the prettiest sight I had seen for a long time, the blue river sparkling in the sun and the islands and the other shore looking so fresh and green, with the blue mountains beyant. It was going to be a while before the steamer was ready, for there was a pile of freight to put on board, and I walked up a bit to look round me. In turning the corner of a shed I sees lying on the ground a young lad with a girl leaning over him. I went up to them. "What's comé over you, my boy, that you be alyin on the ground?" asks I. Never a word from either. I went close up and I sees his eyes closed and his face white as death, with his head resting on the girl's lap. "God save us, what's wrong?" Never a word. "Can I do anything for you?" says I, placing my hand on her shoulder. She lifted up her head that was bowed down on the young man's, oh so slowly, and looked at me, her face white and sunk like. "No," she whispered, "he's adyin." "Dyin like this in a Christian land." says I, "I will get help." I ran back to where the crowd was and tould a policeman. "They'll be escaped imigrants," says he, "and must be sent back, the villins," and off he comes with me. I led him to the place and he flourished his big stick, shouting. "What div ye mean, coming among Christian people agin orders?" I caught his arm. "Don't touch them; he's dyin," for I heard the rattle in his throat. We stood aside for

a minute or so, there was a gurgle and a drawin up of the legs, and all was over. "Oh, my brother, my brother, hev you died afore me," moaned the poor girl as she tighter clutched his body. "Come wid me," I said, stooping over and trying to lift her, "I am Irish like yersilf, and will spind my last dollar if need be to bury your brother. Lave him, and I will take you where you will find friends." I could not loosen her hould on the body. The policeman said he would go for the ambulance and left me. I stroked her hair, I talked to her as if she had been my own daughter; I tried to comfort her. Never a sign or a word. There was a sound of wheels and I looked and saw the ambulance. The men came and I grasped the girl to lift her off the corpse. I caught a look at her face—she was dead too. The ambulance man said that was nothing, that the fever struck dropped dead every day without a sign. I looked at the poor colleen as I helped to lift her into the ambulance beside her brother's corpse, and I knew it was not of the fever alone she had died, but of a broken heart. Och, och, to come to Ameriky to die on the quay. "Drive to the cimitry," says I. "and I will pay all expinses," trying to get up beside the driver. "Have you lost your sinses," says he, "they wad not bury them in the cimitry; they go to Point St. Charles, and if yer wise ye'll tell nobody you handled faver patients and go about your business." Wid that he cracks his whip, and rattles aff at a great rate. "Well, well," I said to myself, "at ony rate they will be united in burial as they were in life and death," and they rest in the field where a big stone tells more than 3000 are alyin. I turned with a heavy heart to the steamer, which was ringing a warning bell to get on board and lying down on a pile of bags fell asleep. It was afternoon

when I awoke and soon after we were at Three Rivers, where I went ashore and got something to eat. After a while a steamer hove in sight, coming up the river. We crowded to see her in passing. It was a sight that sunk like a stone on my heart. Her lower deck was chuck full of women and childer and men, all in rags, and with faces as sharp as hatchets from starvation, and most all white or yellow from the fever. She passed between us and the wind and the smell was awful. A sailor told me steamboats passed every day like her on their way from quarantine, and never a one reached Montreal without a row of corpses on her upper deck for burial and a lot of sick to be carried to Point St. Charles.

It was late in the night when we tied up at Quebec and I took the first lodging-house I found. When I paid the landlord next morning, I asked him how I could get to Grosse Isle. "Ye're jokin you are," says he, "people lave it, they don't go to it." I tould him my errand. Says he, "Go home, it's no use; your nevy is dead by this time an if he isn't he'll be dead any way. It'll be the death of yoursel to go." No, says I, I have come awl the way from Huntingdon to save the boy and I wunna go back widout him. Whin he see I was detarmined he told me how hard it was to get to the island; that the city people were afraid of the infection and watched everybody going and would let none return. He pointed to the landing-stage where the quarantine steamboat lay and I went to it. There was a sentry at the end and when I made to pass him he ordered me back. "I'm going to quarantine," says I. "The divil ye be; shtand back; ye can't pass widout an order." I was pleadin wid him to let me by whin a voice behind says, "What is all this loud talk about?" I turns and sees a tall man in black,

straight as a hickory. "Yer rivrince, this man wants to go to quarantine and has no permit." "My good man," says he to me, "you are seeking to rush into danger if not certain death. The sentry does a kindness in turning you."

"I have a good raison for wanting to go."

"It would need to be in risking your life and endangering the safety of the community by bringing back infection. What may be your reason?"

I saw he was a gentlemin and his kind voice won me. I told him all.

"What is your nephew's name?"

"Gerald O'Connor."

"Has he been stricken! They did not tell me when I was last there. He has been one of our best helpers. His only hope lies in instant removal and since you have come for that purpose, I shall see you have opportunity."

With that he says to the sentry, "This man is my assistant today," and putting his arm in mine he walks me on to the boat, where even the deck hands saluted him. When he walked away with the captain, I axed who he was. "Dat am Bishop Mountain," says a Frenchman. "Bedad," says I. "they shpoiled a fine cavalryman when they made a preacher ov him."

The order was given to cast off and on we went, the river smooth as a millpond. When a long way off we could see the rows of white tents and long woodensheds where the sick lay on Grosse isle, and off the landing we found anchored 17 ships in a row that had come from Ireland or Liverpool and had fever aboard. The wharf was a poor one and we had trouble getting ashore, for the steps were rotten and broken. The gentleman they called the bishop beckoned me to follow him as he walked on, speak-

ing with the friends who came to meet him. When in front of the first shed, before going in at the door, he says to me, "Dr Russell will take you to your nephew," and with a bow he passed into the shed. I followed the doctor to another shed and, heavens! when we went in the smell nigh knocked me down. The doctor must have seen something in my face, for he says, "Never mind, my man, you'll get used to it." We passed along between two rows of berths, everyone filled, and an odd man, here and there, trying to attend to their wants. The doctor stopped before a berth where lay a young man, with thick black hair. Seizing his arm he felt his pulse. "This is your man," says he. I looks at the worn face and with a trimble in my voice I could not keep back, I asks, "Is he able to go away wid me?"

"He'll go to his grave in a few hours," says he.

"Doctor, dear, don't say that; you can save him. I'll pay you well, if I have to mortgage my farm to get the money."

"There is no saving of him, poor fellow; he's going as many like him are going," and with that the doctor moved away.

I knelt beside my nephew and put my hand on his forehead. It was burning hot. His lips were going and he was muttering something, what I could not make out. "Gerald, won't you spake; I'm your uncle come to take you home wid me." Never a word. I went over to one of the men in charge and he pointed to where the water was. I filled a noggin and pressed it to my nephew's lips and wet his face. I watched by him for what seemed a long while and saw others die and heard the groans of those in pain and the screams of those that were raving, and the beseechings for water to drink. I attended to those near by as well as I could, and it was when I was

coming back with a pail of water I noticed the flush had left my nephew's face. I was bathing his forehead when he opened his eyes and stared at me. "I'm your uncle, me poor boy; you feel better?"

"God bless you," says he. "but what made you come to this fearful place?"

"Sure its nothing; its little to do for my own sister's child."

He squazed my hand and closed his eyes and I knew he was praying for me.

"Bring me a priest."

A man that was passing told me I'd find one in the next shed. It was worse than the one I left, for it had one row over the other of berths. At the far end I saw a priest, and found he was giving the last rites to an ould man, whose white hair was matted with dirt. I waited till he was done and asked the father to come with me. I left Gerald and him alone, and the priest had no sooner said the last prayer than there was a message for him to go to another poor soul for whom there was no hope. When Gerald saw me, he said, despairin' like, "Take me out o' here; ye can carry me. I want to die in God's free air." These were his very words.

"That I will," says I, "and you'll be home wid me in Huntingdon afore three days." He smiled a sorrowful smile, and said nothing. I lifted him in my arms and carried him out of the shed. I was powerful strong when I was young, and tho' he was tall and broad-shouldered he was wasted to skin and bone. I laid him down in the shade of a tree, for the sun was hot. He didn't look at the river or the hills beyant, but fixed his eyes on a spot that I took to be a burying-place. "Go back," he whispered, "and bring the bag below my berth." I went, and found a woman had already been put in the poor bed

I had lifted him out of. I reached for the bag and took it to him. Pointing to a spot in the burying-place he told me to go there and I would see a grave with a cross at its head and the name Aileen cut on it. "You can read?" "Yes," says I. I did his bidding and coming back told him I had found the grave. "Promise me, you'll bury me beside that grave." I promised him. "Open the bag and you'll find in it a little book." I held it up. "Take it," says he, "there are pages in it I would tear out were I able. Let it go. Save the book; it will tell to those now unborn what Irish men and women have suffered in this summer of sorrow."

He was wake and closed his eyes. "Is there anything more I can do for yees?" asks I. "Nothing, uncle dear; the summer breeze is sweet." He never said another rational word, for the faver set in again and he began to rave. He talked as if he were on ship again and then he would change to Ireland and he would be aplayin with his comrades, and his laughing was sore to hear. Then there came a long while when he was quiet, just tossing uneasy like. At times he slept. My eyes were on the river and the ships and the green fields bright beyant, when I hears him whisper, "Mother, dear, have ye been long here waiting for your boy?" and he spoke to her tender and soft as he must have done manys the time when in Ireland. Then it was Aileen he saw, and it was true-lover talk. Oh, it was all so beautiful; the poor boy dying there of the fever on the river bank talkin so sweet and loving with the two women who had filled his heart, an its a lot of love a true Irishman's heart can hould. I was gripping his hand, watching him, when all at once his jaw fell and I saw the soul had fled. I laid him out as I best could, and rolling the blanket round him lifted

the corpse on my shoulder and carried it to the spot he told me. There were shovels and picks in plenty and I set myself to dig the grave. The smell of the fresh earth brought back to me my own family and farm that I had clean forgot that dreadful day, and I determined to be back with them at once. There were men at work near me finishing a long trench, and I saw them watching me and I watched them and listened to their talk. The sun was low before the grave was finished to my liking. There was no use trying to get a priest, they had enough to do with the dying without burying the dead, so I laid the corpse in the grave, said a prayer and filled it in. I drove in a cedar picket to mark the spot, for I meant some day to put a headstone there, but I never did, for I was never able to go back. When all was done I went over to one of the men who had been digging the trench who by his talk I knew was an Irishman. He was smoking his pipe with the lave, who were waiting for the burial. I got him by himself and told him my errand on the island and now I was done, I wanted away at once. That's not easy, he said. There were guards to prevent any coming on or leaving the island except by the steamer and with a permit. "Sure," I says, "if I stay here till to-morrow I may be a dead man." "That you will," says he, "an thin you'll hev to go as a passenger in the steamboat that takes emigrants right on to Montreal." "I'll never go on an emigrant steamboat," says I, minding the one I had seen. He spoke in French to two men near us. They lived above Beauport, he told me and while they came, like himself, to bury the dead for big pay, they broke the rules by going home at night, when wind and tide served, in a small boat. If I'd help them to get done, they would take me with them. I did not like the job, but

I wanted away, and agreed. By this time they were beginning to carry the dead from the sheds and tents, and as the men with the stretchers came up they dumped their load into the trench. We straightened the corpses to make them lie close, shovelled some lime over them, and then a few inches of earth, when we were ready for another row. Then we filled the trench and smoothed it over. I had put on my coat and was cleaning my shovel when one of the Frenchmen touched my arm and I followed him. We slipped into the bushes and went to the north side of the island, meeting nobody. At the foot of a steep bank we found a boat. We got in, and casting loose the tide, which was making, carried us up until we were a good bit from the island, when a sail was hoisted and we went at a great speed, for the tide had brought with it a stiff breeze. On landing I did not follow the men, for I had something to do I had on my mind. I stripped to the skin, and spread my clothes on the bushes. Going into the water I scoured my handkerchief and shirt and washed myself as I have never done since. I scrubbed my skin with the sand and sniffed the water up my nose until, for the first time, since morning, I got the stink out of it. It was such a warm night, I was in no hurry to put on my clothes, and didn't till I thought they were well aired. I may tell you, from the moment I buried my nephew, the fear of the fever came upon me, though I had never thought of it afore. Well, when I was ready for the road I felt sick, but I knew it was with hunger, for I hadn't broken bread since morning. Coming to a habitation's house, the door of which was open, I went to it, but when they heard my tongue, they slammed the door in my face, taking me to be an escaped fever patient. Seeing it was no use, I walked as quick-

ly as I could to Quebec, and made for the lodging-house I had left that morning. There was a light in it though I knew it must be long past midnight. I went in and there were some sailors drinking and playing cards. The landlord lifted his eyebrows when he saw me, and signed me to follow into a back room. He lit a candle. "Were you at the island?" "I was, and am right dead wid hunger." He brought some victuals and I told him how I had got on. When I had cleaned the plates he showed me to a bed. I rose late next day all right, and left with the steamboat that afternoon for Montreal. The second day after I was home and thankful my wife was to see me. I held my whisht, and never a one but herself knew where I had been.

Well, that is all I have to tell. For a long while after, the sights I had seen followed me, and at night I would wake trembling from my dreams. That passed away, but I never cared to speak of what I saw, and tried to keep the island and its sheds out of my mind. Did any die of the fever in Huntingdon? Yes, Dr. Shirriff told me he attended 45 cases, of whom 5 died. Not many were, strange to tell, Irish. Emigrants strayed into farmers' houses and gave the infection. Father Kiernan was that year priest in the old church at John Finn's. He had gone on duty to attend the emigrants at Lachine. Feeling ill one day he knew he was in for the fever. If he stayed where he was, he would die in the sheds, so he waited till the stage came along, got in, and rode home. When he got off at his lodging, he told the people Geordie Pringle did not know what kind of a customer he had. Next day he could not lift his head, but he pulled through all right. What came of the colleen? She left us that fall. She wrote her mother's brother in Upper Canada, and he ans-

ered, asking her to come and live with him, which she did. She married a storekeeper in Chatham, and she is well off. The little book is all I took belonging to my nephew. There were more things in the bag. I was afeared of the infection and never touched them. He must have had a chest or two, but I never inquired for them. He was a good man, and I've been thankful ever since I went to see him die.

Driving home in the dark I thought over what the old man had told me, and felt how much more interesting his narrative made his nephew's diary, a faithful reprint of which I now present to the reader.



Gerald O'Connor's Journal

"The famine was heavy upon all the land." According to the chronologists more than three thousand years have passed since the event recorded in these words. Strange that after so long a period of time has gone, the world has made so slight an advance in providing food for the mouths it contains. At school today there was not a scholar who was not hungry. When I told Mike Kelly to hold out his hand for making a big blot on his copy-book, he says, "I did not mane to: it was the belly gripe did it." I dropped the ferule and when the school was dismissed slipped a penny into his hand to buy a scone at the baker's. The poor school I have had this winter takes the heart out of me. My best scholars dead, others unfit to walk from their homes for weakness. For men and women to want is bad enough, but to have the children starving, crying for the food their parents have not to give them, and

lying awake at night from the gnawing at their little stomachs; oh, it is dreadful. God forgive those who have food and will not share their abundance even with His little ones. I came home from school this afternoon dejected and despairing. As I looked round me before opening the door of my lodging, everything was radiantly beautiful. The sunshine rested on the glory of Ireland, its luxuriant vegetation—its emerald greenness. Hill and valley were alike brilliant in the first flush of spring and the silver river meandered through a plain that suggested the beautiful fields of paradise. Appearances are deceitful, I thought; in every one of those thatched cabins sit the twin brothers, Famine and Death. As I opened the door, Mrs. Moriarty called to me that my uncle Jeremiah had been twice asking for me. Poor man, I said to myself, he will have come to borrow to buy meal for his children and I will not have a shilling in my pocket until the board pays me my quarter's salary. I respect Jeremiah, for he and his brother who is in Canada were kind to my poor mother. How I wish all the family had gone to Canada; cold in winter and hot in summer, they say, but there is plenty to eat. I took up a book and had not long to wait for my uncle. He did not need to say a word, his face told me he knew what starvation meant. I called to my landlady to roast another herring; my uncle would share my dinner. He came neither to beg nor borrow, but to ask my advice. After high mass on Sunday the proctor got up on a stone and told them their landlord had taken their case into consideration, and went on to read a letter he had got from him. In it Lord Palmerston said he had become convinced there was no hope for them so long as they remained in Ireland, and their only means of doing better was to leave the country. All in arrears, who would emigrate, he would forgive what they were due and pay their passage to Canada. Are you sure, I asked, this letter was really from Lord Palmerston?

"We have just the proctor's word for it. Well," my uncle went on to say, "the most of us jumped wid joy when we heard the letter and we all began talkin as soon as he drove off in his car. Tim Maloney said nothin. He's a deep one. Tim, a pathriot, an rades the papers. What hev we to say, Tim? I'm considerin, says he, the likes o' this must be deliberated on. Sure, I spakes up, the besht we can do is to get away from here. In the wan letther I iver got from

my brother in Canada, he tould ~~me~~ ~~he~~ had two cows and a calf and three pigs, an a pair o' oxen and as much as they could ate. That's not the pint, answers Tim, this offer prisints itself to me as a plot to get us to lave the land wid-out an equitable equivalent

With doubt thrown on the landlord's good faith, the poor people went on argu'ing among themselves, until a majority decided to stand out and demand better terms. On his getting word of this, the agent came again to tell them they must decide within a week. If they rejected the offer, it would be withdrawn and no new one would be submitted. My uncle had come to get my advice, "For sure," he said, "you are the only scholar in the family." I comprehended the infamous nature of the offer. The people did not own the land, but they owned the improvements they made on it, and had a right to be compensated for them. I knew my uncle when a lad had rented a piece of worthless bog and by the labor of himself, and afterwards of his wife, and children, had converted it into a profitable little farm. Should I advise him to give it up for a receipt for back rent and a free passage to Canada? I tried to find out what he thought himself. Are you for accepting the offer, uncle?

"That depinds," he answered. "Give me a crop of spuds such as we had in the ould times and niver a step wad I muv."

I told him potatoes had been the ruin of Ireland; that placing sole dependence upon them had made her farmers neglect the proper care of the land and the raising of other crops. When the rot came or even a hard frost, such as they had in 1837, when potatoes froze in the ground, they had nothing. My uncle was a sample of his class. The lessons of Providence had been lost upon them. They would go on planting potatoes and hoping for days that would never return, for the land had become, by years of cropping, potato sick. Now, uncle, I asked, that Tim Maloney has had time for deliberating, what has he decided on?

"I mit him at O'Calaghan's lasht night," replied my uncle, "an he tould us to rejict the offer an jine the Young Ireland min. There'll niver be peace and plinty in Ireland, ses he, until she's free."

"May be," I remarked, "but you and your family will be dead from starvation before Tim and his friends free Ire-

land." I cast the matter over and over in my head while we were eating our bite of dinner, but could not decide what advice to give my uncle and those who were going to be led by what he did. Escape from the dreadful conditions under which they suffered would be a great blessing. On the other hand, my sense of what was fair revolted at the idea of their giving up their holdings, their homes for generations, for a nominal consideration. When my uncle rose to go, for he had a long walk before him, I said I could not decide then; I would think it over and on Sunday I would go and see them.

When Sunday came, I rose early, and let myself out quietly. It was a misty, soggy morning. I stepped out quickly, for I had a good way to go. The walking was heavy, so when I came in sight of the chapel, I saw late comers hurrying in for high mass. At the altar, to my surprise and joy, I saw my old companion, Tom Burke. When the sermon came it was like his old self, strong and bold. He compared the afflictions of the people of suffering Ireland to those of the Israelites in Egypt, ascribing the famine to the alien government, which wanted to wipe them from the face of the earth. It would prove as futile as all past persecutions directed against the Irish race, which would continue to cherish their faith and their love of country. He carried me away with him, but his hearers listened with countenances stolid and heavy. It was the hunger; they could think of nothing but their craving for food. Father Tom had noticed me, for when I was going out at the door his man whispered to me to step into the sacristy. Passing the word with my uncle, that I would be at his house in the afternoon, I joined my old fellow student, who would have me to break fast with him. He had come on temporary duty, and I went with him to the priest's house. Over the table we recalled old times at Maynooth and were living those happy days over again with joke and story, when our laughter was checked by the housekeeper coming in to say if we were done with our meal. Mrs. Murtagh was waiting to see for what his reverence wanted her. "Send her here," he ordered. A broken-down woman, haggard and in rags, stood at the door. "O ye have come, have ye, Mrs. Murtagh?"

"Yes, yer rivrence; Mrs. Maloney tould me ye wanted me, and didn't know what for."

"Oh, you know what I wanted you for, if Mrs. Maloney did not. I wanted to see what kind of a baste you were that would go to the soupers—what kind of Irish woman you were that would sell your faith to thim white-livered divils."

Father Burke here rose to his feet, his face lit with wrath, and his hand moving to grasp his cross. The woman sunk to her knees at his feet. "For the sake of the dear mother of God, don't put the curse on me, yer rivrince," she entreated.

"Why not? What have ye to say?"

"The childher were cryin all night for a bite, but it wasn't that. Little Tim was adyin on my breast, an I cudn't bear to have him tuck from me. I wint out, I tried everywhere, I could get nothin, an thin, I wint to the soupers. It was to keep the life in Tim, yer rivrence; I burned their thracks an never tasted myself what they gev me."

With a piercing cry the woman fell prone on the floor. Father Tom's anger passed as quickly as it rose. "Take her away," he said to the housekeeper who hastened in, "I'll see her after vespers."

I rose to go; he was his old self again; and with a hearty word we parted. At my uncle's house I found a number of his neighbors waiting and we were soon discussing the subject that filled their heads. The agent had given out he had got another letter, in which the landlord mended his offer, by promising that his agent at Quebec would pay ten shillings a head on their landing at that city, and saying the Canadian government would give each family a hundred acres free. There was to be no breaking or separating of families; all would go in the same ship. Against the lure of the free passage, the ten shillings, and the hundred acres, they put leaving Ireland for such a wild, cold place as Canada, and to people in rags the thought of its frost and snow was terrible. My uncle fetched his only letter from his brother and I read it aloud. I had to do so several times, as they argued over particular statements and expressions in it. The account it gave of his comfort weighed with them. After a great deal of talk my uncle says, "Well, boys, my brother never told me a lie an I believe every word of his letter. If ye says, I'll go wid ve, I'm for takin the offer an lavin at onct." His decision carried them by storm, and the listless downcast men became

bright and energetic with the new hope born within them. As I walked home, I thought it over. There was the possibility of there being deceived by the agent. They were ignorant of business and could easily be imposed upon. Should I not go with them and protect their interests? What was there to keep me in Ireland? Everything I had tried had gone against me. When I was in a fair way at Maynooth, the thought had possessed me the priesthood was not my vocation and I left its loved walls. Failure and disappointment had marked every effort made in other callings since. To give up my situation as teacher would matter little; its salary was a mockery. I would see Aileen.

Feb. 28, 1847.—Aileen consents. Like myself, an orphan, she has no ties to bind her to dear old Ireland beyond those common to all her children. We will be married the week before the ship sails. Gave up my school today. As I mean to keep a journal of the voyage, I sat down tonight and wrote the foregoing, to remind me in future years of the causes that led to my decision.

March 8.—Uncle came to see me this morning. What he tells me raises doubts of the good faith of the landlord. The agent was round yesterday with an attorney who got them to put their mark to a paper. A ship is promised beginning of April.

10.—Walked to town to see the agent. He was not for showing the paper at first. It was a release of all claims on the landlord and a promise to give him peaceable possession on the 1st April. The remission of what is due for rent and the free passage are specified as the quid pro quo of the landlord, but not a word about the ten shillings a head to be paid at Quebec or the 100 acres per family from the Canadian government. Nothing can now be done; the poor people are at Lord Palmerston's mercy.

April 9.—We were married Monday morning, and spent three happy days with Aileen's cousin in Limerick. Arrived here in Dublin today. The ship is advertised to sail tomorrow. Took out our tickets for second cabin and drive tomorrow morning to where the ship is lying.

10.—When the car drove alongside the ship, instead of finding her ready for sea she was a scene of confusion, carpenters at work on her hull and riggers perched in her cordage. There is a mountain of freight to go on board, which she is not ready to receive. It was a shame to advertise

her to sail today when she cannot leave for several days. Our second cabin proves to be a cubby-hole in the house on deck. We might as well have gone in the steerage and saved £5. It was late in the day when uncle and his neighbors arrived; they formed a large party, and were footsore with their long tramp. The captain refused to allow them to go on board and they will have to spend the night on the quay. The weather fortunately was dry.

11.—I spoke to the captain on behalf of the emigrants. I showed him they had come on the day advertised and had a right to maintenance. He curtly told me to go and see the ship's broker, who has his office far up in the city. I waited over an hour in an outer room to get an interview with the government emigration inspector. I implored him to put in force the law on behalf of the poor people shivering on the quay. He haughtily ordered me out of his office; saying he knew his duty and would not be dictated to by a hedge schoolmaster. Came away indignant and sore at heart. Looking over the emigrants I can see why Lord Palmerston confined his offer to those in arrears for rent and who had small holdings. Such persons must needs be widows or old men without proper help. His lordship has shrewdly got rid of those likely to be an incumbrance on his estates. The company is made up largely of women and children, with a few old weakly men. The number of widows is surprising.

12.—The weather is cold and showery and the poor people are most miserable—wet, hungry, and shivering. I went to Dublin to see the ship's broker. He received me very smoothly and referred me to the charterer, without whose instructions he could do nothing. The charterer I found to be out of town; the owner of the ship lives in Cork. I returned disconsolate. An infant died today from exposure. On going to see about the innocent's burial, the priest told me it was common for ships to advertise they would sail on a day on which they had no intention of leaving. It was done to make sure of getting all the passengers they could pack into the vessel. They get £3 a head from the landlords, children counting as half, and the more they can force on board the greater their profit. His experience had been that charterers of vessels for carrying emigrants were remorseless in their greed, and, by bribing the officials, set the government regulations at defiance. Scenes he had

seen on the quays drew tears from all save those whose hearts were hardened by the lust of gain.

14.—The people are homesick and heartsick. Today a number of them tried to get on board and take possession of the berths between decks which were finished yesterday. They were driven back by the mate and the sailors. One man was brutally kicked by the mate. It seems if they got on board they would have a right to rations, hence their being denied shelter. Some of the men got work along the quays, and every sixpence is a help to buy bread. Again ventured to remonstrate with the captain. He said he had nothing to say to an informer, referring to my visit to the government inspector. I told him I would report his conduct to Lord Palmerston, and have just written a letter to his lordship.

15.—Matters are going from bad to worse. Two more children have died from cold and want. Not one has had a warm bite since they left home. Their food is an insufficiency of bread, which is poor sustenance to ill-clad people camped in open sheds. The ship is ready for sea yet they will not let us go on board.

16.—This morning we were ordered to go on board and gladly hurried up the long plank. We had not been fairly settled in her until there was a hurro, and looking ashore I saw a great crowd of men carrying bundles and babies, with women and children. They were worse clad and more miserable than our own people. To my surprise they headed for our ship and crowded into her until there was not room to turn. No sooner was the last chest got on board than the sailors began to unmoor the ship and a tug steamed up to us and passed her hawser. We had moved into the bay some distance, when the paddles of the tug stopped, and we saw a six-oared cutter making for us. Coming alongside the government inspector, in blue uniform with gilt buttons, leapt on board. He looked neither to right nor left but walked with the captain across the quarter-deck and went down into the cabin. My mind was made up. My people have already suffered much at the hands of the shipping-men, and I resolved to protest against their being overcrowded. I knew the law, and knew full well that she had all on board she was licensed to carry before this new arrival. I waited my opportunity, and when I saw the inspector emerge from the companion-way and head straight

for his boat, I rushed forward. I had just shouted the words, "I protest—," when I was tripped from behind. As I fell headlong I heard the inspector say, "Poor fellow, has had a drop too much. Good bye, captain; prosperous voyage." When I rose to my feet he was gone and the mate faced me. "Damn you," he shouted, "try to speak to an outsider again and I'll brain you." Mortified at my failure and indignant at my usage, I left the quarter deck. The tug was in motion again, and we were sailing down the bay, with its beautifully rounded slopes and hills, bright with budding woods and verdant sward. To our surprise, for we thought we had started on our voyage, the tug dropped us when we had gone down the bay quite a bit, and our anchor was let go. Late in the evening the word went round the reason of our not sailing was that the crew, from the captain down to the apprentices believed the ship would have no luck if she were to begin her voyage on a Friday.

17.—At daybreak we were roused by the clanking of the capstan as the anchor was weighed. There was a light air from the north-east. Sails were shook out and we slowly beat out of the bay and took a long slant into the channel, dropping our pilot as we passed Kingstown. Stores were broached and biscuit for three days served. They were very coarse and somewhat mouldy, yet the government officer was supposed to have examined and passed them as up to the requirements of the emigration act. Bad as they were, they were eagerly accepted, and so hungry were the people that by night most of them were eaten. How shamefully the ship was overcrowded was now fully realized. There were not berths for two-thirds of the passengers, and by common consent they were given up to the aged, to the women and the children. The others slept on chests and bundles, and many could find no other resting place than the floor which was so occupied that there was no room left to walk. I ascertained, accidentally, that the mate served out rations for 539 to-day. He counts two children as one, so that there are over 600 aboard the ship which should not legally have 460, for the emigrant act specifies 10 square feet of deck to a passenger. Why was this allowed? What I heard a man telling this morning explains all. The government had sent £200 to be spent on relief work in his townland by giving employment at a shilling a day. When £50 had been paid out, the grant was declared to be exhaus-

ed. Where did the £150 go? Into the pockets of a few truly loyal defenders of the English constitution and of Protestant supremacy. The British parliament has voted enough money to put food in every starving mouth in Ireland. Half and more of the money has been kept by bloodsuckers of the English garrison. I get mad when I think of all this. The Official class in Ireland is the most corrupt under the sun. A bribe will blind them, as I saw yesterday, when the inspector passed our ship and stores. Wind continued light all forenoon and fell away in the afternoon to a calm. After sunset a breeze sprung up from the west, but did not hold, and as I write we are becalmed in mid-channel,

18.—Light and baffling breezes from the west and north-west prevailing all day, we made little progress on the long journey before us. One of our many tacks brought us close to the English coast. It was my first and likely to be my last view of that country. Aileen has made our cabin snug and convenient beyond belief. Her happy disposition causes her to make the best of everything.

19.—The westerly breezes that kept us tacking in the channel gave place, during the night, to a strong east wind, before which the ship is bowling at a fine rate. Passing close to the shore we had a view of the coast from Ardmore to Cape Clear. Aileen sat with me all day, our eyes fixed on the land we loved. Knowing, as it swept past us, it was the last time we would ever gaze upon it, our hearts were too full for speech. Towards evening the ship drew away from it, until the hills of Kerry became so faint that they could hardly be distinguished from the clouds that hovered over them. When I finally turned away my eyes from where I knew the dear old land was, my heart throbbed as if it would burst. Farewell, Erin; no matter how far from you I may roam, my heartstrings are woven in you and forget you I never shall. May the centuries of your sorrows soon be ended and peace and plenty be yours forever. Land of my fathers, shrine of my faith, a last farewell!

20.—Wakened this morning by the violent motion of the ship. Going out I saw we were fairly on the bosom of the Atlantic and the ship was plunging through the ocean swell. The east wind still held and we were speeding on our course under full sail. I found my fellow-passengers to be in a deplorable condition. The bulwarks were lined with a number who were deadly seasick. Going between

decks the scene nigh overcame me. The first time I went below I was reminded of a cavern—long and narrow and low in ceiling. Today it was a place for the damned. Three blinking oil lanterns cast light enough to show the outlines of forms that lay groaning on the floor, and give glimpses of white stony faces lying in the berths, a double tier of which surrounded the sides of the ship. A poignant wail of misery came through an atmosphere of such deadly odor that, for the first time, I felt sick, and had to beat a retreat up the ladder. The cool ocean breeze revived me, and Aileen, who proved a good sailor, had our modest breakfast today when I joined her. On revisiting the steerage later in the day I found there were passengers down with more than sea-sickness. There are several cases of dysentery. I asked the steward to tell the captain. He told me the captain can do nothing, having only a small medicine-chest for the crew. However he spoke to him, and the captain ordered the steward to give them each a glass of whisky. I had plain proof today of my suspicions that drink is being sold, and on charging the steward he told me it was the custom for the mates of emigration ships to be allowed to do so, and he would get me what I wanted at any time for sixpence a noggin. I told him I had taken the pledge at the hands of Father Matthew and considered drink unnecessary. My remonstrances fell on stony ground, for the steward, a decent, civil fellow, sees no wrong in drinking or in selling drink.

21.—The first death took place last night, when a boy of five years succumbed to dysentery. In the afternoon a wail suddenly arose from the hold—a fine young woman had died from the same cause. Both were dropped into the sea at sunset. There are fewer seasick today, but the number ill from dysentery grows. Cornmeal was served out today instead of biscuit. It was an injury instead of a sustenance, for it being impossible to make stirabout of it owing to no provision having been made for a galley for the passengers, it had to be mixed with water and eaten raw. Some got hot water, but most had to use cold. Such food when dysentery threatens is poison. Today was cold with a headwind that sent the spray flying over the bows. Had a long talk this afternoon with a very decent man who is going to Peterborough, Canada West. He thinks it is not disease that ails the children, but cold and hunger. Food

and clothes is what they need, not medicine. The number of sick grows. Sighted 2 ships today, both too far away to speak to them.

22.—Why do we exert ourselves so little to help one another, when it takes so little to please? Aileen coaxed the steward to let her have some discarded biscuit bags. These she has fashioned into gowns to cover the nakedness of several girls who could not come on deck. The first she finished this afternoon, and no aristocratic miss could have been prouder of her first silk dress than was the poor child of the transformed canvas bag, which was her only garment.

23.—This is Sunday. The only change in the routine of the ship that marks the day is that the sailors gave an extra wash down to the decks and after that did no work except trim the sails. They spent the forenoon on the fore-castle mending or washing their clothes. During the afternoon it grew cold, with a strong wind from the north-east accompanied by driving showers. Towards sunset the sea was a lather of foam, and the wind had increased to a gale. When the waves began to flood the deck, the order was given to put the hatches on. God help the poor souls shut in beneath my feet! With hatches open, the hold was unbearable to me. With them closed, what will it be by morning? It is growing so dark I hardly can see to write, for a light is forbidden to us. The wind is still rising and the thump of the waves as they strike the ship's side grows more violent. The shouting of orders, the tramp and rush of the sailors to obey them, the swaying of the ship, the groaning of her timbers and masts, and the constant swish of water rushing across the deck, combine to make me most melancholy and forebodings of evil darken my soul. Aileen is on her knees, the calm and resignation of a saint resting upon her face. There is a faith in God that rises above the worst in the world's trials.

24.—We had a dreadful night, and I slept only by snatches. At midnight the tempest seemed to reach its height, when its roar drowned all other sounds. The ship swayed and rolled as if she would capsize, while ever and anon she shipped a sea that flooded our little cabin, and threatened to tear the house, of which it forms part, from its fastenings and carry it overboard. How I prayed for daylight! When at last the dawn of another day came, the wind lessened somewhat in its force, but the waves were

higher and stronger, and while the ship was still shuddering from the dreadful blow dealt by one, another struck her, and made her stagger worse than before. Peering out of the side-scuttle I could see naught but a wild tumult of waters—yawning abysses of green water and moving mountains crested with foam. The writhing, ceaseless activity of the raging waters deeply impressed me. Our ship at times seemed to me about to be engulfed; the next moment she towered above the highest waves. So far as I could make out she was driving before the gale under her foresail, close reefed. It was noon before it was safe to step out on deck. The wind was dying away but the ocean was still a wild scene. With little way on the ship, she rolled and pitched, so that to keep from falling I had to clutch at whatever I could get a hold of. The sails were slatting against the masts with a noise like thunder. It was late in the day when a breeze came up, which steadied the vessel and caused her to ship no more water, so the mate ordered the hatches to be opened. I was standing by, concerned to know how it had gone with my people. The first man to come up was my uncle. He had been waiting anxiously to see me. His wife had taken ill during the night, and he was afraid her trouble was the fever. I hurried down with him and found her pulse high and her body racked with pains. All that we had in our power to do for her was to give a few drops of laudanum from a bottle Aileen had brought with her, which eased her pains and gave her some rest. Aileen wanted to go and see her but I would not allow her, the sights and stench of between decks being revolting and past description. Uncle says the passengers passed a dreadful night. The seams opened in the forepeak and the water coming in caused a panic, the belief being the ship was about to sink. One old man was thrown against a trunk and had three ribs broken, and a girl, ill from dysentery, died during the worst of the storm.

25.—Tired and worn out as I was, I had only a broken night's rest. I woke with a start from a dream that uncle's wife was dead. So impressed was I that such was the case, that I dressed hurriedly to go and see. As I stepped on deck 8 bells were struck, indicating midnight. It was clear though cold, and the stars could be seen to the horizon. The column of heated air that rose from the hatchway was peculiarly fetid, but I did not hesitate to descend.

Except for the cries and groans of the sick stillness prevailed. Exhausted by the watching of the preceding night all who could were asleep. On getting to uncle's berth, I found him sleeping heavily, his wife tossing by his side with the restlessness of her disease. She was dosing and muttering, showing she was not herself. I tried to catch the words she uttered, and found in her delirium she was back in Ireland and to the happy days when uncle was a wanter and was coming to see her. I searched high and low before I found a pannikin of water. I raised her head and held it to her lips. She drank it to the last drop. Slipping back to my bunk, I slept until it was late in the day. My first thought on opening my eyes was, that it was my duty to speak to the captain, and as I took breakfast with Aileen I thought how I could approach him with some hopes of success. I kept on deck watching my chance. The captain came up only for a short time at noon to take the sun, and then the mate was with him. I knew it was no use to speak when that fellow was near. After dinner I saw the mate go to his cabin for a sleep, and waited anxiously for the captain. When he did step from the companion and had taken a round or two on the poop, I stepped up. He looked surprised and as if he resented my intrusion. Before he could speak I said—"Pardon me, captain, for coming here. I thought you might not know what is on board ship."

"What do you mean?" he asked roughly.

"There is fever on board," I answered quietly. He paled a little, and then shouted, "You lie; what do you know about fever? You are not a doctor."

"Come and see for yourself," I said, "you have not been 'tween decks since we left Dublin."

With an oath he retorted, "Do you mean to tell me what I should do? I want you to understand I know my duty."

"For heaven's sake, captain, do it then. Fever is on board and unless a change is made half the passengers may die."

"What change?" he asked sulkily.

"The steerage wants cleansing and the passengers need better food and more of it."

"Grumbling, eh; what do they expect? Roast beef and plum pudding? The beggars get the government allowance. Begone, sir."

I was trembling with repressed indignation but for the sake of those I pled for I kept cool. "Captain, the poor people ask nothing unreasonable. Go and see for yourself the biscuits and water served out to them, and I am sure you will order a change."

"Complain about the water, too! What's wrong with it?"

"It's foul, it smells, and bad though it be, there is not enough served out. The sick are calling for water and not a drop to be got."

"Not enough served out—what do you mean?"

"That the allowance is scrimped."

He clenched his fist and raised his right arm as if to strike me. "This to me, on my own ship; that passengers are cheated in measure!"

"Strike me, captain, if you will, but by our common faith I implore you to consider the case of my poor people. There are children who have died from starvation and they have been dropped into the sea. There are more dying and you can save them by ordering a larger ration of sound biscuit. There are men and women lying stretched in the fever, will you not ease their agony by letting them have all the water they can drink? They have suffered everything flesh and blood can suffer short of death. In fleeing from the famine in Ireland, do not let it be said they have found harder hearts and a worse fate on board ship. When you know a cup of water and a bite will save life and will make hundreds happy, sure, captain, you will not refuse to give them."

"You vagabond," he exclaimed, his eyes flashing with anger, "if you insinuate I am starving anybody I will pitch you overboard. The passengers get all the government regulations allow them and more they shan't have. Begone sir, and do not dare to come on the poop again."

"One word, captain. I have been told you have a wife and children. For their sweet sake, have pity on the little ones and the women on board."

"Do you hear me?" he shouted. "Leave the poop or I will kick you off. I'll have no mutiny on my ship."

I turned and left more sorrowful at my failure than indignant at my usage. My appeal did some good, however, for before the day was over windsails were rigged at the hatchways, which did a little to freshen the air 'tween

decks. A sail ahead hove in sight during the afternoon, and we rapidly gained on her. At six o'clock we were abreast of the stranger, which was not over half a mile away. She was a small barque and had lost her foretopmast during the gale. She signalled us, but our captain took no notice and we soon left her a long way astern. Asking the boatswain why she wanted to speak to us, he said she likely was short of sails and spars to repair her damage and wanted to get them from us. "And why did the captain not help her?" The boatswain smiled. "They cost money and supplying them would have delayed us." I had my own thoughts about the sailor who would not give a helping hand to his brother when overtaken by misfortune. If that ship be lost for lack of spar or sail, then that conceited tyrant who struts our quarter-deck is accountable.

26.—A beautiful morning, bright and milder than it has been. Every sail is drawing and the ship is bowling along at a fine rate. I got up early, being anxious about uncle's wife. Found her no better. Worse than that, learned there were five besides her ill the same way. There is now not a shadow of doubt that typhus fever is on board. Since we left port, no attempt has been made to clean the steerage, which is filthy beyond description. When I speak to the men to join in and shovel up the worst of the dirt, they despondently ask me, "What's the use?" The despondency engendered of hunger and disease is upon them and they will not exert themselves. The steward is the only one of the ship's company who goes down the hatch-steps, and it would be better if he did not, for his errand is to sell the drink for which so many are parting with the sixpences they should keep for their landing in a strange country. The day being warm in the afternoon the children played on the deck and I coaxed Paddy Doolan to get out his pipes and set them jigging.

27.—A dull, murky morning, with a mist that surrounded the ship as the wrapping of silk paper does an orange. It was almost a dead calm and the atmosphere was so heavy the smoke of the galley did not rise and filled the deck with its fumes. The main deck was deserted, save by myself and three old women, who sat on the coaming of the main hatchway, smoking their pipes. The cabin boy flitted backwards and forwards carrying breakfast to the cabin, where the steward was laying the table. The boy's motions

did not escape the women, and I noticed them whispering and laughing as if concocting a plot. One presently went down into the hold, while the other two turned anxious glances for the return of the cabin boy. When he did come he was loaded with as many skillets and pans as he could carry. No sooner had he disappeared down the companion-way, than two women ran to the galley, which was deserted, for the cook, having completed his morning's work, had gone to the fore-castle, where the sailors were at breakfast, leaving the other dishes ready for the boy to take to the cabin as wanted. In a twinkling the women were out again, one of them bearing a big copper teapot, the steam from its spout showing in the morning air. Hurrying to the hatchway they were met by the woman who had left them, ready with a lapful of tins of every description. Into these the tea was poured and handed below, as quickly as they could be handled. Curious to view the scene I went to the hatch and looked down, seeing a crowd of grinning passengers beneath, who carried off the tins as they got them. When the last drop was out of the kettle, the woman who held it ran back to the galley, and dipping it into an open copper of hot water replaced it where she got it. The women did not disappear, but resuming their seats on the edge of the hatch proceeded to discuss the tins of tea they had reserved for themselves. By-and-by the boy hove in sight, and, unsuspecting of the change in its contents, carried the kettle to the cabin. He had been away five minutes when he reappeared kettle in hand and went to the galley. I stood behind him. He looked bewildered. "Bedad, I was right; there's no other kettle." "Anything wrong, my boy?" "Och, yis; it's hot say water instead of tay that's in the kettle." Going to the sailor's quarters he returned with the cook, who, on tasting what was in the kettle, looked perplexed. Accompanied by the boy he made his way to the cabin to report a trick had been played upon him. Telling Aileen of what was afoot, she drew a shawl over her head, came out and took her place by me in lee of the long boat, awaiting developments. The mate, followed by the cook, steward, and boy, emerged from the companion. Striding the deck with wrathful haste the mate went to the galley and after hearing the explanations of the cook, shouted, "I'll flay the —— thieves with a rope's end." Coming back, he asked me, "What do you know about this?"

"That I had no hand in it," I replied, "nor, I'm sorry to say, even a taste of it." Aileen laughed, and eyeing me malignantly the mate retorted, "You know who did it; tell me right away."

"Of course I know, but I would not tell a gentleman like yourself who hates informers. Remember Dublin bay."

He ground his teeth and had Aileen not been there I believe he would have attempted to strike me. Wheeling round to the three old women who sat quietly on the hatchway he asked them.

"Is it the tay ye are askin afther? Sure an it wasn't bad; was it, Mrs. O'Flaherty?"

"Dade it was comfortin this saft mornin, Mrs. Doolan, an good it was ov the gintlemin to send it to us. It's a captain ye should be instead ov a mate, my dear."

"Tell me who stole the tea-kettle from the galley," yelled the mate.

"Och, dear, don't be shoutin so loud," replied Mrs. Doolan, "if I be old, I'm not deaf yet. An as for stealin yer dirthy ould tay-kittle, sure I saw the boy with it in his hand this minit."

"Come, no prevaricating. You know what I mean. Who stole the tea?" cried the mate.

"Mrs. Finegan, ye sit there niver saying a word; can't ye tell this swate gintlemin who stole the tay."

"You'll be mainin the tay the landlord tould us he paid tin pounds into the hands of the mate to give us on the voyage. Where that tay wint to I don't know at awl, atawl. Do you, Mrs. O'Flaherty?"

"For shame, Mrs. Finegan, to be purtindin sich a gintlemin wad kep the tin poun. He's agoin to give us tay reglar afther this, an (here she raised her tin and drank the last drop) this is the first token. If ye plaze, sir, it would taste betther were ye to put a grain o' shuggar in it."

At this, Aileen, who had been quivering with restrained merriment, burst into a ripple of laughter, loud and long, and an echo from beneath showed there were amused auditors at the hatchway. The mate grew purple with wrath. Seizing Mrs. O'Flaherty by the shoulder he fairly screamed, "You old hag, you know all about it; show me the thief."

The woman rose to her feet, her long grey hair hanging damp and limp in straggling locks. With a twinkle in her

eye she composedly regarded the mate and dropping him a curtsy, said, she could "Not refuse so purlite a gintleman. Thravellin in furrin parts is as good for manners as a boardin-school eddication, Mrs. Finegan."

With an oath the mate shouted, "Show me the thief."

"It's that same I'm going to do," she replied, "Come afther me," and she put her foot on the ladder that led into the hold. The mate shrank back as if shot. "Are you not acomin?" asked Mrs. O'Flaherty. "Indade its proud we will awl be to see yer bewtiful face below for ye have never been down to see us yet."

"He's bashful," interjected Mrs. Doolan, rising, "Come wid me, if ye plaze, Mr. Mate, an I'll interjuce you."

The mate was glaring with a look in which fear mingled with baffled rage. The crones noted his state of mind and enjoyed it. "Can ye tell me, Mrs. O'Flaherty, where that fine parfume is comin from?"

"Is it the sint aff the mate, yer smellin?" remarked Mrs. Finegan, who had relit her pipe and was looking on with a solemn face. "Sure it's camfire, an he shmells av it like an ould maid's chist o' drawers."

"Beggin yer pardon, Mrs. Finegan," retorted Mrs. O'Flaherty, "it's a dochtur he be, an he is comin down to see thim sick wid the favor."

With a volley of curses the mate turned away. As he went towards the poop he was followed by a chorus of cries from the old women, Wunna ye come an git the thafe? How did ye like hot say wather for tay? Remimber, an send us our tay reglar afther this, not forgittin the shugar. There's a favor patient wants to see ye, sir.

When he disappeared I said to Aileen "None but Irish-women could have so settled a bully." "And none other" she laughingly replied, "have captured a cup of tea so neatly." Towards noon the fog cleared, and the ship made some progress under a light breeze. There was no death today, but there are more cases of fever. The boatswain told me that the sight of the sun today showed we were 600 miles from Newfoundland. Saw the topsails of a full-rigged ship at the edge of the horizon before sunset.

28.—Rained all morning and miserably cold. The light breeze we had died away and we rolled helplessly until after dinner, when the wind came up from the south-east, which sent us bowling on our course. A huge staysail, that had

been bent by the sailors two days ago between the main and foremast, was hoisted for the first time, and added perceptibly to the ship's speed. Sickness increases and the body of a boy of 5 years of age was dropped into the ocean in the forenoon. The frequency of deaths has made the passengers callous, and, especially those of children, call out little comment. When men and women have sounded the deepest depth of wretchedness, as they have done, they seem to lose both hope and fear. Uncle's wife is no better; so far as I can judge she is sinking. She might rally had we suitable nourishment to give her, but we have nothing. She has not even fresh air, but with every breath inhales the stench of a pestilence. Uncle, unable to do anything else for her, sits at the head of the berth, her hand clasped in his. We had a wonderful sunset. The change of wind brought warmth and dappled the sky with fleecy clouds. The forecastle being deserted Aileen went with me and we sat where, looking down, we could see the cutwater flashing the waves into foam, or looking up, see the cloud of canvas and tracery of rope and block crimsoning in the waning sunlight. The sun was setting so directly ahead of us that it might be supposed the man at the wheel was steering for it. The glittering, burnished pathway it threw across the ocean, our ship was sailing up.

"Sure," whispered Aileen, "it is the road to the land of promise and the sun himself welcomes us as we pursue it."

"Heaven grant it may be so, but for some on board the land of promise will never be."

"Don't be looking at the dark side, Gerald. See yonder clouds, their downy edges touched with pink. Let us fancy them the wings of the angels who are beckoning us to homes of plenty and content beyond that western wave, and cheer up."

As I looked into her face, bright with enthusiasm, I felt if angels beckoned I had also one at my side to encourage me. We gazed in silence at the glowing scene, marked the sun's disappearance, and the deepening colors in cloud and water. Turning our gaze to the ship we could trace the sun's departing rays as they creeped up the tall masts. "Who would think," I said, "to look upon this most beautiful of all man's creations, a ship in full sail radiant in the sun's richest tints, that in her hold she is bearing an unspeakable

mass of misery and woe? How dark within; how bright without. How deceiving are appearances!"

"Nay, Gerald, rather look at it this way: How God in his goodness beautifies what man mars. Nothing so loathsome the sun will not bathe in the fullness of his brightness and glory."

And in that I thought, the sunshine is type of woman's love, which is not withheld by what is repulsive and like the sunshine takes no defilement from what it touches.

29.—Uncle's wife died this morning. It would not be correct to say the fever killed her, for it had not reached its crisis. She was weakly when she left home, and the sojourn on the quay, waiting to get on board ship, gave her a bad cold. Her system was so reduced, she could not withstand the onset of the disease. Uncle wished a coffin and the carpenter agreed to make one for five shillings, but when he asked permission of the mate he refused, so she was buried like the others, slipped into the ocean. I recited the prayers for the dead, and the deck was crowded, many being there who had not left the hold since we sailed. Just as they were about to lift the corpse over the gunwale Aileen suddenly burst into song—that mournful, consolatory hymn of the ages, *Dies Irae*, to whose strains so many millions of the faithful have been carried to the grave. It was her magnificent voice, sounding from the choir-loft of our chapel, that first drew me to her, and, never before, did I hear her put more feeling into her voice than now. When the last strain of melody floated over the waters, there was a hush for a minute, my uncle laid his hand for the last time on the head of her he so dearly loved, there was a plunge, and all was over. The breaking out of the fever has produced, even among us hardened to misfortune, something like a panic. The crew are in mortal terror of the infection and will not allow passengers to go on the fore-castle, as was there wont. The ship being sent to sea purposely shorthanded, the owner relying on saving something by getting the emigrants to help, a few of our lads, who had been given bunks in the fore-castle and allowed sailors' rations, have been warned, if they go down the hatchways to see their people, they need not return. The captain and cabin passengers never leave the poop. As for the mate, he seems to put his faith for protection against infection on camphor, and so smells of it that he must

have a piece in every pocket. Uncle's sorrows are not ended, for two of his family are very ill.

30.—Cold and rainy with fog. A north-west wind is blowing that drives the ship at a good rate, though not straight on her course. The fever spreads and to the other horrors of the steerage is added the cries of those in delirium. While I was coming from the galley this afternoon, with a pan of stirabout for some sick children, a man suddenly sprang upwards from the hatchway, rushed to the bulwark, his white hair streaming in the wind, and without a moment's hesitation leaped into the seething waters. He disappeared beneath them at once. His daughter came hurrying up the ladder to look for him. She said he had escaped from his bunk during her momentary absence, that he was mad with the fever. When I told her gently as I could that she would never see him again, she could not believe me, thinking he was hiding. Oh the piercing cry that came from her lips when she learned where he had gone; the rush to the vessel's side, and the eager look as she scanned the foaming billows. Aileen led her away; dumb from the sudden stroke yet without a tear.

May 1.—Wind still from northwest; ship beating against it in short tacks. Most disagreeable motion. Cast lead at noon. At 100 fathoms found no bottom. A whale crossed our bows, not a hundred yards away. During the afternoon wind veered to northeast and before dark developed into a gale, before which we are driving. May it last long enough to bring us to land. Two deaths today, which has been a truly miserable May-day.

2.—There had been a flurry of snow during the night; yards and deck were white when I went out. The gale still holds and boatswain said if the weather cleared we would see Newfoundland. Two small booms cracked but that does not deter the captain from keeping on all the sail the ship will bear. At times her lee rail almost touches the water, and the deck slants so it is difficult to cross it. The captain is anxious to end the voyage, and no wonder, for the fever spreads. One child and two adults have died within the last twenty-four hours. Their bodies were dropped overboard when the ship was going 12 knots an hour. A cold, miserable day.

3.—The gale blew itself out during the night and today it is calm, the ship pitching and rolling on a glassy swell,

and the sails flapping like to split. There is a thin mist, with cold, which, the boatswain tells me, indicates ice near. Lead cast and soundings found, showing we are on the Banks. Some of our people, who are fishermen, bargained with the cook for a piece of salt pork and using it as bait cast their lines. Their patience was tried for a while, until we struck a school of fish, when for half an hour they caught cod and dogfish as fast as they could haul them in. The school then left and few were caught afterwards. They gave a few of the best fish to the cook and in consideration he cooked what they had caught, so, for one day, all between decks had enough to eat. The drinking-water has been growing daily worse, and now the smell of it is shocking. The barrels must have been filled from the Liffey near a sewer. Repugnant as it is to sight, smell, and taste it continues to be doled out in such meagre measure that the sick are continually crying for water with not a drop to give them. The number now sick is appalling—the young of dysentery, the old of fever, the cause of both diseases starvation. Uncle's second boy died this afternoon of dysentery. Poor uncle, his lot is a sore one, yet he never complains. Wind came from southwest towards evening bringing milder temperature with light rain. Sighted several fishing schooners and saw sea-birds for first time since we left coast of Ireland.

4.—This has been a variable day; at times bright and warm, at others foggy and chilly, according as the wind blew, and it has veered from west to southwest. Sailors busy getting anchors off fore-castle and bitted to the cat-heads—a slow and laborious task. Passed a number of fishing smacks today and sailed through a school of porpoises. Our own fishermen did pretty well today. The fish they catch is a great boon to our starving people. No death today.

5.—Weather thick and bitterly cold; no child played on deck today. Passed large fields of ice requiring skill in handling the ship to avoid them. Captain remained on deck all day. While I have no respect for him as a man, he is an excellent sailor. Passed two ships caught in the ice. Boatswain says they will have to drift with it until the wind opens a channel by which they can escape. Steady wind from north-east all day. One death this evening, body buried by moonlight.

6.—No ice seen today. Boatswain tells me the captain has brought the ship well south of it. Weather continued thick, with wind from east, and frequent showers of rain. Passed a beautifully shaped two-masted vessel, painted white. She hoisted the stars and stripes. Sighted two large vessels, one like ourselves crowded with emigrants, her lee bulwark was black with them, looking at us. A patch of floating sea weed drifted by before dark, showing we must be near land. There were three deaths today. If it please God, may this agony soon end.

7.—Stepping on deck this morning to my astonishment saw land on either side—cape North and St. Paul island, the sunlight bringing the light-houses into sharp relief. Both spits looked desolate, but were a cheering sight, for they were the first land we have seen since we lost sight of the Kerry hills. Thank God for his goodness in bringing us to land. The sight of it cheered me beyond expression. It sent a thrill of excitement even through the steerage. During the night the wind changed to the southeast and the ship makes great progress, the water being smooth, for now being in the gulf of St. Lawrence we have left behind us the swell of the Atlantic. As the morning wore on it grew warmer, and when the sun had climbed to its height his rays became almost unpleasantly hot. Passengers not seen on deck since we sailed, crawled up to have a sight of the land, which, however, we quickly left astern, and to bask in the sunshine, until few except the sick remained below. It was wonderful the change heat and prospect of soon being on land, wrought on the spirits of us all. Hope sprung afresh, and the misery of the past was forgotten. Children played about the deck and the hum of conversation filled the air. A number of ships in sight, bound, like ourselves, for Quebec. The hours sped and we were bearing down on the Bird-rocks—lonely islets of rock, worn into fantastic shapes, shooting sheer up from the sea and whose cliffs give a foothold to sea fowl, squadrons of whom were careering above them. While intently watching these sentinels of the gulf of the mighty river we had entered, my eye chanced to fall on the face of an old woman whom Aileen had persuaded to stay on deck. More pinched and sallow it could not be, for she was wasted and worn, but to my alarm, I saw its lines assuming the rigidity of coming death. I touched Aileen's arm to direct her attention. She

was down on her knees by her side in a moment. "Mother, dear, are you not feeling well?" The eyelids lifted and the answer came, "I thank God for his goodness," and then they dropped over the poor dazed eyes. I got a tin of water and Aileen held it to her lips. She feebly motioned it away. The slip of a girl who belonged to her, a grandchild, realizing the coming change, clasped her round the neck. "Granny, dear, don't be aleavin me all alone; sure we see Ameriky now and will soon be walkin on it." The soul was quitting its frail tenement but the child's voice so far recalled it, that a slight look of recognition lighted the face. "Och, stay wid me, granny, an I'll do yer biddin and nivir vix ye agin. We'll soon be havin lashins of meat and wather, an ye wunna need to be givin me your share. O stay wid me!" At that moment there was a report of a musket fired near by. The passengers, grouped around the dying woman startled, raised their eyes and saw it was the mate, who had fired at the sea fowl on the rocks we were now passing. The angry scowl at the interruption melted again into sorrow when Aileen, lifting the gray head from her lap, reverently straightened it on the deck, and, leaving the body to the care of the women who crowded near, led the sobbing girl, doubly orphaned, to our cabin. At sunset we buried the body and with it that of a poor cripple, who had been suffering from dysentery. We sat late that night, for the breeze was warm and the speed of the ship exhilarating, while the waters sparkled in the moonlight. I had been in bed some time, when voices outside wakened me. It was the boatswain and a sailor talking, and the sound of their voices seemed to express astonishment. I dressed and hurried out. "Is there anything gone wrong?" I asked. "Did you ever see the like of that?" the boatswain replied, pointing to the sky. The wind had fallen and glancing up the masts I saw sail, and rope, and block were motionless. Above hung clouds the like of which I had never seen. There were thousands of them, all about a size, all spherical, and all placed together as exactly as the panes in a cathedral window. Though hid from view, the moon was in the zenith, and its downward rays fell on these cloudlets, illuminating them and transmitting a ghostly light, reflected by a ghostly sea. From the horizon to the apex the illusion of the clouds was perfect in representing the ship as standing beneath the centre of a great dome composed of

spheres of grey glass, through which streamed a light mysterious and fearsome, revealing the face of a glassy sea, dark and dread. "What weather does this portend?" I whispered. The boatswain shook his head. "It ain't weather, sir" said the sailor, "It's death. You see if the fever don't grow worse."

8.—I had sat so long on deck during the night that it was late in the morning when I awoke. Aileen had gone out. When she returned I was dressed and we had breakfast. A western breeze was blowing and the ship was tacking. The boatswain told me the gulf was over 200 miles wide so there was plenty of sea room, but before night we found there was not. As the day wore on the wind increased and the weather became thick, so that the men on the lookout kept sounding the horn nearly all the time. The captain was more afraid of ice than a collision with another ship, and did not leave the deck after dinner. It was about 6 o'clock, when everything seemed to be going well, the ship tearing through the water on her northern tack, when the fog suddenly thinned, and to our surprise we saw land ahead. We were not over a mile from it. The captain shouted to the man at the wheel, who brought the ship up to the wind, the sails slatting like to break the masts. The yards of the foremast were soon braced round, and the question was whether the ship would wear in time to avoid striking, for the land was now so near that we could see the foam of the breakers on the shore. There was a period of suspense, during which the ship drifted broadside on towards the land, until the sails of the foremast bellied out on catching the wind, when she turned on her heel, and the order tacks and sheets given, when everybody who had been able to get a grip on the ropes hauled with all their strength. The ship was now on the other tack, and we left the land astern, which presented a desolate appearance, a foreground of rock with low hills behind on which were patches of snow. The boatswain said it was the western end of the island of Anticosti, and had we struck the rocks, those who escaped drowning would have starved to death, for the island, save a lighthouse or two, is uninhabited. I thought it, but did not say it, for he is not responsible, that 500 people were being starved to death on board ship. Our having got out of our course, for the cap-

tain supposed he was well clear of the island, is blamed on the currents and tides of the gulf.

9.—Uncle's oldest son died of the fever soon after daylight. The blow is a crushing one, but I have yet to hear the first murmur from uncle. His submission to the Divine Will is most touching. The body along with two more we dropped overboard when the sailors were at dinner. Tho' near the end of our voyage, the little tyrant on the poop has given no order to increase the supply of water or biscuit. I did not think the stench of the hold could become worse, but the heat we had two days ago has intensified it. To descend into the hold has become more than I can well bear. I told Aileen today she must not even go near the hatchways. Wind unfavorable and ship tacking.

10.—Wind in the south but very light. Today in making the weather tack we came close to the south shore, which seemed to be a succession of ranges of high hills with trees to their tops. This was a sad day, five having died. Exchanged signals with a ship. She said she was from Liverpool with emigrants and many were sick. Lead was kept going all day.

11.—In beating across the gulf this morning, the wind being ahead, and cold enough to chill to the marrow, we noticed a small schooner bearing down upon us. It was a pilot boat that had sighted us. When alongside, a row boat left her and soon a pilot was climbing to our deck. He was a Frenchman and spoke broken English. When he saw he had got on board an emigrant ship, he seemed to hesitate, and looked as if he wished he was back, with the bundle he had in his hand, on the schooner again. The boat, however, was by this time near the schooner. "Any seek?" he asked the captain. What the captain answered I could not hear, for he turned and took the stranger to the cabin. When the pilot reappeared he took command, and I noticed he never left the poop. In the afternoon it grew foggy and from the forecastle the dismal sound of the fog horn came. Being now well up the gulf we were in the neighborhood of many vessels, and a collision was possible. We sighted no ship, however, until late in the afternoon, when we saw masttops above the fog. She proved to be a large vessel in splendid order. Ranging close to us, her captain asked if we had a pilot. Answered yes, he replied he had none. Our captain shouted to follow us. Instead of that, the

order was given to set more sail and in a few minutes she was lost to sight. Our pilot shook his head as he remarked, "She heading for Mingan rocks." When it began to grow dark, the order was given to let go the anchor. The noise of the rattling cable was like thunder. A child died today, a sweet girl totler that Aileen was fond of. Many of the sick are sinking tonight, not one of whom but might have lived with proper sustenance, for it is the period of convalescence that proves fatal in nine cases out of ten. Mouldy sea biscuit of the coarsest kind and foul water simply kill the patient who has got over the fever, yet we have nothing else to offer to satisfy their cravings for food.

12.—Anchor was weighed at daylight and when I came out on deck found we were tacking towards south shore, which was concealed by a fog-bank. Afterwards the wind veered to the east, and a drizzling rain set in. Weather thick all day, cold and disagreeable. We have the satisfaction, however, of knowing we are making good progress. The pilot, like the captain, is anxious to make all possible speed, and even the top stun sails were set. This was a sad day between decks. There were four deaths and the number of sick greatly increased. No wonder: the air is that of a charnel vault. The people are so weak from want of food that they have no strength to resist disease.

13.—During the night was startled by the noise of the anchor being let go. In the morning was astounded, for I stepped into brilliant sunshine, in whose beams the waters danced, while, like a panorama, a lovely landscape was unrolled on either side. No longer a weary waste of water, with an unchanging horizon, met my view, but a noble river rolling between picturesque banks. The north was rugged, with lofty hills, wooded to the summit; the south was an undulating slope, along whose lower edge ran a line of small white-washed houses, so near each other as to form a street. The fields were slightly flushed with green and a few of the tree-tops thickened with buds. Evidently the occupants of each house had a farm, which ran like a ribbon from the river to nigh the head of the slope, which was crowned with woods. At regular intervals in the line of houses there is a church—plain stone edifices with high pitched roofs, which, with steeples, are tinned, giving them a foreign look. We were waiting for the tide to turn, the breeze being insufficient to enable the ship to beat against

the current. On the other side of the river were four large ships, at anchor like ourselves. As the morning wore on a boat was seen to leave the shore and row towards us. The gunwale of our ship was crowded with passengers watching her approach. On coming near us, the two men in the boat did not seem to fancy our looks, for they did not throw their line to us. They had evidently come to sell us the provisions they had aboard. "Lay to, what are you afear'd of," shouted the boatswain. One of the men shook his blue cowed head. "Parley vous Francais?" he cried. "What does he say?" the boatswain asked me. "I think he wants to know if you speak French." "Blast his impudence; what does he think my mother was? I wants none sich lingo," retorted the salt. Scared by the row of white faces the men had plainly decided to forego the profits of trade from fear of infection. One had seized his oar to bring the boat's head to shore when, recalling all the French words I had ever heard, I shouted *dulay* and held out a pail with one hand and sixpence with the other. They swung round, and one of the men caught my pail, filled it and handed it back. Pointing to some loaves he gave me one for a sixpence, and several other passengers bought the rest of them. This done, the boat left. With that milk Aileen hopes to save the lives of the few infants left. The bread was welcome, though it was heavy and had a peculiar sourish taste. When the tide began to make, the order to weigh the anchor was given. The ships to the north of us were doing the same, and the sailors' songs came over the water with beautiful cadence, blending with the chorus of our own crew, which began with "haul in the bowline, the black ship's arowling," and ended declaring that "Katie is my darling." With a large spread of canvas we moved slowly up the mighty river for the wind was light. In spite of our dismal surroundings, this was a day of quiet delight to Aileen and myself. The extraordinary width of the river, said to be over ten miles, its waters, pure and of deep blue color, clasping at intervals a picturesque island, the boldness of the wooded hills on the north shore and the brightness and softness of the cultivated landscape on the south, were a constant feast for eyes wearied of the sea. The depth and tender blue of the sky, so much more transparent than in the dear old land, particularly impressed Aileen. As we made our way up the glorious river, the shores trended nearer, the hills on

the north grew loftier and the southern bank less steep. The sun had set in a glory of gold and crimson beyond the hills when the order was given to let go the anchor, the tide no longer serving us. Quarter a mile ahead of us a large ship did the same. The evening being calm Aileen got a wrap and we sat watching the darkening waters and the shores that loomed momentarily more faint, until the lights from the house windows alone marked where they were. "What is that?" she suddenly exclaimed, and I saw a shapeless heap move past our ship on the outgoing tide. Presently there was another and another. Craning my head over the bulwark I watched. Another came, it caught in our cable, and before the swish of the current washed it clear, I caught a glimpse of a white face. I understood it all. The ship ahead of us had emigrants and they were throwing overboard their dead. Without telling Aileen, I grasped her arm, and drew her into our cabin.

14.—An eventful day, the consequence of which I fear, although, recalling every detail, I do not see how I could have acted otherwise. Anxious to see this country, so new and bright to me, I rose at daylight. The ship was under plain sail, beating against a northwest wind, and making little headway. One of our lads who had been taken to help the sailors was ordered by the mate up the foremast to put to rights some tackle that had got entangled in the last tack. The boy blundered, and the mate repeated the order with his customary oaths. Again the lad tried to do what he was bid and failed. Ordering a sailor to go up and do the work, the mate shouted to the boy to come down. He did so reluctantly, for he saw the mate had grasped a rope's end. Cursing him for his slowness, the mate seized his feet while still in the ratlines. He fell violently on the deck, when the mate proceeded to shower blows with the heavy rope on the head and back of the boy, who cried pitiously for mercy. I could not stand it; my blood was boiling. "Stop," I shouted, "have pity on the boy; he did not mean to disobey your order. It was his sorrow for his mother who died last night that confused him." The mate paused in his lashing of the lad and glared at me with such a malignant look as I pray the saints I may never again have cast on me. "Mind your business damn you, or I'll have you put in irons for mutiny," he shouted and again laid the rope across the lad's quivering body with fiercer

strength. It was, perhaps, foolish for my own interests but I could not help it. I sprang at the mate and dealt him a blow in the face. He clutched hold of me and we grappled. He was strong, with muscles toughened by fighting sea and wind, but a Sligo boy of my inches will take odds from no man in a wrestle. We fell time and again, he beneath me, but he always managed to wriggle up again, until I got a good hold of his neck, then I bent him under me and rained blows on every part of him my right fist could reach. All that the cheating villain had done, his cruelties to my people, his brutal indifference to their sufferings, flashed across my mind, and lent vim to every blow I dealt. How the scoundrel howled for help and, finally, for mercy. Not one of the sailors interfered. They drew off to the forepeak and looked on, glad to see his punishment. The passengers who were on deck formed in a circle around us, delighted at the sight. One of them, I recall, popped up from the hatchway and held out a blackthorn to me with the explanation, "To finish him off wid, yer honor." I needed no shillelah. The fear that I might fatally injure the bully alone caused me to pause. I gathered him up in my arms for a final effort, when a strange thing happened me. I saw in my mind's eye, as they passed before me, the white face of one after the other of the dead I helped to drop into the sea. It was one of those freaks the imagination plays when the mind is intensely excited. This could not have taken over a moment or two, but I saw them all plainly and distinctly. Solemnized yet strengthened by the sight, I was given a power I had not. I raised the craven, who was whining and sobbing, as high as my breast and flung him away as far as I could. Fortune favored him, he fell on a coil of rope, where he lay helpless. The steward went to him, wiped the blood from his eyes, and finally he was able to rise and, leaning on the steward's left shoulder, shuffled to the cabin. By this time every man of my people able to leave the hold was on deck, an excited throng, eager for fighting. "If they lay a finger on yees for what ye've so rately done, we'll break the heads av ivery wan o' them," said a county Leitrim man to me, and I knew that was the spirit of them all. Softly opening the door of our little cabin I was thankful to find Aileen asleep. Getting a change of clothes, for those I had on were torn and blood-stained, I slipped out, had a wash in a bucket of saltwater,

and then dressed myself. At breakfast I told Aileen all. She was much shocked at the danger I had run, and when satisfied I had received no greater injury than sundry black and blue bruises from kicks and blows and some handfuls of hair the coward had torn from my head, she became alarmed for the result. Assaulting an officer on shipboard I knew was a serious offence in the eyes of the law, and so did Aileen. "I don't think," I said to her, "you need fear their punishing me according to law, for they know if I am taken before a court,, all the villainy of captain and mate towards the passengers would come out. They have broken the law in fifty ways, and know it. What I fear is the captain trying to take the law into his own hands before we reach Quebec." We passed the day on deck as usual, appearing as unconcerned as might be. Whether the captain entertained any notion of arresting me, I cannot say, for he made no sign. The sight of a score or so of my people keeping nigh me wherever I moved, from whose coats peeped the end of what they called "a bit av a shtick," may have had some influence in deterring him, but the real cause I opine to be what the boatswain whispered to me in the evening, that the steward had told the captain the sailors to a man would refuse to put a hand on me. They hate the mate, who, by the way, according to the cabin boy, is lying in his berth, alternately groaning from pain and swearing from rage. We made little progress today. The wind was ahead and we kept tacking every half hour or so. In beating up the river thus, a ship overhauled us. She was a Clyde trader, and being shorter she wore more quickly and being heavier laden sailed more closely to the wind, and owing to these advantages she outsailed us. As she passed us, her captain stood at the stern and dangled a rope to us, as if offering to take our ship in tow. Our captain, with an oath, rushed down the companionway to hide his mortification. In the afternoon a discovery was made that sent joy to the heart of every passenger. A boy had hauled up a pailful of water to douse his head in, after getting his hair clipped, when he got a taste of it and found it was fresh. The tide was out, and at the point we now had reached, at the slack, the water is fresh. Pailful after pailful was hauled on board, and the sick were supplied without stint, with water sweet, clear and cool. Alas, the refreshing draught came too late for seven, who died during the day.

I wanted to keep the bodies on board in hopes of giving them burial, but the boatswain advised otherwise, as he said, although we were within a short distance of quarantine with the present wind we might be two or three days of making it. Ship anchored at darkening, close to shore.

15.—Remained at anchor all day. Cold with strong wind from north-west. At intervals there were squalls, accompanied by driving showers of rain and hail. Three hours' fair wind would see us at quarantine, yet here we are unable to advance a yard on our way. Five deaths today. I resolved the bodies be kept for burial. Boatswain told me mate is worse today, being feverish. The pilot bled him and the captain gave him a blue pill. Not being needed to work the ship, all hands were engaged in putting the vessel into her best trim, scraping, scrubbing and painting. Outwardly the ship is neat and clean, a sight to delight a sailor's eye, and to look at her from the deck it is hard to conceive of the putrid state of her hold. The steward bribed several of the passengers with whiskey to clean the steps and alley-ways of the steerage. A steamer painted white and with a house the length of her deck passed us, going east.

16.—The sound of the anchor being weighed awoke me and I heard it with joy. I dressed and gave the sailors a hand. The wind had veered into the east, and it looked as if rain was coming. The fore mainsail having been set, the ship swept on, keeping the channel as easily as if propelled by steam. When Aileen came out, the church bells were ringing for early mass, and we could make out the people driving along the roads to attend. Reports from the steerage are gloomy. There have been three deaths during the night. It seems as if a number of the sick had reached the point that their dropping off is inevitable. The river was dotted with ships following us, and the sight of so many large vessels moving majestically in a column in our rear fascinated me. By and by the rain came on, when Aileen left to pack our trunks, for we are fully persuaded the wind will hold and that we will land in Quebec before dark, bidding farewell to this ship of misery. When quarantine was sighted, I dropped in to see how she was getting on, and finding my help not needed, wrote this, in all probability, the last entry I will make on board.

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Grosse Isle, May 31.—Fourteen days since I penned a line in this sorrowful record. I wish I had not lived to pen another. God's will be done, but, oh, it is hard to say it. Yet I ask myself, what right have I to repine? Grievous as has been my loss, what is it compared with that of many around me, whose quiet submission rebukes my selfish sorrow. Enough of this, let me resume my record. When the ship came abreast of the quarantine buildings, all fresh from a new coat of whitewash, the anchor was dropped. It was nearly an hour before the quarantine officer came on board, and I heard him on stepping from his boat apologize to our captain for the delay, owing to his waiting for breakfast. The captain took him down to the cabin and it was a long while before he re-appeared, when he stepped down to the main deck, where all the passengers, able to be out of bed, were waiting him. He walked round us, asked a few to hold out their tongues, and then went down into the hold, where he stayed only a minute or so. Passing a few words with the captain, he re-entered his boat and was rowed back to the island. No sooner had he left, than the boatswain got orders to have all boats made ready to take the sick ashore. First the dead were brought up. The sailors shrank back, there was a muttered consultation, and the boatswain, taking me aside, told me they would not touch them or even row a boat that held them, and I had better drop them overboard. "Never," I cried, "shall it be said that the bodies of the faithful did not receive Christian burial when it was possible to give it." Calling from among my people four men whom I knew were fishermen, I asked them if they would row the dead ashore, and on saying they would, the boatswain let me have a boat. Decently the bodies were passed over and we made our way to the landing. We had trouble in getting them out of the boat, for the steps of the quay were out of repair, but we managed it and carried them to what, from the cross on it, we saw was a church. The priest came out and I told him our purpose. Leaving the dead at the church, we went back to the ship for the others. By this time the sick were being landed, and roughly handled they were. As it would be a while before the graves would be ready, I lent a hand—the most miserable, heartrending work I had ever engaged in. With indecent haste they were hurried from the ship deck into the boats, and tossed

on to the steps of the quay, careless of what injury they might receive. Most were unable to help themselves in the least, a few were delirious. Men, women, and children were all treated the same, as so much rubbish to be got rid of as quickly as possible. It was no better on land. The quarantine had only two men to spare to help the few relatives who came ashore to carry them from the wharf to the buildings, and many lay an hour in a cold pelting rain. It signified little as to their getting wet, for they were all doused by the waves in landing them on the quay. Small wonder two died on the quay, and were borne to the chapel to add to the number awaiting burial there. The priest was very considerate, and, although I did not ask it said he would, next morning, say mass for the repose of their souls, which I knew would be a great consolation to the relatives. Leaving the cemetery with the priest, I thanked him from my heart, and ran to the quay. My heart was in my mouth when I saw on it Aileen, standing beside our boxes, and the ship, having tripped her anchor, bearing up the river. "What makes you look so at me, Gerald? I have come as you asked."

"I never sent for you."

"The steward told me you had sent word by the sailors for me to come ashore, that you were going to stay here. They carried the luggage into a boat and I followed."

I groaned in spirit. I saw it all. By a villainous trick the captain had got rid of me. Instead of being in Quebec that day, here I was left at the quarantine-station. "My poor Aileen, I know not what to do; my trouble is for you." I went to see the head of the establishment, Dr. Douglas. He proved to be a fussy gentleman, worrying over a number of details. Professing to be ready to oblige, he said there was no help for me until the steamer came. "When will that be?" Next Saturday. A week on an island full of people sick with fever! Aileen, brave heart, made the best of it. She was soaking wet, yet the only shelter, apart from the fever sheds, which were not to be thought of, was an outhouse with a leaky roof, with no possibility of a fire or change of clothing. How I cursed myself for my rashness in making captain and mate my enemies, for the penalty had fallen not on me, but on my Aileen. There was not an armful of straw to be had; not even boards to lie on. I went to the cooking booth, and found a French nan

in charge. Bribing him with a shilling he gave me a loaf and a tin of hot tea. Aileen could not eat a bite, though she tried to do so to please me, but drank the tea. The rain continued and the east wind penetrated between the boards of the wretched sheiling. What a night it was! I put my coat over Aileen, I pressed her to my bosom to impart some heat to her chilled frame, I endeavored to cheer her with prospects of the morrow. Alas, when morning came she was unable to move, and fever and chill alternated. I sought the doctor, he was not to be had. Other emigrant ships had arrived, and he was visiting them. Beyond giving her water to assuage her thirst when in the fever it was not in my power to do anything. It was evening when the doctor, yielding to my importunities, came to see her. He did not stay a minute and writing a few lines told me to go to the hospital steward, who would give me some medicine. Why recall the dreadful nights and days that followed? What profit to tell of the pain in the breast, the raging fever, the delirium, the agonizing gasping for breath—the end? The fourth day, with bursting heart and throbbing head, I knelt by the corpse of my Aileen. There was not a soul to help; everybody was too full of their own troubles to be able to heed me. The island was now filled with sick emigrants, and death was on every side. I dug her grave, the priest came, I laid her there, I filled it in, I staggered to the shed that had sheltered us, I fell from sheer exhaustion, and remember no more. When I woke, I heard the patter of rain, and felt so inexpressibly weary I could think of nothing, much less make any exertion. My eye fell on Aileen's shawl, and the past rushed on me. Oh, the agony of that hour; my remorse, my sorrow, my beseechings of the Unseen. Such a paroxysm could not last long, and when exhausted nature compelled me to lie down, I turned my face to the wall with the earnest prayer I might never awaken on this earth. How long I slept I know not. Some motion of one leaning over me brought back consciousness.

"Pax tecum," said a voice I seemed to recall. "Et cum spiritu tuo," I mechanically responded.

I opened my eyes. Could I believe them? It was Father Moylan. I put my arms round his neck, and kissed him in my delighted surprise.

"Father, dear; sure it must be the Blessed Virgin her-

self sent you to console me for the loss of her daughter, my Aileen, my love."

"My consolation would be of little aid; but as an unworthy servant of the church I may be the channel of communicating the consolation that doth avail. May the Mother of Sorrows, whose heart was pierced by the sight of her son's death, heal thy wound. I knew not Aileen was dead."

"Did Father McGoran not tell you?"

"Like everybody else in this wretched place his hands are too full to permit of speech that can be dispensed with. A lad called on me at Quebec to tell me how you had been left behind and besought me to help you and your wife."

"His name, father?"

"Michael Fagan."

"The grateful soul; the boy I stopped the mate from lashing."

He it was, for he told me all and of what you had been to the sick on the voyage. I intended coming anyway to see what I could do for our poor country people, but when I knew of my pupil being here in distress, I went to the bishop and asked to be sent at once."

"And how did you find me?"

"By searching. This last hour I have gone through every building looking for you and came in course to this outhouse."

"May the saints ease your dying hour for this kindness, father. Oh that you had come while Aileen was alive!"

"Fret not over the past, Gerald; there is work calling for you which you must rise and do."

"I have no heart to lift my head: I want to die and be with Aileen."

"A wish natural to the flesh, my son, but I taught you to little avail if I did not ground you in the belief that it is the duty of the Christian to so direct the blind sorrow of fallen humanity that it become an impulse to more strenuous discharge of our daily duties. Aileen is dead; requiescat en pace. Is your sorrow for her to be a selfish sorrow that will add to your load of sin; or shall it become an incitement to you to do for those around you what she would wish you to do could she speak?"

"Do not ask me; I cannot forget her."

"You are not asked to forget her. May you ever see

her in your mind's eye, beckoning you on to works of faith and mercy; may her precious memory be your inspiration to do what duty calls from your hand."

"There is no need of my help now."

"No need! I tell you every hour there are Irish men and women dying within a furlong of you for lack of the commonest help. Before I found you I saw sick who had not had their fever assuaged by a drop of water for 18 hours; children who had not tasted a bite since yesterday; the dead lying beside the living, and all because there is no one to help."

"I do not understand why that should be on land. There is plenty of food and help in Quebec."

"Yes, and so there was on your ship, but a heartless captain and a greedy mate stood between the food and water and the passengers. There is abundance of everything within sight of here, yet our countrymen are perishing by the score, because the government of Canada is deaf to their cries."

"What interest has the Canadian government in acting so?" ..

"No interest. It is more heedlessness than intent. The politicians are too absorbed in their paltry strifes to give heed to a few thousand Irish emigrants dying at their door."

"It sounds incredible."

"That is because you do not know politics and politicians here. I have been in Canada now three years, and (always barring the tools of the Irish landlords) if there be a more despicable creature than the office-hunting Canadian politician, I have yet to see him."

"If I must stay here, I should go first to Quebec to see after my people. They were promised ten shillings a head, to be paid by Lord Palmerston's agent at Quebec, and given a deed from the Canadian government for a hundred acres a family."

"Faugh! Not a shilling, not an acre did they get. I saw them. Lord Palmerston has no agent in Quebec, the government will give no free grant of land. Mere lies told the poor crathurs to get them to leave Ireland."

"Well, then, I could at least make an example of the captain of our ship."

"Not a bit of it; you are deceiving yourself. The pro-

secution would have to be taken not by you, but by the emigration agent, and he would not. Then, where are your witnesses? You would be bled of your last dollar by the lawyers and nothing done. No, Gerald, there is no use of thinking of leaving here. Providence has guided you to Grosse Isle and here lies your work. Come, man, get up and do it."

I sank back with a groan. I did not want to move, the father insisted, however, and, after many remonstrances, grasped my hand and raised me to my feet. He took me to where the resident priest lived, insisted on my washing myself and gave me, out of his bag, one of his clean shirts. Then we sat down to dinner, Fathers McGoran and Taschereau joining us. The conversation was of the deluge of emigrants, every day bringing new arrivals, and every ship with its quota of sick and dying. Every available place having become crowded, the ships had to stay at anchor and become floating hospitals. The calamity with which they were face to face was so unexpected and appalling that how to devise means to grapple with it staggered them. They spoke of the need of urging the government to erect sheds and send plenty of nurses and doctors. I listened in silence until Father Taschereau asked me for my opinion, as one who was an emigrant. I said many had died on the voyage and many more had been landed who would certainly die, but of this I was confident, there would not have been a death from fever or dysentery on the voyage or one sick of those diseases landed at Grosse Isle, had there been enough to eat. The solution of the difficulty therefore seemed to me simple. Give all who arrive plenty of nourishing food. Starvation is the cause of dysentery and fever. Remove the cause and these diseases will disappear. It is not medicine and nursing that are wanted, but food. The people fled from starvation in Ireland to be worse starved on board ship, their lot made worse by lack of pure air and water. They asked me many questions about the treatment of the emigrants on shipboard. Father McGoran said he was inclined to believe I was right, that Dr. Douglas, was making the mistake of fighting the fever with medicine instead of removing the cause of the fever. The fever was not to be looked upon as was the cholera visitation of 12 years before. I left the table with Father Moylan and as we went out at the door, he stood for a minute to look

at the sight on the river. The clouds had cleared and the sun had come out strong, with a marvellously soft and clear atmosphere. So far as we could see from where we stood, the blue waters of the river bore a column of vessels of which neither head nor end was visible. "Let us take a step over and see them," said Father Moylan. When we reached the bank, the sight was striking, and would have been most inspiring had we not known that each of the noble ships was a floating pest-house. There came a shout from the vessel opposite us. A man stood on the gunwale, and steadying himself with one hand grasping the rigging, gesticulated with the other. His agitation was so great neither of us could make out what he was saying. "Speak slowly," cried Father Moylan, when clear the response came across the water, "For the love of God, father, come aboard; ye're needed." There was only one rowboat in sight, and it belonged to Dr. Douglas. The oars were out of her and the chain locked. "You'll have to send a boat," cried the father. There was a long delay, ending in a boat putting off from the ship. He wanted me to go with him, but I said I must find my uncle.

With heavy heart and unsteady step I turned to the buildings where the sick were. The highest was the best. I looked in and to my joy espied my cousin Bridget sitting alongside a bunk. She started and gave a cry of fright when she saw me, for, she explained, she thought I was in Quebec and I looked like a ghost. It was her father and her sister Ellen who were in the bed. The latter had been landed sick of the fever, uncle had been stricken by it the day after arrival. He did not know me, and I feared the worst from the sound of his moaning. The girl seemed to be doing well. Said Bridget, this is the best place; the sheds are bad as the ship. I told her to go and take the air for a while, and sat down to watch in her place. I was hardly seated when I distinguished a murmur of plaintive cries from every part of the room, mostly—"Wather, if ye plaze." I bestirred myself, and when the poor souls found there was somebody to help, requests increased, and I was kept going from bed to bed. When Bridget returned I remarked that I saw none of our ship's people in the place. She said there was only room for her father and Ellen and the others were put in the sheds. It was growing dark when Father Moylan came to the door and beckoned me

out. He had such a distressed and wearied look that I went with him without asking any questions. When we came near the outhouse I had lodged in, I turned towards it. He gripped my arm. 'No, Gerald, not there; you'd lapse into your old mood.' He took me to the priest's house, and a shake-down was made for me in the kitchen. I had a wakeful night and went out of doors before sunrise. To my surprise I saw Father Moylan walking up and down in front of the house, prayer-book in hand. When done he joined me. "Now, Gerald, we have work to do, we must make an examination of every'ing, for no plan can be laid until we know the actual state of affairs." Re-entering the house with him, he got a loaf and a jug of milk. "I am going to tell you something you should never forget; when you have to go where there are sick, do not go with an empty stomach. Fasting and infection go together." Having broken our fast, we started, the first thing to be done, the father said, being to see what the island was like. The morning was delightfully fresh and we walked briskly. We found the island larger than we supposed, with a good deal of land fit for cultivation. Pausing at a field where a man was harrowing, the father had a conversation with him in French. He told him the island was about three miles long by one in width, and that Doctor Douglas farmed a considerable part of it, keeping a number of cows. Standing on its north bank a wide expanse of the St. Lawrence lay at our feet, the blue waters ruffled by a western breeze. Beyond rose a chain of wooded hills, which swelled into a lofty peak, overhanging the river. "That is called cape Tourmente," said Father Moylan. "Is it not a glorious scene! Who, looking upon it, would dream there is concentrated within ten minutes' walk the misery of a nation? Gerald, we must give Ireland's woé on this island a voice that will bring the help of Christian people."

"I am afraid it will be hard to interest them. Everything is against the poor emigrant, father. He is not looked upon as a human being. The very sailors treat him as they would a steer given them to carry from one port to another."

"True, my boy, and you don't know it all, for you have not lived in this country yet. I've seen in New York men and women shrink from the newly landed emigrant as an

unclean thing, and at Quebec over there the very bar-room loafers sniff their noses in disgust at him. Unless they have money nobody makes them welcome; and if they have money everybody tries to get it from them. I buried a woman who had been left to die on the wharf at Quebec. The captain bundled her out, nobody would touch her, let alone give her shelter, and the poor sick crathur afore sun-down found rest and is now where those who despised her have small chance of going."

I asked Father Moylan about his visit to the ship the day before. He told me the man who shouted for him had a brother dying, who wanted the church's last rites. "It was my first visit to a fever-stricken ship," he went on to say, "and it was a revelation. I could not stand upright in her hold, for it was not much over 5 feet high, and there was little more elbow than head room. Every side was lined with berths and I saw dead lying in them alongside the living. The stench made me gag, and the sight of vermin crawling over dead and living made my flesh creep. An Irish priest is used to sights of disease and want, but the emigrant-ship, fever-stricken, embodies every form of wretchedness I knew and multiplies them a ten-fold."

The quarantine-buildings we found huddled together at the upper end of the island and we looked into them all. Except the one in which uncle lay, they are flimsy affairs, a shelter from the heat of the sun and no more, for the boards are shrunken and the roofs leaky. In one the berths are in double tier, like those of a ship, the result being the patient in the lower berth is made uncomfortable by the one above, and he, in turn, from weakness, can neither get out nor into it without help, which he seldom gets. Every place is crowded with sick, even the two churches being occupied. The government had prepared for 200 sick; already there are nigh a thousand, and many more on the ships who cannot be landed for want of room. Without regard to age or sex they are huddled together in the sheds, and left to die or recover. The attendance is hardly worth speaking of. At long intervals a man or woman would come round with drink and food, but there was no pretence at making them comfortable. We were told by many nobody had been near them for hours. We saw the dead lying next the living, for the bodies are removed only night and morning. Over all this sad scene, from which hope had fled,

shone the virtues of patience and submission to the divine will. No querulous word was heard, no grumbling; the stricken flock bowed beneath the rod of affliction with pious resignation. Workmen were busy building a new shed and there were tents lying round to be put up, but all were woefully insufficient. Father Moylan agreed with me that the lack of nurses was worse than the lack of shelter, and suggested a supply might be had from the healthy emigrants. I thought not; emigrants in health were too eager to escape after being bound to scenes of horror on ship-board for over a month. We labored to do our best, and many a pail of water did the father carry from the river for me to serve out in cupfuls.

The weather has been sorely against the sick, rain with high east winds, adding to their discomfort. Nearly every day is a fresh arrival of a ship, and not without sick on board. The wind had been from the east the day before and on the morning of the 25th a whole fleet was seen bearing up the river, of which a dozen had emigrants. At Father Moylan's request I spent a day with him going from ship to ship, a boat having been lent him by a friendly captain. The passengers cried with joy when they saw him and clustered round the holy man, whose services in administering the last consolations of the church were needed at every step. I spoke with the passengers while he was below, and it was an unvarying tale of starvation on the voyage and cruel usage. I found the passengers on ships that had been lying at anchor over a week to be still starving, for the captains had not increased the rations and Dr. Douglas said he could not supply provisions from his stores unless authorized by the Canadian government. One of the new arrivals had 13 dead on board. The 40 ships now at anchor, have nigh 15,000 emigrants: of these I am sure one-third would not be passed as healthy. Sailors are at work on shore erecting shelters with spars and sails, where the ships will leave their healthy to perform quarantine, while they go on to Quebec.

June 3.—Father Moylan has left with the design of making representations to the government about the condition of things here. He intended, if his bishop consented, to go direct to Montreal, and speak to the ministers themselves. The forwarding of emigrants passed as healthy has begun. They are crowded on to the steamers that come for

them until there is barely room to move. The reason for this is, the passage money is a dollar a head and the more packed on board, the more profit. Truth to tell, this class of emigrants are eager enough to get away from this place. The meanness of the Canadian government in dealing with them is shameful. Instead of allowing healthy passengers to go on with the ship as at first, all, healthy and sick, are now landed. Being compelled to land and stay here by the government's orders, it would be reasonable to expect the government would provide for them. It does not; all it has done is to send an agent from Quebec who offers to sell them provisions at cost. Uncle's recovery is hopeless; his strength has gone.

5.—Poor uncle is dead. He was buried yesterday. Ellen keeps hovering between life and death; she has youth on her side. Poor Bridget is worn to a shadow, waiting on the sick. Being told a ship that came in this forenoon was from Sligo, I watched a chance to get on board, expecting to find some I knew among the passengers. I found her deck crowded with emigrants, watching the sailors fish up from the hold with boat-hooks the bodies of those who had died since entering the river. I soon learned there was bad blood between the crew and passengers, all of whom who could do so had left the steerage two days before and lived on deck. The hold had grown so loathsome with the warm weather that it became unbearable. The crew resented their living on deck. The captain was standing at the poop rail, and proved to be a civil man. He told me he had done his best for the passengers on the voyage, but the charterers had poorly provisioned the vessel and he could not therefore give them the rations he wished. For the bad feeling between the sailors and passengers he could not blame either. Staying on deck the emigrants were in the sailors' way, yet he could not bear to order them back to the hold. Three sailors had caught the fever during the week, which incensed their comrades against the emigrants. He was to pay the sailors a sovereign for each body brought up. I told him of Captain Christian of the ship *Sisters*, who, the week before, when emigrants and sailors refused for any money to go into the hold to bring up the dead, went down himself and carried them to the deck on his shoulders. I hope he may live to know that Irishmen are grateful, for he is now down with the fever. I recog-

nized none of the passengers, for they were from the north-west end of Lord Palmerston's estates. Their poverty was extreme. They had no luggage and many had not rags enough to cover their nakedness. So haggard and white were they, so vacant their expression, that they looked more like an array of spectres, than of human beings. Coming back, I had evidence of the brutal indifference of the authorities in dealing with the sick. They continue to be brought from the ships to the quay in rowboats, and the line of ships being now two miles long, the journey is a long one, and often fatal in bad weather. A small steamboat for transferring them would be a godsend, but the government does not get one, does not even spend ten shillings to replace the broken planks of the steps on the quay, although the want of them causes many a feeble passenger to slip into the water.

6.—Dr. Douglas exemplifies how a man may be estimable as an individual yet unequal for his duties as an official. He is so obliging and gracious personally that it is unpleasant to find fault with him, yet it is apparent he does not grasp the magnitude of the affliction he has to deal with and is unable to devise means to meet it. All the steps taken are ridiculous in their petty nature. I am told that it is not he but the Canadian government that is to blame, that it will not allow him a free hand in meeting the emergency, does not respond to his calls, and warns him to be careful in incurring expenditure. Probably that is true, but the government is not accountable for the foolish rules by which the island is governed. There is now a large colony of supposed healthy emigrants confined to the north-west corner of the island. When one falls sick, instead of being taken at once to the fever-sheds, he is conveyed to the ship in which he was a passenger, and from her is brought to the sheds. The delay and the fatigue of the journey by land and water, if it does not kill the patient makes his recovery more doubtful. Although the population of the island has trebled in a few weeks, the boat with supplies from Quebec continues to come once a week only. We may be starving, many are starving today, yet until the steamer comes there is no food. The dead are being buried in trenches, three tier deep. Men and women, whose strong arms would add to Canada's wealth, are being kept here by its authorities to die of want when within sight of plenty. I look at the row of farm-houses on the opposite bank of the

river, on the little town whose roofs I see, and knowing there is comfort and plenty over there, marvel at the stupidity, the criminal disregard, that leaves us without bread to eat or even straw to die upon. Steamers pass daily but they are not allowed to call; my poor people are kept prisoners to perish amid the rocks of this island. The Almighty will surely have a day of reckoning with the rulers of Canada, for it is Canada's territory we are on and it is Canada's quarantine in which we are bound. The sick are everywhere and are neglected. I found the body of a man in a thicket where he had crawled like a scared beast to die in peace. Bodies are taken daily from the tents where only healthy are supposed to lodge. The sheds have become repugnant to every sense, and the sick are worse off than on ship, for few have relatives to attend them, and they lie for hours without being helped even to a drink of water. The inmates of a tent told me nobody had been near them for two days, and not one among them able to stand for a minute. Everything is against us, for the weather is windy and wet. I go to spend the night in the old shed. My brain is overburdened with the sorrows of my people, and I would I were at rest with Aileen.

10.—A steamer came in this morning to take away emigrants, and I am sure nigh a thousand were packed on board. Her purser brought a package of letters; one of them was for myself.

Montreal, June 8, 1847

My Dear Gerald.—I had it in mind to have written you several days ago, but postponed taking pen in hand day after day in expectation of being able to convey to you the intelligence that would cheer your heart—that the government had decided on adopting a policy of adequate relief. That, it grieves me to say, they have not done, although I have exerted myself to arouse them to a sense of their duty, but it is little a poor Irish priest can do with our public men. When I reached here I went first to see the premier. After waiting my turn for an hour with a crowd of visitors, I was admitted. He was civil, but is a dull man, and did not seem to realize what I was telling him. He told me to go to the provincial secretary, to whose department emigration belongs, and see him. I left in no good humor, to do as Mr. Sherwood bade me. Mr. Daly was not at his lodgings; he had gone to the back of the moun-

tain to dine. I have learned since, he is better at dining and wining than attending to his duties. I had an interview with him next day. You may not know that Mr. Daly is of ourselves. He is a Galway man and his lady is from Kilkenny. Appealing to an Irishman and a Catholic I expected him to fall in with me—that all I had to do, was to seize him of the actual facts of the situation at Grosse isle and he would act with energy. That was what I expected of him, but all I got from him, Gerald, was soft words and promises, and neither the one nor the other will feed the starving or cure the sick. He told me to call next day, as he wanted time to go over the reports. When I went, his servant man said he was out, and I never found him in again for me. When the legislature opened, I managed to get in, to hear what the governor would say about the emigrants. The words put in his mouth about them made me angry. The government pretended they had made ample preparation for the expected influx and that everything was going on well. Beside him stood two men smiling among a bevy of ladies. They knew better, for I had told them all. In the debate since then, when a member on the opposition side referred to the rumors of the state of matters at quarantine, Mr Daly begged the house not to give heed to alarmist reports and to rest assured the government was doing everything that was required, had appointed a commission of three doctors to visit Grosse Isle, and would act on their report. I had little respect before for Canadian politicians, I have less now. I was advised to wait on the new minister, John A. Macdonald, the youngest member of the government. I told my friend that if Mr. Daly would not do the decent thing by his countrymen, I was not going to ask the member from Orange Kingston, who, like all the others of them, is engrossed in intrigues to keep his party in office, for they are fighting to hold their place. The talk of the city is whether the ministry will stand, for its majority is only one or two, and there is a good deal of excitement about it. More attention is being paid to the personalities of The Pilot than anything else. This will not be for long. The evil has come to the door of this city. The forwarding by wholesale of all emigrants able to move, has brought the fever. The emigration sheds are at Windmill point, an inconvenient place, for there is not water enough to permit the steamers to come up to the wharf, and the emi-

grants have to be landed by scows, which is sore on the sick. I am not going to say that the journey from Grosse Isle to here is as bad as the voyage across the Atlantic, but it has a few features that are worse. The steamers come in with emigrants packed on their lower deck like herrings in a fish-box. The steamers are chartered by the government from their supporters, and a few of them are old, worn-out tubs, that take two days for a trip that ought to be made inside 20 hours. Without food or cover, blistered by the sun in the day and chilled by the river breezes at night, the poor creatures are landed here more dead than alive. Many who went aboard feeling well, are carried off in a dying state. My curse and the curse of every Irishman be on the government that allows the helplessness of our countrymen to be traded upon to make money for their followers. If their transportation was left open to all ship-owners, the emigrants would be brought here in large and speedy steamers, and a limit could be put to the number they carry. Once landed, the emigrants are decently treated. I am thankful to be able to say that. It is the city and not the government that manages. For sick and well there is plenty of wholesome food, and no lack of doctors or nurses. The food, to be sure, is coarse and the cooking not good, but you know the saying, The poor drink wather and the rich sip tay. After Grosse Isle it is fine. What I have seen here has shown me the necessity of moving the quarantine to the flats below Quebec. If the sick were moved from Grosse Isle to near the city they would get all the supplies and service needed. I expect to return to Quebec in a day or so, and before leaving here hope to get the bishop to wait on the premier, to ask that the new fever sheds be placed on the outskirts of Quebec. I hear from the emigrants as they arrive of you, and as they speak they bless you. I hope to see you soon. Your Old Preceptor.

12.—A ship that came from Sligo has many of my old neighbors. They say after we left, the agents gave out that all who refused to emigrate would have the relief taken from them, which was all they had to keep life in them until next crop. The more that went, the more eager were those left behind to go. At the rate they are coming, Lord Palmerston will have his land clear of people by Michaelmas, and be able to lease it to Scotch cow-feeders. Most of the emigrants come expecting free land from the Canad-

ian government and a pound a-head from the agents of their landlords at Quebec. Oh, the deceivers, to cheat these poor people with lies!

16.—Bridget is down with the fever, just when Ellen was recovering and likely to be able soon to leave with her sister for uncle's farm in Huntingdon. It seems as if exposure, if long enough continued, is sure to induce the disease. Doctor Douglas says few can withstand breathing the air of the sheds for a fortnight without being laid down. I expect my turn will come yet. A company of soldiers has arrived to act as a guard over the camp of what is called the healthy emigrants to keep them from going near the fever sheds. It is of a piece with everything else. The fever is in the camp as well as in the sheds. Had they sent a few hundred boards from Quebec to floor the tents, it would have been more sensible than to supply a guard. The weather is still wet, and the ground under the tents is soaking, yet the people have nowhere else to lie. I was telling the head of the Church of England clergymen, Doctor Mountain, of what my friend had said about quarantine being moved near the city. He agreed it ought to be done, although the people of Quebec would resist. The cellar of the marine hospital having become full to overflowing with emigrants, workmen came three days ago to erect sheds on the hospital grounds. The people of St. Rochs assembled, scattered the lumber, and drove away the workmen. Lamenting the lack of nurses, he told me it was partly due to the government's not offering sufficient wages. Placards on the Quebec streets asking for nurses at 60 cents a day met with no response. Doctors were offered only \$3.50 a day. A dollar a day for nurses and \$5 for doctors would get a supply, but the authorities would not consent. I can believe anything of them. They will not send us a supply of straw, even, and many of the sick are lying without anything below them.

18.—I was witness today of an incident I want to preserve some note of. I was attending to an old neighbor, Mr. Monaghan, who came in the ship from Sligo six days ago. He is mending, though still poorly. While bending over him, he gave a start, and turning I saw they were carrying in a new patient. They placed him in the adjoining bed. Wasted and sallow as he was, I recognized in him a man I had seen from boyhood, but had never spoken to. He

had a farm in our townland and was a bitter Orangeman. With Monaghan he had a feud, which they tried to fight out on many a market day. Stanhope had led a party that beat his oldest son and four other boys nigh to death one St. John's eve, and had heaped insult on him and his times without count. I will not say Monaghan did not pay him back. If he did not, somebody else did, for Stanhope had his stackyard twice burned and one fine morning found five cows houghed in his pasture. How would these mortal enemies meet now, far from their native land and laid side by side in deathly sickness? Stanhope was overcome with the fatigue of bringing him from the ship, and lay exhausted with his eyes shut. I held up his head to give him some cordial, and then he sank back and fell asleep. I kept my eye on him as I went about the shed, watching his waking. On Dr. Mountain's coming in, I told him of the new Protestant patient and of the circumstances I have here set forth. We went to where the couple lay and were looking at them when Stanhope awoke. He gazed helplessly around until his eyes met those of Monaghan, which had been fixed on him from the time he came in. The glitter of the old fire sprang up in Stanhope's eyes and a flush passed over his white face. Neither said a word for quite a while. During the pause the defiant look faded from Stanhope's face, and I could see recollection of old neighborhood and a sense of community of suffering filled his bosom. The stern, hard features relaxed and a bony hand was thrust across.

"Is that yersilf, Monaghan; will ye shak hans wid me?"

"Glad an proud to do that same, and let bygones be bygones, Mr. Stanhope."

There was a moistness in Dr. Mountain's eyes as he said, "Love is the fulfilling of the law. May the Good Shepherd, who has sheep in every flock, bless you both, and in His own time gather you into His heavenly fold."

"Amen," I said with all my heart. "Dr. Mountain, I have learned something in this island of horrors—that goodness is not bounded by creed, for I have seen you and your clergy nurse the sick and feed the hungry day after day although not one in fifty of them are of your body. The thanks that have been in my heart for your kindness to my countrymen I am not ashamed now to speak.

He clasped my hand. "My dear Mr. Keegan, say not

another word; when a man comes to die the most painful reflection he can have is, that he did not embrace every opportunity he had during his lifetime of doing good. You and I have simply done our duty, and, after all, have to confess we are unprofitable servants of the one God whom we worship at different altars." Having said this he turned away to resume his visitation of the sick elsewhere.

26.—The weather has been steaming hot for a week, with heavy showers, and fog at night, making our situation worse and spreading infection. There is a stench both in and out of doors. Ships continue to come in and the number of sick to grow; a doctor told me there are over 3000. The nurses, both men and women, that come from Quebec, are a bad lot. They neglect their duties, smuggle in drink to those of the sick who can pay for it, and rob the dying. On this lone island, where everything else is so scarce, whiskey can be got by whoever wants it. The greed of gain overcomes the fear of infection, and it is smuggled in by small boats from Quebec. Last night there was an uproar in the camp of the healthy, caused by drunkenness. The military guard is a hurt to the emigrants. Like soldiers everywhere, they have neither morals nor decency. Bridget grows worse and poor Ellen is making a bad recovery, for she exhausts her strength by trying to nurse her sister. Monaghan and Stanhope talk by the hour, and their converse has put new heart in them. Hope is better than medicine. Indeed, I have seen scores die from despondency or indifference to life, who, to all appearance, ought to have recovered. The two old enemies are the most cordial of friends and will soon be able to leave. They have agreed to go with the survivors of their families to the London district and take up land together. Both are industrious and steady, and having buried their senseless hatred will be of mutual help to one another. Both have money enough to start them.

24.—Father Moylan has got back for a few days. There is need for more like him, but Irish priests are few in Lower Canada, and our people want none other. The ships now arriving report larger mortality than those that came in May. This is due to the heat. The condition of the holds of the ships that come in is unspeakably revolting. Several buried over a hundred in the ocean, equal to a fifth of the number of their passengers.

July 2.—Father Moylan wanted me to go to Montreal as a witness before a committee of enquiry appointed by the legislature. I have no heart to leave here, and I told him if they would not believe him they would not believe me. There is no improvement in caring for the sick; the callousness of the Canadian government to the sufferings of God's poor on this island I cannot understand. The weather is now settled, and beyond the sun being scorchingly hot at midday is as fine as could be wished.

9th.—This evening I took a walk to the far side of the island and enjoyed the solitude and the peace of nature. Sitting on the beach, I watched the sun sink behind the hills. I have a feeling that my own sun will soon disappear, for I am sad and disheartened beyond all my experience. Dr. Fenwick told me the other day I should leave; that I needed a change. I cannot, indeed I will not, for I cherish the secret wish to die where my Aileen left me. A ship has arrived with 31 dead on board; she lost over a fourth of those who embarked on her at Liverpool. Another out of 470 emigrants, dropped 150 into the Atlantic. Sure, tragedies like these ought to direct the eyes of the civilized world to what is happening. My heart is broken at the sight of thousands of my own dear people, men, women, and little children, dying for lack of a crust on Canada's shore.

14.—I think the end has come. Tonight my head throbs and my bones are sore. Bridget, after hovering a long while between life and death, sank to rest this morning and is buried. Ellen leaves by tomorrow's steamer, and will be in Huntingdon in a few days. I gave her a message to uncle. My life has been a failure. May God have pity on me and on my poor people. Oh, that Aileen were here; that I felt her hand on my racked forehead.

THE END

NOTE TO THE SUMMER OF SORROW

The immigration to Canada in 1847 was the largest on record. During the season of navigation vessels bearing 90,000 arrived in the St. Lawrence. Of these 20,000 were English, Scotch, and Germans, and on the vessels that carried them there was no unusual degree of sickness, so that in considering the calamity of 1847, they are to be set aside, and the remaining seventy thousand alone dealt with. They were mainly Irish Roman Catholics, and it was among them that disease and death reigned. Fifty thousand of them sailed from ports in Ireland; twenty thousand came by way of Liverpool; 129 ships carried them. On each fever and dysentery broke out; the emigrants who sailed from Liverpool faring worst. In crossing the Atlantic these 129 vessels dropped 4092 of their passengers into the deep; while anchored off Grosse Isle 1190 died on board; out of those they sent ashore to quarantine 3389 perished. A monument in its cemetery records that there was buried, in less than six months, 5424 persons "who, flying from famine and pestilence in Ireland, found in America but a grave." That, however, is only part of the mortality. Streaming past Grosse Isle, after a detention that was harmful to them and of no benefit in protecting the Canadian community against disease, the advancing army of immigrants swept westward, and wherever it bivouaced, left a cluster of graves. At Quebec city 712 died, at Montreal 6330, at Lachine 130, at Cornwall 52, at Kingston 1900, at Toronto 863. Only where the authorities prepared places of shelter, was any record kept of the deaths, and these places closed in October. Of the mortality during the winter no count was kept nor of the hundreds who died by twos or threes along the routes of travel or in remote country districts, to which the sorely smitten people penetrated in the hope of relief. The official record gives the total at 17,000; actually, about

20,000 died. Adding those who died on shipboard, the number rises to 24,000. That is, out of every fourteen who left Ireland, five died—a rate of mortality without parallel in modern times. For this appalling destruction of human life the Irish landlords were primarily responsible in compelling or inducing their tenants to leave Ireland without making adequate provision for their sustenance. For their treatment on shipboard, the owners, or charterers of the vessels, and the officers in command are accountable. It is humiliating to state that no effort was made by the officials at Quebec to punish the captains and mates of vessels who had maltreated passengers. It was notorious that the poor emigrant had been robbed in measuring out his scanty allowance of biscuit, meal, and water, and that their quality was detestable, yet there is only one case on record of a captain being brought to account. The master of the *Birnam* was charged with cheating in the allowance of water. By confessing judgment and paying a paltry fine, he avoided trial and went free! No class of men more abuse the power their position gives them than the officers of ships. The emigrant has always been badly treated; is to this day shamefully used. Steam has shortened the voyage and made it more bearable, while government requirements as to space and accommodation are better enforced, but there are steamships which come to Quebec whose passengers tell of their voyage being an ordeal of starvation and neglect—of petty tyranny on the part of hectoring ship-officers, of food being thrown before them of such execrable quality and so badly cooked as to turn the stoutest stomach. Desirous of hurrying to their destination and knowing their inability to contend with powerful companies, the grievances of the poverty-stricken and friendless immigrant are unrecorded in our courts.

For the tragedy enacted at Grosse Isle in 1847, and its sad scenes re-enacted in every town and city west of it, from Quebec to Sandwich, the Canadian government is accountable, and the responsibility for the death of a large proportion of the twenty thousand laid in premature graves lies at the door of Henry Sherwood and his ministers. The letters and reports of Dr. Douglas show they were fully informed of the awful state of affairs at Grosse Isle from the landing of the first sick emigrants, yet took no adequate steps in response. There never was a calamity that could

have been more easily averted; there never was waste of life that that could have been more easily prevented. The British government did its part. Communication was slow then, and it was June before accounts of the dreadful state of matters at Grosse Isle reached Britain. On the 18th, the Imperial government sent a despatch asking the Canadian authorities to take vigorous action to relieve it and promising to pay the cost. On receipt of this despatch towards the middle of July the Canadian government became lavish enough, and the following year presented a bill for some \$700,000, which the Imperial authorities paid without enquiry. Where that money went, it is useless now to enquire; assuredly little of it went to feed the famishing immigrants. The efficiency of the action of the government can be judged by one fact—it was not until the end of August it provided sufficient sheds for the sick at Grosse Isle to permit of the sexes being separated. While no Canadian can look back upon 1847 without a feeling of shame for the conduct of its public men, they entertain an honest pride in the devotion of the clergy and physicians. Thus, out of 42 Roman Catholic priests who volunteered to visit Grosse Isle 19 caught the fever and 4 died. Out of the 16 Episcopal clergymen who responded to the call of Bishop Mountain, 7 took ill and 2 died. Of the 26 doctors, 22 fell ill and 4 died. The same devotion was shown elsewhere, doctors, nurses, and ministers, in the hope of doing good to the sick and dying, walking into danger. One clergyman associated with Huntingdon, Rev. Wm. Dawes, died from the fever at St. Johns. The mayor of Montreal, J. T. Mills, after doing invaluable work in providing for the sick caught the contagion and died.

The 50th Anniversary of
Confederation

CONFEDERATION A FAILURE AS A CONSTITUTIONAL REMEDY

Across the Atlantic fifty years is a brief period in the life of a nation, in the New World it is long enough to see the birth of great provinces and the development of populous cities. Between 1867 and 1917 Canada has materially made great progress, politically its position is worse, for it still drags the clerical chain to snap which was the motive of the constitutional change 50 years ago. The English tourist who views our cities from an auto and speeds from ocean to ocean in a Pullman, is astonished by what he sees and gushes over the prosperity of the Dominion. If the visitor is in English public life, with the perplexing problem of Ireland in mind, he jumps to the conclusion that the flourishing condition which astonishes him, is the result of Canada's having adopted the federal system of government, and on returning home he will declare, with the assured confidence of one who has been an eyewitness, that the Imperial parliament must take a leaf from Canada's experience. This illustrates the danger of generalizing from imperfect data. Had the visitor compared the rural sections of Quebec with those of Ontario, had he even traversed a concession of farmers who are Catholic and turned into another of Protestant farmers, he would have seen that a change in constitution had not helped the one or affected the other. That Canada's progress is due to the industry, thrift, and enterprise of the majority of its inhabitants, and to the unfolding of great natural resources, the visitor no more perceives than do those unreflecting speakers and writers who ascribe the advances of the past fifty years to the B.N.A. act.

It is a common impression, that Canada's onward march since 1867 is due to the adoption of a written constitution, rather than to the labor of an industrious and energetic population. Mankind love the marvellous when they take to boasting of themselves and their country. The fact is

illustrated all over the world, that written constitutions have a secondary place either in the peace or progress of nations. Mexico has an admirably written constitution yet it is a most undesirable country to live in, bearing out the truth that the excellence of a government depends on the character of the people and not on the parchment scroll in its archives. The country that has a moral, intelligent population will prosper under any form of constitution; a country whose people are ignorant and debased will wither under the best constitution that the wit of man ever devised.

To get apparent support for this contention of the marvellous effect of Confederation, it is common to represent that Canada up to 1867 was in a backward, decaying condition, and that the B.N.A. act came as a tonic and stimulant, which changed the face of everything. This is contrary to fact. The change in 1867 was not from a bad to a good form of government. Canada had fifty years ago an excellent form of government, more helpful to industry than that which now prevails, in so far that taxes were lower and the machinery of government more simple and direct. The pre-Confederation period was for Ontario a prosperous and happy one. Immigrants, of a quality we have not known since, poured in every summer, the forest was being rapidly subdued, trade was advancing by leaps and bounds, the laboring class content, for living was cheap under a low customs tariff. If, then, people, half a century ago, were doing so well, why, in a period of hope and plenty, did they consent to the adoption of a new constitution? The answer is, that the relations between Protestant Ontario and Catholic Quebec had reached the breaking point, that a continuance of the partnership was impossible—the two provinces had either to separate or a new adjustment of their relations made. That is the one and true cause for the B.N.A. act being framed and adopted. There was no depression, no deadness in trade, no material reasons for a change in system of government, neither was there a demand for a change on the score of the existing form of government being of an inferior type and needing to be replaced by a better. There were no such pretences. The exciting cause of the agitation was, that the domination of Ontario by clerical Quebec had become so exasperating that a re-adjustment of the relations between the two provinces

could no longer be avoided. Confederation was adopted to overcome that difficulty. That was its special, its only purpose. Has it done so? If it has not, then Confederation, in the special object for which it was designed, has been a failure. Proof is not far to seek; it is found in the situation of today. Compare the state of affairs of 1867 with what exists in 1917 and it will be seen that the attitude of Quebec is more menacing than ever; that the future peace of our country is more seriously threatened than it was in 1867. Whoever surveys the existing situation with an open mind, cannot escape the conclusion that Confederation as a remedy for the difficulty it was designed to overcome has been a failure. No splendid achievements in the realm of material progress can obscure that fact. Nay, it has been worse than a failure, for it has aggravated the grievances it was devised to remedy, so that they are more intolerable than they were fifty years ago. The Quebec of today, in its aspiration for complete autonomy, its insistence in thrusting its sectarianism into every branch of the public service, its opposition to public schools, its demand that the French language be placed on an equality with English, its adoption of methods which drive Protestant farmers from the lands in Quebec their forefathers cleared, their refusal to bear an equal share in military service, proves how, in the years that have passed since 1867, Confederation instead of abating has developed and solidified the menace its authors asserted it would remove. The answer of those who point to the advances made by the Dominion in the half-century is no answer to all. To show so many million acres are under wheat, so many thousands of miles of railway constructed, so many towns and cities brought into existence where the buffalo roamed, does not touch the question. Has Confederation improved the relations between Ontario and Quebec? That it has not is palpable and therefore the sad admission follows, that, in the set purpose for which Confederation was invoked, it has been an utter failure.

The tendency of humanity to create gods of its own making is rampant among us, and to men of moderate merit are ascribed far-sightedness and disinterested patriotism. Something of the halo which our neighbors have thrown around the founders of their republic is being attempted with the so-called Fathers of Confederation. In the inter-

est of Truth it is proper to investigate and ascertain what the facts justify. As one who watched with deep interest the events that led to Confederation, and having had opportunity to judge of its leaders at close range, I would give my impressions of them and their work. That the union of 1841 was doomed was apparent for many years but it would have continued longer than it did had it not been for George Brown. The agitation he organized for reform in the mode of representation brought about the deadlock which resulted in Confederation. A study of his life will give a better idea to the reader of the situation that existed previous to 1867 and of the agencies that shaped the B.N.A. act than any other form of narrative.

When Brown left Scotland for America he was a stripling of twenty. He landed in New York in 1838, and found the atmosphere that then prevailed uncongenial. Hatred of Britain colored public opinion and the sentiment in favor of negro slavery was strong. If the youth had any inclinations towards republicanism they melted away, and he became ardent in his love of British institutions and in his hatred of slavery. During the few years he was in New York he became associated with newspaper life, so that, when he determined on getting once more under the union jack, it was with a view to start a newspaper in Toronto. He found warmer encouragement than he looked for. In 1843, though Toronto was a small town, its citizens were so divided that any journalist who took the side of either party could count upon its support. The party that was in power claimed to be the only truly loyal party, and that upon them depended the saving of Canada from annexation. When loyalty means love of country and devotion to its highest interests it is a noble passion, but loyalty assumed as a party cry, to support a claim to rule and to monopolise public offices, is a despicable subterfuge. Brown quickly took in the situation and saw that the loyalty cry was being used by a selfish coterie to the hurt of the common people. He was young, abounding in vitality, and of a most enthusiastic temperament. Whatever he undertook he did with all his might. A more restless, energetic young man there was not to be found in the rising town that was being built along the bay. In the slang of our day, he was a live wire, and was welcomed by those who were engaged in an uphill fight to overturn a combination who grabbed at whatever

would put money in their pockets. With Brown there was no middle course, he was one-sided to the verge of arrogance. Whoever was against him was wrong, and wrong without the slightest justification, and, therefore, in the newspaper he started he denounced opponents with all the strength of language at his command. Positive in his convictions and unwavering in whatever course he chose, he soon had a following, which included many of the more solid-thinking and prosperous people of the colony. At first he was the exponent of views they had privately formed, gradually he dictated what views they ought to hold. The times favored such a man and such a newspaper. Apart from the subject of whether Canada should have responsible government or continue to be ruled from Downing-st., there were questions of Church and State of a far-reaching kind. In controversies that kept up a more than comfortable heat, Brown was active and the Globe led the march for reform. Bishop Strachan, whom the Globe dubbed Jock Toronto, saw in its editor an atheist seeking the overthrow of pure religion, and said so for no other reason than that Brown was demanding the Anglican body be placed on an equality with other denominations, while rival editors were pleased to refer to him as a rebel, kindly intimating the officers of the crown should deal with him.

It was inevitable such a man should be sent to parliament, and on his second trial for a seat he was elected. He was in the prime of life, 33 years old, and a splendid specimen of manhood. He stood 6 feet 2 inches, straight as a pine-tree, broad-shouldered, and angular in frame. With mobile features, animated in expression, he gave the impression of power which was confirmed by a sonorous voice. Years before his election he had won a reputation as a speaker, not because of his speech being eloquent but because it was forcible and his language strong. On the platform he had a few serious drawbacks, the most noticeable that hesitation in utterance to which the Scotch have given the name habber, which, until he got excited, hindered the free flow of words, while his gestures were ungainly. Even in his most carefully prepared speeches there was no play of fancy, no flights of imagination, they were compact with facts and arguments and he was a veritable Gradgrind for bluebooks and statistics. He was often vehement but never impassioned, but the commonsense of the views he advanc-

ed, his earnestness and the force with which he expressed himself, seldom failed to command an audience. He was at his best in denouncing an opponent or exposing the hollowness of his assertions, for Brown was ready in argument. He lacked in imagination and, still more so, in the faculty that seeks to discover the philosophy of problems. He skimmed the surface of the subjects he dealt with and his one solution for obtaining reforms was, Agitate, agitate, agitate! His attempts at raillery and sarcasm fell flat, for he lacked humor. He was morbidly sensitive about the reporting of his speeches. On all occasions, no matter how trivial or how briefly he spoke, the report that was to appear in the *Globe* had to be submitted to him for revision. J. K. Edwards, than whom there was not a more capable reporter, accompanied him to his meetings, and over his MS. Brown would spend hours, often rewriting long sections. To get time for this, his speech was held over a day or two after the general report of the meeting. The length of his speeches told against their effect, for they wearied most listeners and appalled the average reader when he saw how many columns the report filled. It is not in human nature to concentrate attention for any length of time, and Brown exceeded the limit. He rarely spoke less than an hour, often two hours and more. His speech in the Confederation Debates would make a small volume.

His tours over the length and breadth of the province brought him into close contact with the people and he won hosts of friends. His hearty manner and simple tastes made him a welcome guest, the more so that the more he learnt of farming the more enthusiastic he became in the calling of those with whom he stayed overnight. His love of everything pertaining to agriculture was genuine and when his means justified the venture, he bought land and was known to his associates by the title McGregor of Streetsville bestowed upon him, the Laird of Bothwell.

His tours did more than enhance his personal reputation, they aided to establish the *Globe*, which quickly attained a standing far ahead of its rivals. Apart from its being the organ of a virile politician, it got the lead by its inherent merits as a gatherer of news, which it supplied with a fulness and accuracy neither the *Colonist* nor *Leader* approached, so that thousands who cared not for its editorials were subscribers. Believing that whatever is worth

doing is worth doing well, Brown organized a system of getting out a newspaper that was a novelty at that time. He exacted the best possible from his employees. Each number had to be carefully compiled so as to omit nothing of importance, the proofs accurately read, the paper to be well-printed, and issued punctually. He was ahead of his times, and often of his finances, in buying the latest printing plant. In dealing with his hands he was just and considerate. When the union tried to dictate how he should conduct his business he broke with it, but paid higher wages and made daily duty lighter than any union office. He was exacting in the observance of the day of rest, and the office was deserted from Saturday midnight to Monday morning. The same conscientiousness he applied to advertising, no notices of horseraces, prizefights, or theatricals were accepted. At a time when its facilities were limited and expensive, he was daring in the use of the telegraph. After the first dozen years of the Globe's existence he did little editorial work, leaving it to his brother Gordon, the best newspaper man Canada has yet known. He in no way resembled George, being quiet and retiring, but he had an instinctive sense of what the public want in a daily paper, and he saw that they got it. As a writer he was facile and pungent, but not broad in his views, and apt to allow his personal likes and dislikes give color to them. His animosity towards Goldwin Smith and Sir Charles Tupper are instances in point. Looking back on the period during which the Globe attained its standing I would say it was Gordon, the indefatigable worker, who did most. Whoever looks over old files of the Globe can pick out the articles George wrote by their big-letter headings and wealth of capitals and italics. The captiousness which led both brothers to criticise whatever the other party advanced, no matter what its merits, was unfortunate for their reputation for candor and fairness. The Globe's treatment of Sir Edmund Head illustrates alike the pettiness and lack of humor of Brown. The Governor's book on Shall and Will pointed many a gibe and his unfortunate expression in a speech of describing Indians as Aboriginal natives had tiresome iteration. For the first twenty years or more of its career the Globe yielded little after paying expenses, and interest on capital. This was due to the steady drain on its income arising from subscribers who did not pay what they were

owing. George's anxiety for circulation and the political influence it meant, deterred him from adopting the cash system, with the result that he missed a large fortune through dishonest subscribers.

By the time the *Globe* had become a provincial institution, Toronto was an attractive little city of over thirty thousand inhabitants; large enough to have somewhat of city features yet not so large that the bulk of its residents were strangers to one another, or that their interests and tastes moved in widely separate grooves. The youth had one theatre and what the Nickersons were doing gave spice to their talk. The lyceum flourished, and in the winter noted Americans held forth in St. Lawrence hall and lectures by such local men as Daniel Wilson, Beaven, McCaul, and Croft drew audiences. Visits by Wilson and Kennedy delighted the Scotch, and Gough drew crowds to the Adelaide-st. Methodist church. A circus on the Esplanade, with a Shakespearean clown, excited the whole city. A balloon ascension from the field adjoining the Queen's hotel was an interlude one summer day, and the sojourn of a grizzly bear was a winter feature. Those were the days when there was not a butcher-shop in the city and housewives made a morning visit to the St. Lawrence market; when the building of a crystal palace was a boast next to the rising of the walls of the Rossin house, which was confidently asserted to equal New York's famous hostelry the St. Nicholas; when torchlight processions with spouting roman candles was the favorite method of celebrating a party victory; when those expecting letters from the east watched for the smoke of the Montreal steamer, while the Rochester steamer furnished communication with New York, and in winter, when unable to reach the Queen's wharf, landed passengers and freight on the ice; when every house in the old Fort was tenanted and a guard was maintained at the Governor-general's gates; when distinguished visitors, accorded a civic reception, were driven in open carriages up college avenue and back by Church-street or treated to a sail down the bay. It was the day of small things and there was a laudable local pride in displaying the best they had. It was the day when fugitive slaves dropped in by the underground route and on the arms of those who sawed and split wood alongside the curb on King and Yonge streets were to be seen the marks branded by their

masters, sometimes, below their tattered shirts, the scars of lashings; when darkies, the only whitewashers, lived in communities by themselves, and from whence issued forth ice-cream carts in summer and in winter came men in white aprons with a tinkling bell, shouting Hot muffins! Recalling the rhyme the children of sixty-years ago repeated—

We all know the muffin man, we all know him well;

We all know the muffin man by the ringing of his bell.

It was the boast of the citizens that there was not a beggar, by habit and repute, within the city bounds and that it had only one slum, Stanley-street, where goats and pigs shared the sidewalks and cowbells were heard morning and evening. On the sunnyside of the streets, in front of stores, wooden-awnings spanned the sidewalks, and on a rainy day you could walk from Queen to King street without a drop reaching you. The future metropolis was in the making and each sign of progress was exulted in and nothing was too small to interest its residents. When a notorious quack carried the town by storm it was told all over it, how George Brown came down from his office to shake hands with Dr. Tumblety as he sat in his carriage, and when the master of the ferry to the island was bought over by a Conservative heeler, all laughed at the Globe changing from the respectful Captain Moody to the derisive appellation of Capting Moody.

Partly because the residents had so little of real importance to distract their attention, they took politics more seriously than in these days of supercilious cynicism. They knew by sight, if not personally, all the leaders, knew their families and all about them, and this acquaintance, even though secondhand, gave them a deeper interest in what they said and did; it was no academic interest but a live interest in every move of the political chessboard. The intense feeling aroused by the double-shuffle or the drafting of the Reform platform has no counterpart since 1859, and it centered in George Brown. After his first session in parliament he was recognized as the exponent of Ontario's rights, thousands, especially among the farmers, swearing by his views, ready to follow wherever he led. Analyzing how he came by his ascendancy it will be found it was due to his being a man of one masterful conviction. He left Scotland while it was being convulsed by the agitation to

vindicate religious independence, and on coming to Canada he found the same issue under another form. He found a set of old families working hand-in-hand with Anglican clergymen to establish in Ontario conditions like those which existed in England at that period—a State church and a landholding aristocracy. To defeat them in their purpose Brown threw himself into the combat with all the energy of a resolute man who hated, from the bottom of his soul, any class who sought to rule their fellowbeings, either in the temporal or spiritual domain, by a pretended prescriptive right. That every soul born into the world is given the privilege of choosing between good and evil, and for how that privilege is used each soul is accountable to God alone, is a self-evident truth. The privilege of choice may be left unused or it may be perverted. A man may choose to transfer the allegiance due his Maker to his fellowman, who will dictate what he shall do. His choice may be deplored but it ought to be respected, what rouses indignation is when the civil magistrate steps in to help the ecclesiastic. That one-seventh of the land in Ontario should have been assigned for the support of a specially selected church and that its ministers should be declared by the courts to have the same rights and authority as are vested in every rector in England, was intolerable to men who resented the remotest semblance of union between Church and State, yet so determined were those who profited by those privileges, so resolutely did they resist, that Ontario was only saved from the incubus of a State church by an agitation that lasted nigh forty years. In the forefront of that agitation stood George Brown. He was assailed by those opposed to him with a bitterness that verged on indecency. Among his friends were those who wished he was less outspoken, for he was antagonizing individuals who otherwise would help him, and injuring his business career. The taunt was thrown at him, that it was all very well for him to ride the Protestant horse in Ontario, where there were plenty to cheer him, it would be different when he went to Quebec, where not a man of any prominence would dare to openly back him. He was elected to the legislature, which was then sitting in the city of Quebec where the very atmosphere was permeated by the spirit of the Papacy, where the Protestant minority crouched before the priests, fawned upon them, content to make any concession, submit to any indignity, if allowed to go on with-

out interruption in their business of accumulating money. He stood on the floor of the house, surrounded by French-speaking members who hated him and by English-speaking Conservatives who, believing he was thereby digging his political grave, exulted over every word he uttered that gave Catholics offence. Change of surroundings did not, however, cause Brown to waver, and he continued to demand with unabated force of speech, that Ontario be given her constitutional right in the control of the taxes she paid by increasing the number of her representatives. He is a churl who would deny the admiration due this stalwart member, who, facing a gallery packed with priests and their followers, opposed bills to incorporate nuns and monks and grants of public money to support their institutions. The bitterest drop in his cup was, when smooth-tongued members of Ontario rose and asked the house not to judge the people of the western province by the sentiments just expressed by the member for Kent, and evoked a cheer by airing their claim to a wide tolerance and their hatred of bigotry and narrowness.

For the first time Brown encountered in debate he who was to be his life-long opponent, Sir John Macdonald. They differed so widely in mental attitude that antagonism was inevitable; the pity was, that difference of opinion should have been colored by personal dislike. Brown's conduct in the investigation of a public institution was made the excuse of Macdonald's preferring a charge against him of malice and deliberate perversion of testimony. For that assault on his honor Brown said he would not forgive Macdonald until he retracted and apologized, which he never did. In manner the contrast between the two was palpable. Brown was downright in act and in speech almost blunt. Macdonald was a master of finesse and captivating in conversation. He improved the unpopularity of Brown among the French to attach them more firmly to himself. Watching him in the house it was impossible not to admire the tact with which Macdonald evaded assaults and conciliated opponents. He rarely replied to arguments and when he did, never argued from first principles. His reply to a charge was usually, "You're another," and aided by a preternatural memory he seldom failed to drag from the forgotten past some inconsistency in act or speech, or raise the laugh against his critic by some paltry story, some

quip or jest. He was emphatically a politician and in the art of getting over difficulties and winning supporters can never be surpassed. His adroitness, his facility in simulating feelings he did not entertain, approached positive genius and enabled him to gain a great reputation and increase it to the end, without possessing, what is regarded by many as essential, rhetorical ability. He was no speaker in the popular sense of the term, his manner was either a drawl or a succession of jerky sentences, but he was never tedious, and behind all he said could be discerned his native talent. His keen perception of men and events, his innate sense of what should be done, made him a leader in any public assembly. To this, he united a quick, almost nervous movement in coming to a decision, which was the base of his eminent administrative ability. The contrast between him and Brown recalled that between a politician of the court of Charles II., supple and careless of what might happen in the future if the present occasion was smoothed over, and a Puritan stern and earnest in his principles.

Persistent agitation resulted in carrying the bill abolishing the rectories. Quickly following it, came the act which settled the clergy reserves. Several were prominent in securing these two epochal reforms, but Brown was foremost. There remained a third abuse to be grappled with and again he led. The claim of the priests for separate schools, provided for by rates levied by authority of parliament and reinforced by grants out of the public chest, was a more glaring violation of equality in civil rights than either the rectories or the clergy reserves, yet much more difficult to uproot. The Quebec members were not concerned about stripping Protestant clergy of land and income and allowed the Ontario majority to have their way, but taking away privileges claimed by their priests was an entirely different story. It was by their votes separate schools had been forced on Ontario and they were dead-set in their resolution to continue them. The argument, that the measure affected Ontario alone and that its members, therefore, should be left to deal with it, was scoffed at by the representatives who came from east of the Ottawa. They had the same legal power to vote on that as on any other motion, and they used their votes as directed by their priests. Repeated divisions convinced Brown that so long as the legislature was composed of an equal number of

members from each province, nothing could be effected. This led him to advocate that the number of representatives be in proportion to population—Rep. by Pop. as it came to be termed, for short. Ontario had the larger population, and if given the additional members its numbers called for, separate schools would be voted down. The Catholic members saw this, and would have nothing to do with the proposed device. Aided by their Conservative allies, Brown's motion, in whatever shape it was submitted, even when a single additional member was all that was asked, was lost. He might with stronger reason, and possibly with less opposition, have proposed that representation be based in proportion to the respective contributions to the revenue of the two provinces, for it was as notorious then as it is to-day, that the English-speaking people were much the larger contributors of taxes. The axiom, that they who pay most should have the larger voice in spending Brown pressed strongly, only to be laughed at by Cartier and his phalanx, who voted down every proposition. They were resolved not to be outnumbered in the benches of the house or to relax their control of the public purse. Brown was fertile in devices to embarrass the government, in order to force it to grant a larger representation to Ontario, but time and again, was defeated on division. Though beaten in the house, his cause was growing stronger outside, and public opinion ripening in his favor. At last matters reached the point that the government could not pass a single measure. An appeal to the electors, as by-elections showed, would not help them, while the Opposition frankly admitted that, without the adoption of representation by population, an appeal to the country would not give them a working majority. There was not a shadow of doubt as to the cause of the crisis—it was the Catholic members obeying the command of their priests to hold on to the grip they had, step by step, got on the government of Canada. The issue was, a compact body of ecclesiastics insisting on retaining the power to control the destinies of the country in the way that suited their interests. Which was going to win—the priests or the people?

Brown never got beyond the conception of the church of Rome that is still entertained by the bulk of Canadians. To him it was a religious body, different from other ecclesiastical organizations only in the extent of the pretensions

and demands of its clergy. That he had, in reality, to deal with a gigantic political society, composed of men oath-bound to make its supremacy the business of their lives, a society whose methods had been elaborated during its growth of centuries, he never recognized. It was to him a church only, and he fought the claims of its supporters as he would have resisted like claims set up by clerics of a Protestant church. That he was contending merely with the by-products of an organization whose purpose is to uproot secular power, in order to give place to its autocratic authority, he did not comprehend. Only those who see in the Papacy a monumental organization which works steadfastly towards the goal of bringing all governments and nations to recognize it has sovereign authority over them—the dictator of what they must do and the regulator of their conduct—can intelligently grapple with this autocratic enemy of the rights of man. Those who enlist in opposing it, who would withstand its pretensions, must set aside and totally ignore the theological, the ecclesiastical features of the Papacy, taking the true view that it is a cunningly-devised organization seeking worldly advantages under the mask of religion. That is nothing new; in all ages there have been associations of men who have acted thus, making pretensions to be the seat of divine authority that they might rule their fellows. Strip the cleric of his robes, and you discover a unit of a vast society seeking to dominate mankind. Brown had no adequate comprehension of the nature of the Power he resisted. If he had, he would never have granted concessions or accepted those compromises which have proved fatal to his reputation and to the peace of Canada.

Brown had cause to deplore he had not, in this crisis, the support he had a right to look for. The Ontario members were not united; party allegiance was stronger with many than the call of principle. The Orange order could have decided the issue by throwing their weight in the balance, but they were divided. This can only be explained by so large a proportion of them being misled by names. In Ulster, where they had come from, Whigs, Reformers, and Liberals were identified with the supporters of Papal claims while the name Conservative was the stamp of all that was staunch for Protestantism. On coming to Canada they were slow to recognize that the names Reformer and Conservative had a different meaning. Honest fellows, who in

their hearts were zealous for the principles of the Revolution of 1688, voted for Cartier and Macdonald because they called themselves Conservatives and opposed Brown for his exulting in the name Reformer. There were exceptions. There were Orangemen who perceived Brown was fighting for the cause they loved, but the rank-and-file followed the advice of leaders, like Gowan, who made the Order a ladder to office and emolument. During the agitation Brown received the only compliment paid him by Orangemen publicly—to their dinner on the Twelfth he was the invited guest of a prominent Toronto lodge. At the Toronto election in which Crawford defeated him, the Orangemen could have changed the day. An incident of it may be recalled. Crawford's success depended on his getting the Catholic vote. The night before the polls were to be opened, the city was covered with placards, which tendered the advice 'Vote for Brown, the Protestant champion.' The Catholics took the injunction in the sense given at the Pickwick election, Don't put him under the pump, and voted down the Protestant champion.

At the critical period, when it hung in the balance whether Ontario was to be ruled by the priests or by the people Brown had a majority of the electors of Ontario behind him, but, by no means an overwhelming majority. Had they lined up as they ought to have done, the constitution that came to be devised would have been so framed that Quebec would not be the thorn it is today in the side of the Dominion, and there would be no call for a change in the constitution to avert civil strife.

Taking part in the discussion as to who was entitled to the name the Father of Confederation, Goldwin Smith remarked it was Mr. Deadlock. The government was at a standstill, neither side of the house able to restart the machine. Macdonald made an overture to form a coalition government, Brown and two of his followers to hold portfolios. His most disinterested friends advised Brown to decline. They pointed out that it was through his efforts Cartier and Macdonald had been brought to their knees to beg his help, and that it was for him and not them, to dictate what should be done. They implored him to take a definite stand by insisting on the Quebec party accepting representation by population as the condition upon which he would work with them. If they would not agree to that,

then on Quebec would rest the accountability of what might ensue. If Quebec would not relinquish the strangle-hold she had obtained over Ontario, by her undue number of representatives in the legislature, then the question of who was to rule, the members who represented the priests or the members who stood for the people, might as well be fought out then as later. Brown hesitated. He refused to take office himself but was willing two of his followers should. This concession gave an opening for negotiations and Brown was speedily so entangled by Macdonald that he could not retreat, and, sorely against his will, he had to become a member of the cabinet. As the French members would not agree to representation by population a compromise was proposed, that the existing legislative union be dissolved and a federal union substituted with representation based on Quebec's population. Intent on Ontario securing the power of governing herself, Brown saw how, under a federal union, that power would be obtained, he, however, did not foresee how, in the drafting of the conditions of a federal union, Quebec might obtain more privileges and greater power than she already possessed. Yet he had fair warning of what was in the minds of those he was dealing with, for they declared that, in whatever changes were made, ample assurance must be given that Quebec's peculiar institutions be preserved. With the prospect of Ontario getting her due, Brown's enthusiasm led him to brush aside all suggestions of danger. He laughed at the fears of the doubters and told Alex. Mackenzie and Holton they might rest assured he would see to it, that, in the new constitution, sectional difficulties would be forever ended. He became possessed with an infatuated belief that the federal system of government would remedy all political ills, that the federal house would rectify any defects in the constitution and could be trusted to do so. He had not sat many days in the conference that was drafting that constitution until his blind self-confidence in what it would accomplish was shaken, for he saw the unsleeping vigilance of Taché and Cartier that it should contain naught that would even indirectly trench on clerical claims—that they nightly submitted what had been done to their priestly advisers and received their instructions as to their next day's work. Articles were adopted which Brown later admitted he had struggled against for days but had let them pass rather

than endanger the opportunity of Ontario's getting control of her own affairs. Among those articles was that on education. It was on the issue of separate schools the difficulty with Quebec had started; it was the exciting cause of the struggle between the two parties that had resulted in the deadlock. How was it settled? By leaving it as it was. Brown frankly acknowledged it was a blot on the constitution, which he had striven to prevent. It was worse than a blot, it was the continuance of the virus that had poisoned the system of government from the hour a legislature had been organized, and was now carefully conserved in the new constitution to inflame and ensure its failure. No agency that falls under government control is comparable to the management of elementary schools. What they are the country will be. If in them sentiments of loyalty to the Empire are taught and of brotherhood among the scholars, Canada's future is assured as a united people, but if the scholars are divided according to creed and a double allegiance taught, only discord can result. Yet this potent agency for making Canadians an harmonious and loyal people was given over by the B.N.A. act to the priesthood. When the test of war came, and it was perceived how large a section held they owed no duty to Britain and would not defend her flag, there were those who wondered it should be so; who could not perceive that they were reaping the certain result of placing the education of the rising generation in the hands of a priesthood instead of under the control of the State. Had Brown stood out and staked his assent to the scheme of Confederation on the insertion in the constitution of a declaration that no contribution either in land or money be made for sectarian purposes, his name would have ranked with those heroes of the past who have secured the inestimable boon of civil liberty. He did not do that, he failed in the day of trial, and will be forever classed with men who knew the right and did not do it. The excuse he offered was, he got a promise the system of sectarian schools would not be further extended in Ontario—a promise that was not kept. The new constitution started with the sectarian principle embalmed within it, ready for development as the priests required. Brown asserted that by its enactment all subjects of discord were swept away and all sectional differences ended forever. He was a poor prophet. At the close of fifty years' experience of that con-

stitution. Ontario faces a vast extension of separate schools, faces a demand for schools whose curriculum shall be dictated by the priests and not by the legislature, faces a demand that the French language be placed on an equality with English, faces an invasion of her territory by columns of habitants organized and sent by the priests with the design that they will dominate constituencies and ultimately obtain the balance of power in the Ontario legislature. As a cure for sectarian evils Confederation has been a disastrous failure.

Equality in rights is the foundation of citizenship; where there is not equality no permanent peace exists. Where there is a favored class, enjoying privileges denied to their fellows, there is a sense of injustice which eventually ends in trouble. That community is alone secure where the civil rights of each inhabitant are identical. The government which singles out a class and gives them privileges which it refuses to all others is provoking unrest, possibly agitation that may end in war. The path of peace lies in each citizen being equal in the eye of the law. From the point of view of the careless-minded, it may seem a trifling matter that the demand of the priests for separate schools for their people should be granted, but it means that Catholics are placed on a different plane from their fellow-citizens, and what is worse, means that the government takes upon itself the prerogative of judging between religions. In considering whether the government is justified in so acting, there is no need of resorting to theology, for the question is not one of doctrine but of civil rights. Is the government justified in conferring on a section of the people privileges different from those it denies to the other sections? If it is not justified, then separate school laws are wrong, because they are a violation of that equality of civil rights which is the basis of free government. A despotic government picks and chooses among the people it rules, giving privileges to one which it denies to another, but a government such as ours which in theory is democratic, and supposed to make no difference between man and man, cannot do so without danger to the peace. The existence of separate schools, maintained by rates which the government gives authority to collect, and by grants from the public treasury, is so gross a violation of the compact on which Canada's government rests, that the

injustice of them will rankle in the minds of the people at large until they are abolished. In George Brown's day that could easily have been done. It is more difficult now because, like all abuses, it has grown and one privilege has been made an excuse for claiming another. In his speech on Confederation he declared there were so few separate schools in Ontario, less than a hundred, that they could not be looked upon as a practical injury. Fifty years has seen that hundred grown to 540, and in addition there is now claimed for them exclusive control by the priests and that their language, where desired, be French.

No sooner had the conference decided on a federal union of Ontario and Quebec, than a larger proposal came, that it should include the maritime provinces and the Northwest. With his colleagues Brown visited the lower provinces, where they found much opposition, and afterwards went to England to arrange for the necessary legislation by the Imperial parliament. No sooner was the new constitution on the fair way to be enacted than he desired to retire from a position which was most uncongenial. He had stayed until the scheme of union was perfected and only the formalities for bringing it into force remained. On the evening of the 19th December, 1865, my brother, Thomas Sellar, who was then Montreal correspondent of the *Globe*, was astonished by George Brown entering his room, and more astonished on his telling him he had left the government. The object of his visit was to get my brother copy the announcement he handed him and telegraph it to the *Globe*. Asked why he had taken so unexpected a step, his reply was he could not stand the conduct of certain of his colleagues, Cartier and Langevin in particular, any longer. Jobs and offices were given to favorites and the whole aim was to use patronage to keep in office and reward supporters. On Macdonald being appealed to he would smile and let them go on. Brown was content the public should think he resigned because Galt, instead of himself, had been chosen to go to Washington for renewal of the reciprocity treaty.

The inauguration of Confederation necessitated a general election. His late colleagues, who would take no denial from him in declining a seat in the cabinet, now conspired to drive Brown from parliament. Having no more use for him they wished him knifed. He stood for South Ontario, confident of election. He was defeated by 69

votes. It was well for himself that he was defeated. It had been one of his sanguine expectations that, when Confederation was enacted, the two parties would revert to their old positions, and that he would again be leader on the left side of the house. He did not make sufficient allowance for the influence of self-interest. Men whom he had fetched out of obscurity and got seats for them, preferred to remain on the side on which the sun of government favors shone. By being shut out of the parliament he had helped to create he was spared the sight of these ingrates. In time a change came, and the Liberals were again in office. Mackenzie pressed the appointment of a senatorship on Mr. Brown which he accepted and later offered to make him lieutenant-governor of Ontario, which he declined. Those who know Brown only from seeing him in the senate saw him in his decline; they did not see the tribune who had shaken Ontario to its centre.

In all the changes he had undergone to one purpose of his earlier years he remained true. He never lost sight of the necessity of opening the vast country that lies west of Ontario. At a period when no interest was taken in the Northwest, as early as 1850, the *Globe* persistently kept before its readers the advantages of colonizing it. By correspondence, maps and editorials the resources and advantages of the prairie country were dwelt upon, until men talked of the Saskatchewan and the Assiniboine, and public opinion was ripened for bursting the barrier with which the Hudson Bay company was keeping it as its preserve. When Confederation came to be considered it was Brown who insisted on the insertion of a clause providing for the admission of the Northwest. No other agitation is comparable to that maintained by him for a score of years to rescue that territory from the grasp of a monopolist and supplanting the buffalo hunter by the farmer. He blazed the trail which his successors in the good work widened into a highway.

His visits to England had brought him in contact with its leading men who estimated his worth without the prejudice of party that caused so many Canadians to underrate his standing. He was twice tendered the honor of knighthood, and twice declined. Perhaps he had a foresight of the poor specimens of humanity who, in the future, were to have titles bestowed upon them.

There are two biographies of Brown, that by Mackenzie, the most poorly written, and that by Lewis, the best written Canada has among its memoirs. Neither biography places the emphasis called for of the effect of a serious illness that befell him in 1861. For several months he hovered on the verge of Death, and when he again appeared in his old haunts it was apparent a change had been wrought in mind as well as body. The masculine force, the imperative spirit, had been tamed. He was still George Brown but not the hearty buoyant Brown of old. A visit to Britain to restore his health contributed to give his nature a new complexion. Mixing for several months in the exclusive society of Edinburgh, he caught its tone and, in a measure, adopted its manners, a change deepened later on by association with the leading politicians of London. He married while in Edinburgh and Toronto hailed his return with his wife by a torchlight procession.

It is pleasant to know that his latter years were happily spent. His family life was delightful, and he indulged in his favorite recreation, that of a gentleman-farmer, to the full. A lifelong temperance man, an advocate of prohibition when the word excited derision, he fell a victim to the liquor traffic. A discharged employee, on the verge of delirium tremens, shot him. He survived six weeks, dying on 9th May, 1889, in his 63rd year.

From the foregoing narrative it will be seen that the birth of Confederation was due to Quebec's insisting on dictating to Ontario what legislation the parliament of that day should enact. Ontario desired to abolish its separate schools, Quebec refused; Ontario objected to grants of public money and charters being given to sectarian institutions, Quebec insisted upon both. The incompatibility of view regarding the management of the Canada of 1867 could not be reconciled, and after a cat-and-dog life of 25 years; the only solution was for the two provinces to separate. The Imperial authorities did not desire the revival of Quebec as a unit, and a compromise was found in dissolving the union of the two provinces made in 1841, and substituting for it a federal union. The source of the trouble was not racial but religious. The priests had certain privileges and immunities that were of great value to them both materially and in giving them paramount influence in the province of Quebec, and these they would not allow to become en-

dangered. To that end they directed how the members of their creed should act and vote. It was this priestly dictation that led to Ontario rising in indignant protest and demanding to be given more members so that she could protect herself. Quebec resisted, the deadlock ensued, and Confederation was adopted as a compromise. In 1867 the belief was general that the new constitution solved all the troubles that were perplexing the country and that Canada had got at last a form of government that would be permanent. So it would, had those who framed Confederation not winked at Quebec's embalming in it an element antagonistic to federal union. The principle of federal union is, that several communities join in forming a strong central government to regulate matters common to them all, and that each of the communities be left to attend to its local affairs. To the successful working of the system it is essential that no one of the communities thus brought into partnership cherishes an institution antagonistic to the civil rights of the others associated with it. When the framers of the U.S. constitution based it on the federal system they were satisfied they had solved the negro difficulty; the States in favor of slavery could have it, and those who disliked it were kept by themselves. Experience proved that, however sound in theory, in practice federal union was impossible where part of the country possessed an institution not compatible with equality of civil rights. The framers of Confederation had this object lesson before them but they ignored it. They knew that in Quebec the system of Church and State was more highly developed than in any other country in the world, and that it was the source of the difficulties which made a new constitution necessary, but, notwithstanding, they left that system untouched, thinking by isolating it in Quebec the other provinces would not be affected. It was the delusion that misled the men who framed the U.S constitution—slavery is a domestic institution and by settling what States shall be left with it and what States shall be free from it, we can ensure the peace of the Republic for all time. The result of their compromise was the bloodiest civil war the world has known. The framers of the B.N.A. act were just as careful to preserve the system of Church and State in Quebec as the American framers were to preserve negro slavery to the Southern States. Widely apart as they are in

aspect, negro slavery and a State Church have this in common, that they are antagonistic to equal citizenship. For over eighty years congress had a number of members who made the maintenance and spread of negro slavery their first aim. During the past fifty years Quebec has sent to the parliament of Canada members whose prime purpose has been to preserve the Papal system as developed in their province. Every proposal that comes before the Ottawa house they defer judging whether it will benefit the Dominion as a whole until they look how it will affect the institution peculiar to Quebec. The practical result is, there are over sixty members who sit in a nominally British house of commons to defend in Quebec and to extend to the other provinces the rule of their priesthood.

To prove how the framers of the B.N.A. act wrought harm to the Dominion by leaving Quebec untouched, one concrete instance is worth pages of general affirmation. Its priests have had education entirely in their hands—from the children in the rural elementary school to the graduates of Laval. The books used, the systems of teaching, the qualifications of the teachers, are under their sole control and direction, all the government does is to supply the money needed. For over seventy years the priests have had the educating of their people, unrestricted, encouraged, and supported by the government. Has the result been for the benefit of the Dominion? Have the youth of Quebec been taught to be loyal and obedient to the Empire? Has the result of their training in school and college been to teach them absolute obedience to the Sovereign Pontiff and to the clergymen who represent him, or has it not? There is talk of a divided allegiance—owning the sway of a spiritual sovereign and that of the temporal king—and that the two forms of fealty are compatible with loyalty to both. See how this pretended dual allegiance is working out. George V. called for soldiers to defend the realm and the Ottawa government took the necessary steps to supply them. The representatives of the Pope say: This is not Quebec's quarrel; France deserves to be punished for her treatment of the Catholic church; stay at home and let the Protestants go. The assertion is made that the priests of Quebec did not give such advice to their people. We who live in Quebec had sad evidence in seeing the flower of our English-speaking youth obeying the King's command, and

the young men controlled by the priests staying on their farms. Bourassa, Lavergne, Marsil are simply megaphones giving sound to the counsel whispered in a thousand parishes. A great trial has overtaken the Empire, the burden of it in Canada has fallen on eight provinces and Quebec has been content they should bear it.

The war has brought home to every thoughtful man in the Dominion the fatal danger of a divided allegiance. Will we profit by it by taking action to remove the source of danger and prevent the like recurring? How can that be done? The dangerous situation that at this moment confronts Canada is due to having left education in the hands of the priests. The remedy is to take the education of the rising generation from the priesthood and, placing it under federal authority, make sure that all our people are trained to be loyal Canadians by obeying the State and not a church. Unity of action necessarily requires one head to a country, the very meaning of the word allegiance signifies that. If the people of the several provinces do not agree to obey the executive and respond to his command, there can be no unity of purpose or action. No man can obey two masters and no country can enjoy the peace that is necessary to stability whose people are not of one mind as to where the sovereign power resides.

In democratically organized countries the head is the State, which is a convenient term to signify the executive of the people, and the State that permits any particular set or section of its citizens to usurp the powers that properly pertain to the executive, endangers that country's existence. Has it not been proved by experience, that education cannot be entrusted to a class with safety to the body of the people? If so, is that all? What about marriage? Is it right, that a compact body of ecclesiastics be allowed to define what marriage is and to enforce on the Dominion their conception of it by decrees and penalties? Is it not an injury to the people, that control of all those institutions which are necessary and are for the people at large, such as lunatic asylums, reformatories and so on, should be given to one peculiar set of ecclesiastics? The fact is, we are trying in Canada to get along under two governments, the one at Ottawa and the other a self-constituted authority which claims it has an inherent right to regulate it, and whose headquarters is in Quebec. This cannot go on forever. In-

fringements on the jurisdiction of the State must be put an end to and the right of the people to supreme and exclusive rule be vindicated.

There are two sets of people among us, who oppose the action necessary to restore to the Ottawa government its full powers. The first are those who allege that the differences which exist are due to misunderstandings. Let us get together, they say, and without prejudice strive to reach a settlement. With the aid of banquets, excursions, and mutual self-admiration assemblies, they have tried to discover the happy medium which would reconcile opposing elements, and have failed ridiculously. These *bon entente* people do not recognize that it is not antagonistic feelings but conflicting principles that divide Quebec from the rest of the other provinces. When the Jesuit estates bill was before the Dominion parliament Sir John Macdonald ridiculed the prayer of the petitioners by declaring they had no practical grievance, for the bill involved only giving a morsel of land and a trifling sum of money—small affairs to a parliament that had voted tens of millions of acres and money to railways. To illustrate this he told the story of a Jew who gratified his craving for a pork chop. While enjoying the savory bite there was a thunder-clap, when the Jew exclaimed his astonishment that God should make such a fuss over a bite of pork. The members roared with laughter and obeyed the Old Chief by throwing out the bill, only 13 voting for it. The petitioners against the Jesuit bill did not object to the amount of money or extent of land but to the principle involved in the grant—that it was given by the Quebec legislature in obedience to an order of the Pope, as an act of restitution for what had been done by Britain at the conquest of Canada. Several of the instances the *bon entente* people single out as trivial may be so in money value, but are of vital importance from the principle underlying them, namely that exclusive privileges may be allowed by parliament on the score of creed. Their goody-goody talk is on a par with Sir John Macdonald's pork story. The second set of people who refuse to lend a hand in the reforms called for, misapprehend the motive of action. They are for toleration and are not bigots or Orangemen. They mistake the entire situation. The Quebec priests and their supporters set up pretensions to certain exclusive privileges and favors, and for these they have

no other title to offer than that of their creed. Are not those who demand special favors on the score of their creed the people who introduce religious discord into our political life and not those who decline to consider such a plea? What the reformers want, is to do away with all sectarian demands and favors, and confine the government to its purely secular functions. Are the men who agitate for clearing our political atmosphere of religious cries, to be stigmatized as bigots? All religious bodies are entitled to be protected by the State in the exercise of their work, but with that protection the duty of the State ends; it goes beyond its jurisdiction when it favors one denomination above another. The true friends of peace, are those who desire that all religious bodies be placed on an equality. In trying to bring that about, what semblance is there to intolerance?

The situation as regards creed is this, the priests of Quebec have obtained powers detrimental to the interests of the rest of the Dominion. To insure the peace of the commonwealth it is requisite those powers be taken away, and that they be placed on the same footing as clergymen of other denominations. This is the end aimed at and to reach it these are the main reforms to be sought—

A uniform system of public schools for the Dominion;

One marriage law for the Dominion;

Withdrawal of grants of public money from sectarian institutions;

To all religious denominations, limiting the extent of real estate they shall hold to actual needs;

That there be no discrimination in levying taxes in favor of religious bodies;

The repeal of all laws giving authority to ecclesiastical corporations to levy and collect dues.

Once it is decided by the electors of the Dominion that there shall be complete and final severance between its government and all ecclesiastical organizations, what a relief there will be from strife and clerical importunities. Were the State to put its house so in order that neither priest nor minister could, by any possibility, obtain a single special favor, would they have the motive they have now for interfering with the working of our government and endeavoring to control it? They would cease to ask when they knew they could not get. In complete separation of our govern-

ment from all sectarian connection, depends the future welfare of our country, and until that is effected it will not be free from distraction or cease to have one hand tied behind its back when desirous of doing its duty by the Empire of which it is a part.

Those who engage in the agitation to bring this about do so under the serious disadvantage of having their motive misrepresented and have the epithets Bigots, Fanatics, Persecutors hurled at them. Such names come strangely from a party who have no other foundation for their claims to rule than a dogmatic assumption that they and they alone are right and that all who do not acknowledge that claim are outside the pale of salvation. You say you are in favor of a system of public schools; with the blackest looks they can command, you are denounced as seeking to destroy religion. You say you wish to have equal rights for every man, you are abused as a bigot. You say the government should recognize no sectarian divisions in our population, you are accused of persecution. Every move made to bring about the abolition of special privileges is met, not with argument, but with abusive epithets. This hinders many from taking a stand against a system they are convinced is dangerous to the peace and security of the nation, for they shrink from being classed either as bigots or persecutors. Are we to be prevented from doing our duty because our opponent hoists false colors and uses false names? We scorn the impostor who uses religious cant to swindle us out of cash or property. What of a body of men set on establishing autocrat rule under the veil of Godliness? Are we to be kept from maintaining our unquestioned rights as Britons because those who infringe upon them have assumed the airs of sanctity and pervert the meaning of the epithets bigot and fanatic?

He who is zealous for promoting the cause of civil rights is the man unbiassed by creed. He meddles not with the doctrines or ceremonies of any church. All forms, modes, and shows of piety he respects as private concerns of the individual and to be left alone by the State so long as those who profess them do not infringe upon the rights of others. It is not intolerance to contend that our government should be colorless as to creed; it is not fanaticism to insist that public money should not be spent on sectarian institutions; it is not bigotry to demand that all

citizens stand, as regards privileges, on the same level regardless of the church they go to. Is it not senseless for intelligent men to keep on mistaking sacerdotalism for religion, or, drawing a distinction between the crowned tyrant who justifies his despotic rule by claiming divine right, and the man who assumes autocrat power by asserting he represents Christ? To the man in whose breast thrills the passion for Freedom as exemplified in Democracy, the dictator in the black robe is no less the enemy of Liberty than he who wears the Imperial purple. In France and Italy they have got beyond mistaking Truth Divine for man-devised pretensions, and draw a sharp distinction between clericalism and religion. They do not count themselves as lacking in respect to the Father of All when they enact laws to stop the interfering by priests in the domain of government. Until we reach the same understanding in Canada the great reforms in its constitution cannot be effected, the agitation will be blocked and misrepresented by charges of bigotry, intolerance, and persecution. The war we wage is not for or against any church, but for the vindication of those equal civil rights that are the inalienable heritage of every British subject. We have been given a country of vast possibilities. How vast few comprehend. Is it not a degrading thought, that its future should be menaced by a priesthood? Is there not patriotism enough among us to rise above local issues and devote our political efforts to bringing about complete separation of Church and State—that Canada shall be ruled by and in the interests of her people, and not by and for the advantage of any church?

ROBERT SELLAR

Huntingdon, Que., July, 1917

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